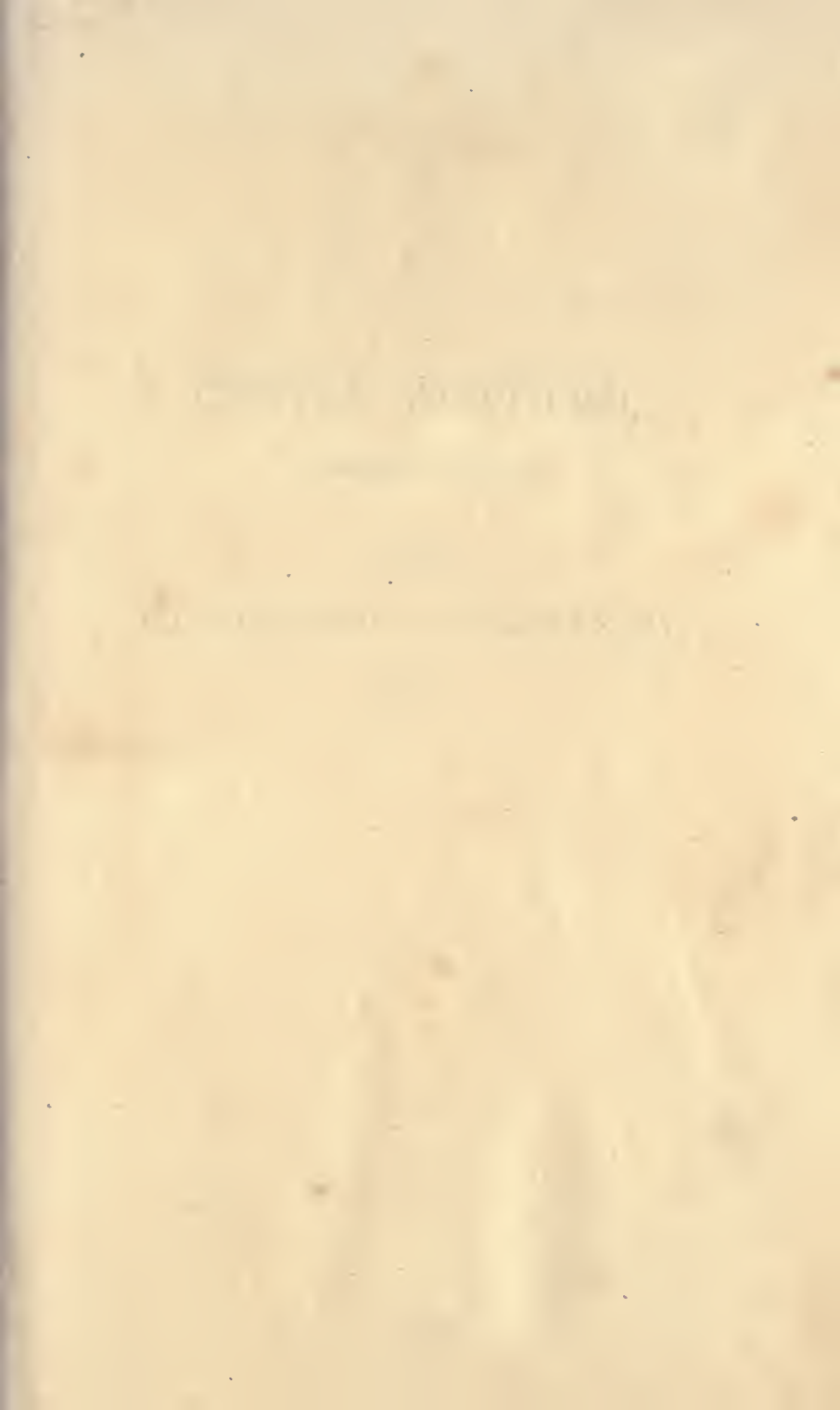




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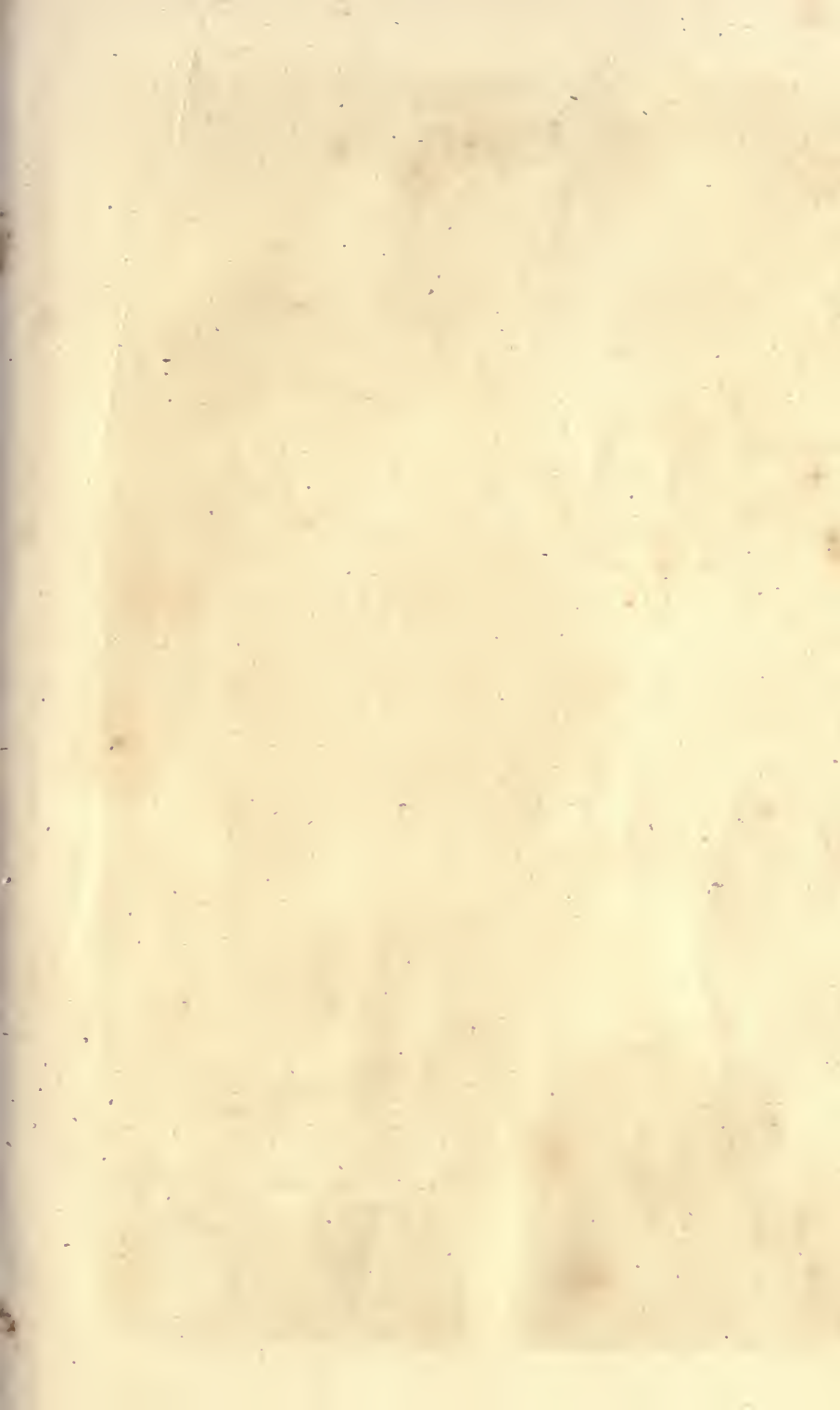
THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD,
A PASTORAL COMEDY,

WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCENARY,

&c. &c.

THE CHURCH

OF THE FUTURE





NEW HALL HOUSE with a distant view of SIMON'S FARM STEAD from the W.

"Where" have pleased the loyal sufferer more.

R. Smith sculp.

A. Clark del.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD,
A PASTORAL COMEDY;
WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SCENARY:
AN APPENDIX,
CONTAINING
MEMOIRS OF DAVID ALLAN, THE SCOTS HOGARTH;
BESIDES ORIGINAL, AND OTHER POEMS CONNECTED
WITH THE ILLUSTRATIONS:
AND A COMPREHENSIVE GLOSSARY.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,
AN AUTHENTIC LIFE OF ALLAN RAMSAY,
AND AN INQUIRY
INTO THE ORIGIN OF PASTORAL POETRY; THE
PROPRIETY OF THE RULES PRESCRIBED FOR
IT; AND THE PRACTICE OF RAMSAY.

"Scribetur tibi forma," indubia, "et situs agri."
Hor. Ep. 16.
"First please your eye, then gratify your ear."
Gent. Shep. Act 1. Sc. 2. Prol.

VOL. II.

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1808.



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ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
SCENARY
OF THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

NEW-HALL HOUSE.

Act 3. Scene 1.

PROLOGUE.

“ Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
“ An’ tent a man whase beard seems bleach’d wi’ time ;
“ An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean ;
“ Nae doubt ye’ll think he has a pedlar been.
“ But whisht ! it is the knight in mascurad
“ That comes, hid in his cloud, to see his lad.
“ Observe how pleas’d the loyal suff’rer moves
“ Thro’ his auld av’pues, ance delightfu’ groves.”

SIR WILLIAM, *solus*.

“ The gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
“ I’ll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
“ With a full view of every fertile plain,
“ Which once I lost,—which now are mine again.
“ Yet, ’midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
“ Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
“ Yonder, ah me, it desolately stands.”

VOL. II.

Act 3. Scene 4.

PROLOGUE.

- " This scene presents the Knight an' Sym,
 " Within a gall'ry o' the place,
 " Where a' looks ruinous an' grim ;
 " Nor has the baron shawn his face,
 " But joking wi' his shepherd leel,
 " Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

SIR WILLIAM and SYMON.

- " SIR W.—To whom belongs this house, so much decay'd?
 " SYM.—To ane that lost it, lending generous aid
 " To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
 " Against the laws o' nature did prevail.
 " Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 " Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now he's come hame."

Act 5. Scene 3. and last.

DIALOGUE.

- " SIR WIL.—(to Symon.)—Kindly old man! remain with
 you this day!
 " I never from these fields again will stray :
 " Masons and wrights my house shall soon repair,
 " And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear."

NEW-HALL HOUSE is situated on the south-western
 confine of Edinburghshire; nine Scots, and twelve

English miles from the metropolis ; at the head of the valley of Mid-Lothian ; near the foot of the Pentland Hills ; and, on the north bank of the North Esk, which runs in its deep romantic woody glen, behind the building.

In front, rises the smooth green wester hill of Spittal, beyond the highway from Edinburgh to Carlops, Dumfries, and, branching off, to Leadhills ; with the farmsteads of Friartown, and Patie's Hill, on heights, advancing from the mountain, on the north, and west, and the New House in the middle, likewise on the other more elevated side of the public road. After skirting the opposite descent of this hill to the north-west, the Esk rushes, from behind it, through the bridge under the highway, at the north end of the glen and village of Carlops, about a mile above the house, separating the Turnip and Patie's Hills, and, for several miles, both upwards and downwards, Peebles-shire from that of Edinburgh, and, as may be seen by consulting the *map*, the lands of Carlops, from those of Spittal, and New Hall. After falling into the pool at Habbie's How, which contains the only cascade in its whole course, it waters the Washing Green behind the house, passes the " Craigy Bield," " Glau'd's Onstead," and the Marfield Loch below it, and presses on, eastward, to Brunstoun, Pennecuik, Old Woodhouselee, Roslin, the wild,

and grotesque habitation of Hawthornden, Melville Castle, and Dalkeith, where it is joined by the South Esk, from Arniston, Dalhousie, Newbattle, &c. on its way to Inveresk, Musselburgh, and the frith of the Forth. Over the glen to the south of east, beyond the Washing Green, and between and the Harlaw Muir, appears "Symon's House," on the height. A part of it is seen, past the south gable of New-Hall House, in the *view* from the west, connected with this description.

Besides the glen of the Esk, within a mile to the east of south, there are three others, with each its distinct character; and rivulet, all running parallel to it, and uniting their streams, in succession, below the Harbour Craig, before their confluence into the Esk, at the little haugh, on the other side of the "Craigy Bield," about a quarter of a mile distant from the house. From the principal glen runs up, towards the wester hill of Spittal, a deep dingle, or ravine, called the Fairies' Den, close by the north-east gable of the building, between and the present garden, with the east garden below, at the foot of the ravine. It points, downward, directly over to "Symon's House;" and through it descends a rivulet, making several beautiful cascades, before it enters the Washing Green by the Washing House. The waterfalls, one of which is the Fairies' Lin, issue a constant, whispering noise, from its dark,

and romantic bottom, through the high, and close, and wildly growing trees, with which it is, now, filled. On the other, south-west, side of the prison, chapel, and chapel-yard, adjacent to the house ; from the head of the “ howm,” at the Squirrel’s Haugh, climbs up to the lawn, in the direction of the Spital Hill, another dell or ravine, dry and wooded, between and the rustic Hut, Mary’s Lin, and Bower, to the right of, and the obelisk almost directly behind, the stand from whence the drawing of the *view* was taken. To the left, beyond the garden and enclosures on the other side of the eastern ravine, descends Monk’s Burn.

This Seat is celebrated, for having been the property of one of our Scottish poets ; and the favourite place of residence of another : for having given his title to the former ; and affording scenery, and characters, to the most distinguished production of the latter.

At a very early period, an abbey or monastery, over an extensive territory, seems to have occupied the present site of NEW-HALL HOUSE.

In a letter to the proprietor, from the late Mr Tytler, editor of King James’s Poems, &c. of date 31st October 1791, from which an extract is pub-

lished in the *Appendix* to the seventeenth volume of the Statistical History, he says, "In my infancy, when I staid at New Hall, the chapel was in ruins, but the remains of the four walls were seen, and the east gable, with a pointed arched window, was pretty entire. On the west was a small piece of ground, which was called the Chapel Yard, on the north side of which was a broad grass-walk, shaded with a double row of fine old spreading beeches. I remember to have heard Mr Forbes say, that New Hall was a religious house. The lands of Spittal were hospital-lands, probably endowed for sustaining the hospital, under the care and management of the religious foundation of New Hall." In the Life of Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik, in the Scots Magazine for June 1802, apparently written by his youngest son, it is mentioned, that "the former name of the parish of Pennycuik was that of St Kentigern or Mungo, the same to whom the cathedral church of Glasgow was dedicated. A religious house, or hospital, near the site of the present *New Hall*, endowed with considerable landed property, is supposed to have held most of the surrounding district."

As the monasteries of Glenluce, Dundrennan, New Abbey, Melross, Kelso, Newbattle, and Culross, founded by Malcolm M'Duff Earl of Fife, in which St Kentigern was a monk, belonged to the order of

Cistercians, who were extremely rich, through the religious profuseness of King, or, as he is commonly called Saint David, and others; the convent, where the house of New Hall now stands, was probably of the same fraternity, and, with the adjoining county of Peebles, within the diocese of the Archbishop of Glasgow. This religious order was founded in the eleventh century, by St Robert, a Benedictine. Their habit is a white robe in the nature of a cassock, with a black scapulary and hood, and is girt with a woollen girdle. They became so powerful, that they governed the greatest part of Europe, both in spirituals, and temporals. The Monk's Rig, northward, with the font-stone on its brow, and the top of the cross, formerly erected on its edge, lying at the bottom of the hill, which likewise served as a land-mark, at the side of the Monk's Road, is in view, commanding all the country to the south, and still ascertains the tract, which the friars followed in passing to, and from, Edinburgh, or Queensferry. Besides being a receptacle for the sick, and aged, under the monastery; the 'Spital was a *hospitium*, or inn, and the Monk's Road with its crosses, accommodations, and guides for friars, and other travellers, in journeying from one cloister to another. The weary and benighted passenger is, still, considered as having a right to shelter at the 'Spital House, and one of the outbuildings, with some straw, is generally allotted for that

purpose. Monasteries were the stages, and inns of those days ; and their situations were always well chosen. Mr Addison's observations on the cloisters of Italy, might, once, have been applied, with equal propriety, to our own. Says he, slily,

“ One seldom finds, in Italy, a spot of ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not covered with a convent.”

No writings, on the conveyance of this place, exist, prior to the year 1529 ; when it was in the possession of a family of the name of Crichtoune, said to have been the ancestors of the Earls of Dumfries. Its hospital, or 'spital, remained undissolved, till the reformation from Popery in 1560 or 1567. On being secularized, alienated, and becoming a lay fee, it had got the name of the new hall-house of its lands ; probably, in consequence of a new mansion, or hall-house, having been reared, on the site of the decayed convent, where the old hall, in which the courts for the tenants had been held, formerly stood. The word *hall*, is of Saxon origin. The hall-house, and the hall-rig, or leading ridge among the reapers, are, still, the usual marks of distinction, retained among the Lothian shepherds and farmers, with regard to a house of this description, and the objects connected with it.

While inhabited by the Crichtounes, the house of New Hall was in the form of an irregular castle. With its appendages, it covered the whole breadth of the point on which it stands ; and likewise extended a considerable way, northward, up the brink of the eastern ravine, on the edge of which, besides several foundations, are still left two of its vaults, under the bottom of a round tower they had once supported. The ground-floor in the front half of the present building, made a part of one of its principal towers. It occupies the entire length of the body of the house. It is arched above, with slits widening inwards for defence, and its wall is so strong as, in one place, to have a closet cut out of its thickness. On the north-east slope of the ravine, at its lower extremity where it opens into the Washing Green, was the east garden ; still marked out by the easter wall, and some of the fruit-trees. . To the south-west, on a shoulder of the point, was the prison, still remembered to have been used for refractory colliers, with the chapel, and chapel-yard as described by Mr Tytler. From the south-west gable of the present double house, seen in the *view*, which looks up the glen of the Esk, a walk still remains, retiring round this protruding part of the point, encircling the chapel and chapel-yard, and forming, on the hither side of an old lime-tree, a noble terrace looking over the head of the " howm," to the mineral well near the

hermitage at the bottom of the Squirrel's Haugh. Following, from the lime-tree, the verge of the western ravine on the south side of the chapel-garden, the walk crosses the upper end of it next the lawn with the obelisk upon it, and, from thence, winding upwards with the brink of the glen, having the lawn between and the Spital Hill on the right, it passes the rustic Hut, to the wooden bridge at Mary's Lin, seen in the representation of that water-fall. It, then, leads to the site of the Bower, where it terminates, and looks over the flat portion of the bank to "Hab-bie's" House, and "How," and to the prominence opposite to it. A flowering shrub, here and there, dropt since, enriches its border as it proceeds, south-westward, all the way to the bower, which seems to have been built, and the walk formed to it from the castle, in the time of the Crichtounes.

In the year 1646, the castle, and grounds of New Hall, *proper*, belonged to Alexander Pennecuik, the representative of the Pennecuiks of that *Ilk*, or of Pennecuik, the adjacent estate, which, in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, if not before then, had been originally the property of his ancestors, and had given them the surname which was still retained. In his elegy, among his son's poems, "Upon the Death of Alexander Pennecuik of New Hall, sometime chirurgeon to General Bannier in the Swedish wars,

and since chirurgion-general to the auxiliary Scots army in England," now reprinted in the *Appendix*, several particulars, with regard to him, are preserved. Among these, it is mentioned that he had passed the age of ninety when he died ; and that

“ From old forbears much worth he did inherit,

“ A gentleman by birth, and more by merit.”

In the *Life* of Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik, in the Scots Magazine for *June* 1802, it is observed, that, “ an ancient family of the name of Pennecuik, one of which, a physician, and a poet of inferior merit, was proprietor of New Hall in the year 1646, appears to have been the first that gained a personal appellation, in the manner of the barons of the ninth and tenth centuries, from the spot of ground properly so called. The time when the Pennecuiks of that *Ilk* were obliged to alienate their paternal estate is unknown.” As his son, likewise, relates, in his “ Description of Tweeddale,” after the purchase of New Hall, he acquired the estate of Romanno in Tweeddale, or Peebles-shire, a few miles south from it, on the other side of West Linton, by marrying the only child of the proprietor, a descendant of the Murrays of Philiphaugh, in Selkirkshire, where Montrose was defeated, into which family it had also come by marriage, from the original proprietors, the Romannos of that *Ilk*.

From him, New Hall, and likewise Romanno, descended to his son Alexander Pennecuik, M. D., author of a volume published in the year 1715, containing "A Geographical, Historical Description of Tweeddale," which is commended for its accuracy, and is noticed by Archbishop Nicolson in his "Scottish Historical Library," as the joint work of him, and Mr Forbes; and a number of "Poems," chiefly humorous. He was, besides, an able physician, an excellent botanist, and beloved as a friend, and pleasant, facetious companion. See his *Life*, in the Scots Magazine, for 1806, and this year 1807.

With him commenced the connection of New Hall, with the pastoral comedy of *The Gentle Shepherd*.

He is said, with much probability, as reported by the editor of "Ancient Scottish Poems," published in 1786, to have given Ramsay the *plot* of his drama. His intimacy with Mr Forbes, and the other circumstantial proofs, in support of this tradition, have been enumerated in the *Life* of Ramsay prefixed to these illustrations of his *scenery*; and they are farther strengthened, by Dr Pennecuik's descent, from the family of Philiphaugh where Montrose was surprised and defeated, and from whence he fled, by Traquair, to Peebles not far from Romanno. On

examination, that of Ramsay's "Knight, Sir William Worthy," is, evidently, no other than the embellished history of one of "the most eminent of the gentry," alluded to by Dr Pennecuik, in page seventh of his, and Mr Forbes's Description of Tweeddale; who had fought under Montrose at Philiphaugh, had accompanied him to Peebles, and from thence had fled with him to the continent; communicated by this intelligent physician and poet, and, by the advice of their joint friend Mr Forbes, adopted and heightened by Ramsay as the basis of his fable. To suppose that the history of Sir William Purves of Fulford or New Woodhouselee, was in the contemplation of Ramsay, who had no connection with him, or his family, or place, is contradicted by the poet himself; since it appears, that, Sir William Purves neither fought under "Montrose," nor did he go "abroad." This completely "unauthorised assertion," thrust into the edition 1800 of Ramsay's works, is equally unwarranted, and preposterous. But the tradition repeated by the editor of "Ancient Scottish Poems," 1786, that Dr Pennecuik gave him the *plot*, is both consistent with authenticated facts, and the fable itself.

Act 2. Scene 1.

"SYMON.—Seeing's believing Glaud; an' I have seen
 "Hab, that, *abroad*, has wi' our master been;

- “ Our brave good master, wha right wisely *fled*,
“ An’ left a fair estate to save his head :
“ Because, ye ken fu’ weel, he bravely chose
“ To stand his Liege’s friend wi’ great *Montrose*.”

It, likewise, exactly tallies with his own note, subjoined to the first scene of the comedy in the quarto of 1728, in reference to Mr Forbes, and his distinguished friends and “literati,” who resorted to New Hall, in which he mentions, that, he had “carried the pastoral the length of five acts at the desire of some persons of distinction.” The “unauthorised assertion” as to Sir William Purves, in the late edition of his works, must either have arisen from a total ignorance, as to the history of that respectable character; or, from a reprehensible inattention, to its irreconcilable discrepancy with that of “Sir William Worthy.”

Dr Pennecuik had two daughters, but no sons. In 1702, he gave the elder in marriage to Mr Oliphant of Lanton, now Dalmahoy, advocate, on the other, north, side of the Pentland Hills, in Mid-Lothian; and along with her the estate of New Hall. To Mr Farquharson of Kirktown of Boyne in Aberdeenshire, who had married the other, he left Romanno, now the property of Mr Kennedy. He had a younger brother, of the name of James, a member of the Faculty of Advocates, to whom one

of his "Poems," reprinted in the *Appendix*, is addressed. He himself was born A. D. 1652; after a long, happy, and useful life, died A. D. 1722, at the age of seventy; and was buried, with his father, in the church of Newlands.—The plants, about New Hall, which he takes notice of in his and Mr Forbes's Description of Tweeddale, will be prefixed to the list annexed to this illustration.

In 1703, before the time of the Union, which happened on the 1st O. S. of May 1707, New Hall was purchased by Sir David Forbes, Knight, a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and a lawyer of eminence, from Mr Oliphant, the son-in-law of Dr Pennecuik, who resided at his other seat of Romanno, in its neighbourhood. Sir David Forbes is said to have been knighted for his services, in promoting the Union. He was brother to Duncan Forbes of Culloden; and uncle to the celebrated Duncan Forbes of Culloden, afterwards Lord President of the Court of Session, whose statue, in marble, is in the great hall of the Parliament House, and whose portrait is in the Advocates' Library, under it. He married Catharine, sister to the first Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik, and, by him, grandmother to Sir David Rae of Eskgrove, the late Lord Justice-Clerk; a second sister being married to Mr Aikman of Cairney, the painter's father; and a third to Mr Brown of Dolphington.

Sir David Forbes was equally distinguished for his taste, as for his legal, and political knowledge. He pulled down the greatest part of the old decayed castle ; and, leaving one of its principal towers, to the height of its second, arched, floor, he erected behind, and upon it, the present double house, with the two projecting wings, as it is represented in the preceding *view*. The remain of the tower, constitutes the front half of the ground floor ; and a long room, or gallery, occupied the whole space, from gable to gable, immediately over it. In those days, the superior style of its architecture, and finishings ; the tapestries, and pictures, with which its apartments were hung ; the height of its ceilings ; the large staircase, with the painting of Ganymede carrying off by Jupiter's eagle, on its roof ; and its long gallery, called the Great Room at New Hall, were much admired by the neighbouring gentry, and were the frequent topics of their conversations. From the outsides of the wings, walls were carried to a considerable distance in front, at the extremities of which were two pavilion-roofed pigeon houses, connected, across, by a handsome iron rail, with a gate, in the middle, ornamented on each side by the appropriate stone busts of Pan and Pastora, cut by an Italian, sent for, and employed, by the Duke of Ha-

milton. The last written of Dr Pennecuik's poems, composed in 1715, is entitled,

"Pan and Pastora, to the Shepherds asleep ;"

at the time that he and Mr Forbes were, jointly, engaged in publishing the Description of Tweeddale. On the north-east side of the court formed by the walls and rails, along the western edge of that ravine, extended, the stables and other offices, in the middle of which was the round tower over the vaults, a part of the former convent or castle, a portion of which still exists ; beyond the low trees behind the left, outstretched, hand of the figure, in the *engraving*. On the south-west side of the court, between the large tree, to the right, in the *plate*, and the nearest wing, was the chapel-yard, with its pond, and the broad grass walk and row of beeches, as mentioned by Mr Tytler in his letter, on this side of it ; the prison, and chapel, likewise noticed by him, at the other, south, corner, on the brink of the glen of the Esk which passes behind the house ; and on the outside of this garden wall, to the south-west, the western ravine, running up from the head of the "howm," or Washing Green. The site of the wood beyond the large tree, was, then, occupied by the chapel garden ; and no trees were to be seen rising from the glen, between and Symon's farmstead, behind the house, or in the eastern ravine, on the other side of the farther

wing. At the bottom of the easter ravine was the easter garden, the ruined wall of which, with some of its fruit-trees within it, is still standing. Of the same width with the space between the outsides of the pigeon houses, and from them, extended, in front, an avenue, up to the public road, about half a mile distant, pointing to that end of the wester hill, where, with, almost, an equal arch, and the same brightness of unbroken verdure, the, farther, easter hill of 'Spital, on the other side of the 'Spital House, passes behind it, and dips from the view. Part of the south-west side of this avenue appears behind the figure, in the *plate*. Where it begins, between the figure and the house, stood the nearest pavilion, with the chapel-yard on the right. At some distance from the pigeon houses, this was crossed, at right angles, by another avenue, stretching north-east and south-west, many of the trees of which are also alive. Behind the house, as seen in the *view*, was a small level green, surrounded by a terrace walk, supported by a strong wall, from its connection with the old castle, called by the country people the Fortification; the walk terminating, to the east, in an arbour, beneath which are some very old laburnums, bird-cherries, and elder, or bower-trees. The terrace looks over the Washing Green, and the valley of the Harbour Craig, to "Symon's House" on the height, from which the round tower was in full

view, up the eastern ravine. The south-west gable of the house, with the little green spreading round it, points its windows, represented in the *engraving*, up the glen, to the prominence at the entrance into Habbie's How.—The positions of the objects around the house in the time of Sir David Forbes, will be more fully understood by consulting the *map*, which was copied from an old one, taken before many of them were removed.

In ornamenting his house, and, according to the fashions of his time, giving it suitable appendages, Sir David Forbes was assisted by his eldest son John Forbes, Esq. advocate; who inherited, with his father's literary talents, the same elegance of taste, and delight in its gratification. The bodily, as well as mental, powers of Mr Forbes, seem to have been also remarkable. It is related of him, that he once walked from Edinburgh to Glasgow, forty-four English miles, and, after returning on foot the same day, danced at a ball in the evening. Several years before his father's death, he appears to have received from him the management of his affairs, and to have acted as landlord in the family. In his "Ode to Mr Forbes," Ramsay addresses him thus.

"Be gratefu' to the guiding powers,

"An' blythely spend your easy hours.

- “ O canny F—— ! tutor time,
 “ An’ live as lang’s ye’re in your prime ;
 “ That ill-bred death has nae regard
 “ To king, or cottar, or a laird ;
 “ As soon a castle he’ll attack,
 “ As waus o’ divots roof’d wi’ thack.”

In his Glossary, the following is his own explanation of the word “canny.” “*Kanny*, or *Canny*, fortunate ; also, wary ; one who manages his affairs discreetly.” In the Ode, it seems to be applied in both senses.

Sir David Forbes, and his son, were likewise aided in their improvements, by their accomplished, and distinguished relatives, and guests. Duncan Forbes of Culloden, afterwards Lord President, was his own nephew ; Sir John Clerk of Pennecuik, afterwards a Baron of Exchequer, was the nephew of his lady, as also his brother Mr William Clerk, advocate, the poetical correspondent of Dr Pennecuik : Mr Aikman the painter, the friend of Ramsay, Mallet, and Thomson, was likewise the nephew of Lady Forbes. Their son Mr Forbes, was the associate of Dr Pennecuik in his “Description of Tweeddale ;” and the patron of Ramsay ; who was also patronized by his cousins Duncan Forbes, Sir John Clerk, and Mr Aikman ; whilst Duncan Forbes, and Mr Aikman, were the chief supports of Thomson, the

excellent author of *The Seasons*. At this time, Ramsay was a frequent visitor at New Hall; and, from the most unexceptionable testimony, it appears, every summer, often for six weeks together. It is not surprising, that, amidst such an assemblage of distinction, talent, and taste, he should court invitation by compliment, and be desirous of the opinions, advice, and assistance, of such company, in his pursuit after literary fame.

That Ramsay composed the Gentle Shepherd in particular, from its commencement, under the direction and sanction of this society at New Hall, is confirmed by the testimony of Mr Tytler, in his edition of King James's poems. "While I passed my infancy," says he, "at New Hall near Pentland Hills, *where the scenes of this pastoral poem were laid*, the seat of Mr Forbes, and the resort of many of the *literati* at that time, I well remember to have heard Ramsay recite as his own production *different* scenes of the Gentle Shepherd, and particularly the *two first, before* it was printed."—"P. S. The above Note was shown to Sir James Clerk, and had his approbation." Sir James was the second son of Baron Sir John Clerk, nephew to Sir David Forbes. When Ramsay recited the "*first*" scene "*before* it was printed," must have been in the year 1716, or 1717; as it was published, in a single sheet, about 1718.

Conformably to this account, of his then resorting to New Hall, is the story, still handed about in the district, and related in the description of the "*Craigy Bield*," as to the circumstance, at one of Ramsay's visits, that occasioned his choice of "The wauking of the faulds," for the "*tune*" of the "*Sang 1.*," by which the dialogue is introduced.

In 1715, the "Description of Tweeddale," by Dr Pennecuik and Mr Forbes, was printed; so that its former proprietor must have been one "of many of the *literati*" mentioned in the above quotation. The tradition, that he gave Ramsay the *plot* of his comedy, which is repeated in the preface to *Ancient Scottish Poems*, accords with this: And Ramsay himself, in consonance with all these coincidences, and with his being in the practice of *reciting*, to these "*literati*," "particularly the *two first* before they were printed," besides other "*different scenes*" of the pastoral as he proceeded with it, acknowledges, in his note, subjoined to the *first scene*, in his quarto of 1728, that, he had "carried the pastoral the length of five acts at the desire of some persons of distinction;" evidently alluding to those distinguished "*literati*," to whom, as it advanced, he used to "*recite*" it, at their place of "*resort*," "*where the scenes of this pastoral poem were laid.*"

Ramsay was not remiss, in making a grateful return for the attentions, advice, and assistance he received from Sir David Forbes, and his distinguished literary friends. Two of his poems, reprinted in the *Appendix*, are addressed to the illustrious, patriotic, and pious Duncan Forbes. Another is written to Sir John Clerk. Mr Aikman is complimented with two more. Malloch, afterwards Mallet, has one assigned to him; and Gay is also kept his friend, by a poetical epistle

— “ frae edge o’ Pentland height,
 “ Where fawns and fairies tak delight,
 “ An’ revel a’ the live-lang night
 “ O’er glens and braes.”

His regard for Mr Forbes, was published in his Ode to him, the same year, 1721, in which appeared his first quarto volume, containing the introductory scene of his comedy: And he lamented the death of Mrs Forbes, by an Elegy in 1728, the year in which his second quarto issued from the press, with the first scene reprinted as part of his drama, after, as he informs the reader in his note, he had “ carried the pastoral the length of five acts at the desire of some persons of distinction.”

The last poem he published, was, “ The Address of Allan Ramsay,” “ To the Honourable Duncan

Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Session," &c. on the suppression of his playhouse in 1737. The refined taste of this distinguished lawyer, and judge, is conspicuous in his own writings; in which, the Christian, the scholar, and the gentleman are united. In these, the just thoughts, clearly, and liberally conceived, are gracefully and eloquently arranged, and correctly expressed, in easy, unaffected, rich, and musical language, in elegance, and melody, far above the diction of his day in Scotland, and, if some of his periods were shortened, almost equal in purity, and beauty, to the style of his contemporary Addison, unrivalled, even in England, to this time.

To Sir David Forbes, the oldest of the family with whom he was acquainted, and the proprietor of what may be called the birth-place and nursery of the pastoral, he acknowledged his obligations, it would seem, by complimenting his worth, affability, taste, and manners, under the character of "Sir William Worthy," whose history, it is said, Dr Pennecuik furnished him with; and by laying the scenery of it, at, and around his country seat. The following is evidently a portrait, taken from the life.

Act 2. Scene 1.

GLAUD, and SYMON.

DIALOGUE, (*near the middle.*)

“ SYM.—They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
 “ Like greedy bears, dare nae mair do’t again,
 “ An’ good Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

“ GLAUD.—An’ may he lang ; for never did he stent
 “ Us in our thriving, wi’ a racked rent ;
 “ Nor grumbl’d if ane grew rich ; or shor’d to raise
 “ Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday’s claise.

“ SYM.—Nor wad he lang, wi’ senseless saucy air,
 “ Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
 “ Put on your bonnet, Symon ;—tak a seat.—
 “ How’s a’ at hame ?—How’s Elspa ?—How does Kate ?
 “ How sells black cattle ?—What gies woo this year ?”—
 “ An’ sic-like kindly questions wad he spier.

“ GLAUD.—Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
 “ The nappy bottle ben, an’ glasses clean ;
 “ Whilk in our breast rais’d sic a blythesome flame,
 “ As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.”

That this portrait was taken from Sir David Forbes, and was intended to give an acceptable representation of his benevolence, condescension, mode of address, and hospitality, is ascertained from the addition of his taste, and the enumeration of the individual objects, which owed their existence to him, and

by which his seat was distinguished. In the third act, Sir William Worthy laments the ruinous condition of the very particulars that most peculiarly characterized, and marked out, the decorations, on which Sir David Forbes had bestowed so much time, attention, and expence. The lime-tree near the chapel yard, and the avenues, in the plural number, are introduced into the prologue.

Act 3. Scene 1.

PROLOGUE.

- “ Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading *lime*,
 “ An’ tent a man whase beard seems bleach’d wi’ time ;
 “ An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean ;
 “ Nae doubt ye’ll think he has a pedlar been.
 “ But whisht ! It is the *Knight*, in mascurad,
 “ That comes, hid in his cloud, to see his lad.
 “ Observe how pleas’d the loyal suff’rer moves
 “ Thro’ his auld *av’nues*, ance delightfu’ groves.”

The offices, and pigeon-houses, and gardens, also in the plural number, in the vicinity of the lime-tree, and the avenues, are likewise inserted in “ the *Knight’s*” solitary exclamations, that follow, on taking a survey of the neglected objects around his mansion.

SIR WILLIAM, *solus.*

SOLILOQUY, (*near the middle.*)

- “ My *stables*, and *pavilions*, broken walls,
 “ That with each rainy blast decaying falls :
 “ My *gardens*, once adorn’d the most complete,
 “ With all that nature, all that art makes sweet, &c.
 “ But overgrown with nettles, docks, and briar,
 “ No jaccacincths or eglantines appear.”

In the same soliloquy, even the tapestries, which enriched the sides of the principal rooms, are taken notice of, and “ the Knight in mascurad ” is made to feel regret at the sight, among the other dilapidations from his absence, of

“ The naked walls of *tapestry* all bereft.”

The characteristic form of the double house erected by Sir David Forbes, Knight, in contradistinction to a tower, is marked with the most legible industry, and care, by the frequent, intelligible, repetition of the word *house*, where *tower* would have been equally, if not more musical, and suitable to the measure of the verse. In Act 5. Scene 3. Sir William Worthy says,

“ Masons and wrights my *house* shall soon repair ;”

and again, a little farther on,

“ Mause in my *house* in calmness close your days :”

In Act 3. Scene 4. he asks Symon, at the beginning of the *dialogue*,

“ SIR WIL.—To whom belongs this *house* so much decay’d ?”

And, in the *prologue*, the mention of its gallery, or long room, at once, settles its figure, and points out the house alluded to.

Act 3. Scene 4.

PROLOGUE.

“ This scene presents the *Knight*, an’ Sym,

“ Within a *gall’ry* of the place,” &c.

The only line in which the word *tower* occurs in the comedy, is at the end of the second scene in this act, obviously, in reference to the round “ruined tower” over the vaults, at the head of the eastern ravine, which, before it was planted with trees, was in full view, up its hollow, from Symon’s farmstead, about half a mile distant. The word “baron” is applied to “the Knight,” in the prologue to Act 3. Scene 4. as the proprietor of a barony, not as a title, but merely from its suiting the verse, and is, accordingly, introduced nowhere else. On examining the *plan*, and the *view of New-Hall House*, it will be obvious, that, before the wood in the ravine, and glen, on the other side, and behind it, was planted, the

round "ruined tower," of which the base still exists, over the vaults, north from the house, must have terminated the vista, up the ravine, from Symon's farmstead, and attracted notice, agreeably to the use made of it, at the end of the *dialogue*, in Act 3. Scene 2.

"SYM.—Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat
 "An' o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

SIR WILL.—Delay a while your hospitable care ;
 "I'd rather enjoy this evening calm an' fair,
 "Around *yon ruin'd tower*, to fetch a walk
 "Wi' you, kind friend, to have some private talk."

From the *view*, it is equally apparent, that, before the growth of the trees in the glen, which, now, conceal the lower part of it, the farmstead, seen past its south corner, must have been in full prospect, from the arbour, terrace-walk, level green, lime-tree, chapel yard, &c. about New-Hall House, in conformity to the conclusion of Sir William Worthy's *soliloquy*, which occupies the whole of the immediately preceding scene, in the same act, 3. After having surveyed the situation of his mansion and its appendages, and finished his reflections upon them; happening to cast his eyes towards Symon's farmstead, he, at last, says to himself, in consonance with its real conspicuousness from New-Hall House,

“ Now tow’rds good Symon’s house I’ll bend my way,
“ And see what makes *yon* gamboling to-day ;
“ All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
“ My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

(*Exit Sir William.*)

The introduction of the objects about his house, so particularly, and exactly enumerated, was evidently a flattering return, for the countenance, approbation, and encouragement of the Knight, and his son Mr Forbes, without which, with that of their distinguished friends, perhaps, this inimitable pastoral might never have been either begun, or “ carried on ;” and if, as is presumeable, the name “ Worthy” was given to his “ Knight,” in compliment to Sir David Forbes, “ William ” has, undoubtedly, been placed before it, merely from its being preferable to any other Christian name, owing to the alliterative melody of its sound.

Sir David Forbes died in 1725 ; the same year in which his nephew, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, was appointed King’s Advocate, who named his son Mr Forbes to be one of his deputes ; and in which the *Gentle Shepherd*, by itself, was first published complete, before it appeared in the quarto of 1728.

After the death of his father, Mr Forbes added to his improvements on the house, and place. He increased the number of paintings, and finished with tapestry, in a superior style, one of the principal bed-rooms, which still remains, the arras excepted, as he left it. Being the room in which Duncan Forbes used to sleep when Lord Advocate, it then got the name, by which it is yet distinguished, of The Advocate's Room. One of its windows, looking up the glen from the south-west gable, on the second floor of the house, appears in the *engraving* of it. Mr Tytler's apartment, pointed out by himself, was in the middle of the garret story behind, and its windows, from the back pediment, face, over the Washing Green in the glen, toward Symon's farmstead. Mr Forbes likewise multiplied the inclosures west, north, north-east, and eastward, between and the hills, and Monk's Burn; defended them by an earthen mound, fronted with stone on the outside; sheltered them with belts of planting, hedge-rows, and hedges; and improved them by culture. They got the name of the Family Parks. The three on the outside, to the north-east, still keep the appellations he gave them, of the nether, and upper, Cumberland Parks, and Meadow, in commemoration of the Duke of Cumberland's victory over Prince Charles Edward at Culloden, in 1746. Contiguous to the south side of the nether Cumberland Park, is

the President's Park, between and Pennecuik's; and to that of the upper, and below the meadow, is Ramsay's Park, on the south side of which is Forbes's. Between the Family Parks, and Monk's Burn, stood the old tower, designed, in the title-deeds of the estate, "the fortalice of Coaltown." Its site is, now, within a field called the Coaltown Tower Park, and is marked by the superior fertility of the spot. Below the nether Cumberland, the President's, and Pennecuik's, on the other side of the eastern ravine, towards the Esk, lay, as it is yet named, the Green Brae Park.

These ameliorations of Mr Forbes, are rendered important, by their giving birth, in this country, to one of the greatest improvements in agriculture; and it is highly curious, and remarkable, to find this originating from the same quarter, in which the finest poem in the Scottish language was produced, where the allusions to the "peat-stack," and the "clear peat-ingle," are so conspicuous, and appropriate.

West from NEW-HALL HOUSE, about three hundred yards back from the stand where the drawing for the *view* was taken, is a small field, now planted, chiefly with spruce firs, and Scots pines. Its soil is *peat*, in most places, of from three, to four,

feet, in depth. It is, now, established, that potatoes raised in lazy-beds, are the great introductory means of improving *Peat Moss*; a national object of so much consequence, and which, especially of late, has excited so much attention, and public encouragement.

In his most excellent *Essay on Peat*, in the second volume of the *Transactions of the Highland Society*, the Reverend Dr Walker gives the following account of the important, and successful introduction of this discovery, into Scotland.

“ *Plants to be cultivated on a Peat Soil.*”

“ The *potatoe* forms one of the most useful, and profitable crops, that can be raised in pure peat-earth. Though this was long known in Ireland; the first trial of the kind in this country, so far as is known, was made in the year 1750, at New Hall in Mid-Lothian. The experiment was made on an inclosure of about four acres, consisting of such soft-wet peat-soil, as to be incapable to bear a horse, and which had formerly been ploughed by men. Having lain some years in grass, it was planted in lazy-beds with potatoes, and chiefly indeed with a design to have it more perfectly drained, by means of the trenches. The crop turned out so abundant, both in the size and the quantity of the roots, as to be a matter of surprise to all the neighbourhood. One

gentleman on seeing the crop raised, who had a small estate, but of great extent in mossy land, became persuaded that it was more valuable, by a hundred a year, than what he supposed. Soon after that, the success of potatoes on a peat-soil came to be known and experienced in many parts of the country, and especially in the Highlands. It is a practice now established and followed by the most skilful cultivators of peat-moss, and it is certainly one of the most effectual means of reclaiming that infertile soil. Beside the profit of the crop, the trenches of the lazy-beds form the most useful drains : and the spade labour in the soft peat-earth, is comparatively very inconsiderable. But, though moss is capable of affording potatoes of the best quality, yet, where there is a demand for the large coarse varieties of potatoe, improperly called yams, they are very eligible. They are plants of a more vigorous growth, both in the root and in the stem, and though inferior in quality, are sometimes more profitable than the finer sorts of potatoe." In another part of the *Essay*, this polite and intelligent naturalist, writes thus. " The fittest crop to be taken at first upon a moss of this kind" (deep and that cannot be floated off by water) " and at the first moving of the surface, is certainly a crop of potatoes in lazy-beds." He, then, recommends laying lime on the surface, to be harrowed in with oats, after the ground is prepa-

red for them ; in every case, supposing the peat-bog to have been previously drained.—It has, likewise, been lately discovered at New Hall, that *carrots*, that most profitable crop, also grow luxuriantly on pure peat-earth, freed from water.

After all that has been attempted, and written, on this important topic, no permanently profitable improvements seem, yet, to have been made, where the peat cannot be floated off a rich bottom by water, as at Blair Drummond near Stirling ; unless the subsoil, to be incorporated with it, can be brought without much difficulty, within the reach of the plough, or, in favourable situations for lime, and especially clay marle, within that of the spade by means of the lazy-bed culture as at New Hall. At the end of the Agricultural Survey of *Peebles-shire*, published by subscription, a flattering account is given, in compliment to its proprietor, to whom the book is dedicated, of the attempts made at Whim, about four miles south-east from New Hall, to reclaim the dismal flow-mosses about it, twenty feet deep. It proves, that, there, by means of drains, floods, lazy-bed potatoes, and lime, at last, a whole inch square of surface mould was obtained, from each pulverized, and reduced square yard of peat ! This profitable, and precious return, being, thus, in many places, gained, the read-

er is, in the end, however, poetically informed, that, still, about the house, the visitors' ears are "saluted with the wild notes of the plover, the curlew, the grouse, and other moss birds;" and, without being able to discover any other motive for writing the account, but to discourage, and deter others from following this example, he, finally, finds it confessed, that, "upon the whole, when the expence of cultivation is compared to the return of profit, it would appear that the cultivation of *flow-moss* in this county" (Tweeddale) "is an undertaking unsuitable to a farmer upon any length of lease; unsuitable even to a proprietor, except with the indispensable view of hiding a nuisance in a policy *."

* This strange *Agricultural Survey* is, most unexpectedly, swelled into a volume, by a motley, uncouth, hotch-pot, of deeply philosophical, juridical, critical, political, ecclesiastical, anti-jacobinical, cynical, chymical, and comical matter; with many profoundly learned notes explaining the text,—notes explanatory of these,—again explained by foot-notes,—all still farther explained, by numberless references, from one to another;—and the whole is elucidated, and enriched, with various improvements in spelling, and grammar, and with many new, and beautiful phrases and words, no where else to be found; such as, "Enclosures *per se*," "acclamations simple," "appels nominal," "passivities," "manipulations," "moral excitements," "unreasonings," "savageisms," with the history, and use, of "*pull-ling*," and "*draw-ling*," &c. &c. &c.

Within these ten years, another improvement in agriculture, introduced by the present proprietor, on the important object of *rotation*, has taken its rise at New Hall. By means of it, the point aimed at as the summit of excellence in agriculture, as in horticulture which ought to be the farmer's guide, is, to render the ground, after being freed from superfluous moisture, in the highest degree *clean*, and *productive*; so as to obtain the greatest and most pro-

"Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone,

"Through the long, heavy, tiresome page, *drawl* on."

POPE.

In a foot-note, *p.* 331, to explain note D. explanatory of the text, and referring to note C., is given the following elegant, and comical story; with which, as a specimen of the style, mode of reasoning, and kind of humour, to be found in this curious *compost*, it shall be dismissed, for the perusal of such subscribers as think they have got a good bargain, whose taste it suits. "A clergyman of my acquaintance obtained, through succession, some old houses at Edinburgh West-port; they were occupied as low bawdy-houses; and he gave a house to a crook-backed barber, for collecting the other rents. It was not the intermediation of the barber that made the other occupiers whores; it was their being whores that occasioned the intermediation of the barber, as tacksman of, or factor upon, the whole."

Pray, could this intermediary, "crook-backed," "bawdy-house," "barber;" this shaver, and pimp, for in both capacities he must have been a blab, have been a descendant of Midas's famous barber, who, unable to keep the secret, whispered into a hole, that his employer had the ears of an ass? To use the words

fitable *returns*, with the *least* possible expenditure, of *time*, *labour*, and *manure* : In other words, as far as it is practicable, to enable the soil, by means of the plants, and their succession, introduced into it, to *re-cruit*, *mellow*, *clean*, and *manure* itself. The *New-Hall rotation*, with this view, is as follows. 1st, *oats*, on one ploughing, or plit—2d, *pease*, immediately after one plit, sown rather thicker than usual, to choak the weeds, and mellow and enrich the land, harrowed in with about forty bolls of slacked lime each acre, previously spread over the fallow——on one cross plit before winter, harrowed in spring till the weeds and roots are killed, 3d, *potatoes*, in drills well dunged ;

of Horace, in one of his *Satires*, this clergyman's tenants would be, thus,

“ Omnibus et lippis notum et tonsoribus.”—

“ TRUEWIT.—Is't possible ! Who is his agent i' the business ?

“ CLERIMONT. — Marry ! a barber ! one *Cutbeard* : An honest fellow : One that tells *Dauphine* all, here.”

“ MOROSE.—How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much ?

“ TRUEWIT.—Why, did you ever hope, Sir, committing the secrecy of it to a barber, that less than the whole town should know it ? You might as well ha' told it to the conduit—or the bake-house—or the infantry, that follow the court ; and with more security ! Could your gravitie forget so old, and noted a remnant, as, *lippis et tonsoribus notum* !”

BEN JONSON'S *Silent Woman*.

cleaned by harrowing along the ridges when the plants become visible ; paring, and earthing them up, as they advance ; and pulling with the hand such weeds as the harrows have missed, and the potatoes' shoots have been unable to smother——after a cross plit before winter, and another half liming in the spring of fortybolls *per* acre, 4th, *turnips*, on one-bout ridges ; slightly dunged, or, if much has been given to the potatoes, without manure ; when the soil requires it, and such is at hand, peat-earth being mixed with the lime for dung ; the drills drawn in a different direction from those of the potatoes——preceded by one plit, the ground being now clean, tender, rich, and in the highest garden-like condition without the loss of a year's fallow, and with as little labour and manure as possible, 5th, *bar*, and *grass-seeds*——generally, an abundant crop of, 6th, *hay*——followed by clean, and nourishing, 7th, *pasture*, the best security for a plentiful return, when again ploughed up——for, 1st, *oats*.

Spring tares, which have the same effect upon the soil, are sown on a part of the field under *pease* ; and are as valuable, though less so than *winter tares*, for horses in summer green, as the straw of *pease* is the following spring. *Winter tares* are sown in August, on a part of the *turnip* field, for use next June and July ; before sowing *red clover*, with some *rye*,

the beginning of August, to be cut green the succeeding summer, after the *winter*, and before the *spring tares*. The *turnips* having completely destroyed all weeds whatever, *flax* occupies a part of the field in *bear*, with which it is equally suitable along with *grass-seeds*.

It will be obvious, to every farmer, that this *rotation* is not contrived for a low lying, warm, strong, *barley*, *wheat*, and *bean*, country; but for a more elevated, and lighter, *bear*, *potatoe*, and *turnip*, soil. Yet, what a happy change has not the introduction of these roots, directly, and consequently, effected on the face of Britain, and the quantity of its alimentary produce, in those parts of it where industry, food, plenty, and its attendant, population, were most wanted!

Potatoes were introduced from Ireland, into Gallo-way. They were not known before 1720; nor cultivated in the fields with the plough, in Scotland, till about the year 1760, as Dr Walker, in his *Essay on Peat*, relates. Now, they constitute one of the most wholesome, and important articles, on which the great body of the people subsist; and, since the experiment by Mr Forbes at New Hall, the chief mean of reclaiming, and rendering productive the most infertile of soils, by which a large proportion of the

surface of the island is covered. In the Statistical Account of the parish of *Kirkliston*, the celebrated John Earl of Stair, is said, whilst residing on his estate of Newliston, in West Lothian or Linlithgowshire, between the years 1720, and 1740, to have been the first in Scotland that raised *turnips*, and cabbages, in the open fields, with the plough, in Scotland. The turnip was only a garden plant, even in England, till the reign of George the First ; when, according to Kent's Agricultural Report of *Norfolk*, the practice of cultivating it in the field was introduced, from Hanover, into Norfolk, by Viscount Townshend, the present Márquis's grandfather. This explains the following allusion in Pope's Imitations of Horace B. 2. Ep. 2., which, at the same time that it authenticates the fact, shows how much attention the novelty attracted at the time.

“ Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll find,

“ Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

“ Why, of two brothers, rich, and restless, one

“ Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun ;

“ The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,

“ All *Townshend's turnips*, and all *Grosvenor's mines*.”

Mr Forbes died about the year 1748, or 1750 ; and, as a proof of the delight he received from the prosecution of his improvements, elegant, as well as

useful, it is still repeated in the district, that, whilst labouring under his last illness, and unable to walk, he desired the servants to carry him out to the court in front of the house, that he might superintend the hanging of an ornamented iron gate, he had ordered for the middle of the rail between the two pavilions.

On the death of Mr Forbès, as the Harlaw Muir, re-added to it by Dr Pennecuik, had been before, the properties of Carlops and 'Spital, were disjoined from that of New Hall ; but are now again united to it, with the arable part of the Harlaw Muir. An enriched obelisk, behind the stand from which the drawing for the *engraving* of NEW-HALL HOUSE was taken, has been raised, somewhat to the south of west, on the highest part of the lawn, betwixt and Mary's Bower ; and a rustic Hut, south-westward, near it, crowning a bold point, between the glen, and the edge of the walk leading from the house to the bower. The obelisk, and the hut, have been already mentioned. The obelisk was erected in the year 1794, by Robert Brown, Esq. the present proprietor, his eldest daughter's son, and his ward, to the memory of Thomas Dunmore, Esq. of Kelvinside, near Glasgow ; younger brother to William Dunmore Craufurd, Esq. of Possil, likewise in

its neighbourhood ; and father to Robert Dunmore, Esq. of Kelvinside, and of Ballindalloch, and Ballikinrain, in Stirlingshire, who is so often, and so honourably noticed in the Statistical History. The enclosures, and pleasure grounds, towards the road, and hills in front ; and the plantations, have been much extended, both down to the lake ; and up towards the village of Carlops, beyond the site of Ramsay's Tower, looking down upon the Esk, between the farmsteads of Patie's Hill, and Roger's Rig.

A square of offices, at the head of a large garden, have been substituted for the old stables, pavilions, and gardens. They lie on the other side of the eastern ravine, on, and above the remains of the east garden ; and between and the field, declining to the Esk, opposite to Symon's House, and reaching towards Monk's Burn, called the Green Brae Park.

A considerable addition to the house behind, with buttresses, pinnacles, and pointed windows, in the gothic chapel taste, from a design of the present proprietor's, was built in the year 1795, which appears in the view of the *Washing Green*. The body of the house, and the projecting wings remain. The painting, of Ganymede carrying off by Jupiter's eagle, on its roof, has been pulled down ; but, other-

wise, the staircase is unaltered. The old finishing is, yet, entire in the Advocate's room; the spaces that had been formerly covered with tapestry, being filled up with wooden pannels, similar to those on the other sides. The busts of Pan and Pastora are still to be seen; and the paintings, with which the apartments, and staircase, were hung by Sir David and Mr Forbes, are supplied by a collection of about four hundred, among which are the following.

Portraits.

Our Saviour, in tapestry, from his likeness cut on an emerald by the order of Tiberius Cæsar, (many generations in the possession of a very ancient family in Aberdeenshire.)—The twelve Cæsars, a set, said to have been copied at Rome, by *Sir Anthony Vandyck*.—Raphael and Perugino, after Raphael, by *David Allan*, the Scots Hogarth.—An Artist by *Lanfranc*.—Fiamingo, the sculptor, by *Francis Hals*.—Jacques Denys the painter, taking a sketch on paper, by *the same*.—Cardinal Beaton, with fair hair and complexion, from his portrait in the Vatican.—Mary Queen of Scots.—John Knox.—George Buchanan.—The Elector Palatine King of Bohemia, son-in-law to King James the Sixth of Scotland, by *Cornelius Janssen*.—A whole length of Alexander Baker, surgeon to the same King James, by *Sir P. P. Rubens*.—King Charles the First, on a *dun* horse, after *Vandyck*.—Charles the Second, by *Sir Peter Lely*.—James the Second.—A whole length of the old Pretender, in the Archers' uniform, by *Richard Waitt*, of Edinburgh, 1715.—Prince Charles, his son, by *Tocquet*, (engraved by *Wille*.)—And his other son the Cardinal Duke of York, the last of the royal Stuart family, who died this year 1807, at Rome, in the 82d year of his age.—King Charles the Twelfth of Sweden,

(engraved).—The Duke of Marlborough, by *Sir Godfrey Kneller*.—John Earl of Stair, half length, with a dog, by *the same*.—A half length, also the size of life, of a young man in armour, with a white silk mantle and large wig, by *Sir Peter Lely*.—Vandyck's portrait of Rich Earl of Warwick, at Taymouth, copied by *Miller*.—The Marquis of Montrose.—General Monk.—Old Van Tromp.—Young Van Tromp.—De Ruyter.—And Admiral Hein; (these four were presented by a Dutch, to a British admiral, and were long in the family of the latter.)—Lord Anson.—Sir Charles Wager.—Hugo Grotius.—A whole length of Mr Windham, of Felbrigg in Norfolk, by *Hogarth*.—President Forbes, by *Ramsay*.—Miss Janet Ramsay, by *the same*, her brother.—Mrs Webb, by *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, (engraved.)—Lord Kennet, by *Martin*.—Mr Dunmore of Kelvinside and Ballindalloch, with a pointer dog, by *Cochrane*.—The present proprietor of New Hall, in a lawyer's gown, by *Raeburn*.—A family picture, including the same, in a plaid, with a white dog, by *Geddes*.—Chaucer.—Ben Jonson.—Otway, by *Mary Beal*.—Pope, when fourteen years of age.—Prior.—Allan Ramsay the poet, the original family picture, by *Smibert*.—An old Lady, by *Denner*.—A boy with a dog, by *J. R. Huber*.—An elderly Gentleman, in a red Vandyck dress, in crayons, by *Cotes*.—An old woman's head, by *Rubens*.—A boy's head, with curly hair, by *Vandyck*.—A young Gentleman in armour, with a white silk sash and long flowing hair, by *Jamesone*, the Scots Vandyck.—A head, with a hat on, by *the same*.—A girl's head, with a fur tippet round her neck, by *Gavin Hamilton*.—R. Foulis, giving directions to a painter in his Academy in Glasgow College, by *David Allan*.—An old friar's head, with a white beard, taken in Italy, by *the same*.—A blind man, of Edinburgh, led by a boy, by *the same*.—Criehe the taylor, dealer in old shoes, broker, and picture pimp, the son of an Aberdeen appleman, ironically represented in the character of a

connoisseur criticising a picture, by *Saxon*.—The honest old Edinburgh Eggman, its companion, by *the same*, &c.

Historical Pictures, Battle Pieces, Conversations, Animals, &c.

The Day of Judgment, by *Simon Vouet*.—David presenting to Saul the head of Goliath, by *Carlo Maratti*.—Moses and the Burning Bush, by *Gerard Lairese*, the Dutch Raphael.—The consecration of the temple of Solomon, by *P. Verbeck*.—Judith's head, by *Guido Reni*, (in his first manner.)—The Virgin and Child, with John the Baptist and his Mother, and a lamb in the middle of the picture, by *Louis Boullogne*, *the young*.—The Virgin and Child, by *Rubens*.—The Circumcision, a sketch on pannel, by *the same*. The Circumcision, from a picture of Bassan's in Italy, by *John Moir*.—The dead body of our Saviour in the lap of the Virgin, by *Vandyck*, (engraved by *Lucas Vosterman*.)—Mary Magdalene, by *Guido*, (in his first manner.)—The blind leading the blind into a ditch, (a curious old picture.)—Saint John explaining a text in the Scriptures to Saint Peter, by *Michael Angelo da Caravaggio*, from the Vatican, where a copy of it is preserved in mosaic work.—Saint Paul reading the Scriptures, by *Rembrandt*, in his smooth manner, (etched by himself.)—The martyrdom of Saint Bartholomew, by *Parmigiano*.—The martyrdom of a bishop, &c, by *Trevisani*.—An old priest, by *Cornelius Bischoff*.—The royal hermit, by *Spagnoletto*.—The royal hermit, by *Guercino da Cento*.—A hermit reading in a cave, before a crucifix and scull, by *Jacob More*, (a sketch.)—A philosopher reading, by *D. Téniers*, *the old*.—A philosopher reading, with his hand on a scull, by *John Matsys*.—The apotheosis of Prince Octavius, or "the Angel and Child," by the Rev. *William Peters*, (engraved by *Dickinson*.)—The inside of a Convent, by *Egbert Hemskerk*, *the old*, (from the collection of Mr *D. Daulby*, of Liverpool, author of the Life of *Rembrandt* and the Cata-

logue of his Works.)—The Grecian daughter keeping her father alive by suckling him in prison, by *Guercino*.—The Cane, or the Conspiracy discovered, a criminal trial, by *Young*, after *Egbert Hemskerck, the old*.—A philosopher in his study, by *Vander Myn*.—A mirror, by *the same*, (engraved.)—An old man playing on a guitar, and his wife listening, by *F. Mieris, the old*.—A physician's study and laboratory, with a lady consulting him, and a patient getting a tooth drawn in a back shop, by *P. Verbeck*.—A poultry-woman at her stand, by *Metzzu*.—A man drinking in a confectioner's shop, and the shop-man showing him a squirrel, by *Godfreid Cibalt*.—An old woman dressing a little girl's bruised forehead, by *F. Bol*.—Boors feasting, drinking, smoking, and dancing to a fiddle, by *Egbert Hemskerck, the old*.—A fidler playing, and boors behind drinking and singing, by *Ostade*.—The inside of a cottage; two men smoking, a woman with a pitcher, and a little girl squatted at the wall behind, by *the same*.—The sacking of a village, by *D. Teniers, the old*, (engraved.)—A man in a red cap with his foot on a stool, smoking, and an old man behind, by *the same*.—An old fifer playing, by *the same*.—The inside of an armory; kettle drums, coats of mail, helmets, standards, cannons, &c, by *the same*.—A mill grinding old men young, &c, by *D. Teniers, the young*.—A man smoking before a fire of sticks, with a pitcher at his side, and an old man behind, by *the same*, (from the collection of *Sir Joshua Reynolds*.)—The sense of Smelling, or Rustick Cleanliness, by *Andrew Both*, (engraved.)—A fisherman dressing perches, by *Brouwer*.—Three boors and a woman drinking, with a man smoking before a fire, by *the same*.—An old man leaning over a cottage door, listening to some children singing and playing in concert, by *the same*.—A cobbler, by *the same*.—A rat-catcher, by *the same*.—The examination and chastisement of a school, within the vaults of a ruin, by *R. Van Troyen*.—The head of an old man, with a light beard, in a greenish bonnet, and reddish fur-cloak, by *G. B. Castiglione*;—of an old

woman, in a ruff, and greenish fur cloak, by *the same*.—Madness, a young woman chained in bedlam, by *R. E. Pine*, (engraved by *Dickinson*.)—Idiotry, a young woman with a blanket about her in bedlam, by *the same*.—The shade of Agandecca appearing to Fingal in a dream, as described by Ossian in the fourth book of *Fingal*, a moonlight, by *Alexander Runciman*.—The three witches appearing to Macbeth and Banquo, by *the same*, from Shakespeare.—Cadmus receiving instructions from Minerva, after having killed the dragon, about the raising other men, and the founding of Thebes, by *the same*, from Ovid. — Yarico bringing presents to Inkle in her cave, from the *Spectator*, by *G. Morland*.—Callimachus taking the hint for the capital of the Corinthian pillar, by *Angelica Kauffman*.—A female fortune-teller reading a servant girl's fortune from the inside of a tea-cup, by *Hogarth*.—Jupiter visiting Antiope, with her two children asleep on the floor and her maid at her head, by *the same*.—Nymphs bathing, a shepherd, cow, and sheep, by *Diderich*.—A man with a flask in his arm drinking from a wine glass, by candle-light, by *Sir John Medina*.—Venus chastising Cupid, by *the same*.—Diana and Endymion, by *the same*.—A servant girl reading a ballad by candle-light, by *Wright of Derby*.—The musical family, by *Jacques Jordaens*, (engraved.)—An allegorical picture; Æneas landing in Italy, assisted by the Naiads of the Tiber, by *Nicolo Poussin*.—Juno, Argus and Mercury, by *Agostino Caracci*.—Venus descending to lament over Adonis, by *Francesco Albano*.—Glaucus and Scylla, by *the same*.—Pan and Syrinx, by *Luca Giordano*, (from the collection of the late Duke of Cumberland.)—Neptune and Amphitrite, by *Rubens*.—Venus, Adonis, and Cupids, in a beautiful landscape, by *Gaspar Poussin*.—Venus and Cupids grieving over the dead body of Adonis, by *Sir P. Lely*.—Perseus loosening Andromeda from the rock, after having killed the sea monster, and left Pegasus to the care of the surrounding Cupids, by *Cuylenburg*.—A landscape, by *the same*, (compa-

nion to the former.)—Flora in a chariot, attended by Cupid and Zephyrus, by *Francis Boucher*, the *Anacreon* of Painting.—Flora, with a lapful of fruit and flowers, admiring a festoon of flowers round a piece of architecture, with a garden and greenhouse behind, by *Van Pas*.—The triumph of Silenus, mounted on his ass braying, attended by Satyrs, and preceded by Dryads, by *Filippo Laura*.—Silenus, drinking from a cup held by a Satyr, by *Jacob More*, (a sketch, bought from his sister.)—Pan teaching Apollo to play upon the pastoral pipe.—Musicians at a table in a garden, with a lady and gentleman dancing a minuet, by *Mathys Neveu*.—A lady and gentleman dancing, and others seated and conversing, in a garden, by *Nicholas Lancret*.—A drawing, in red chalk, of Cupids pulling and gathering grapes; from a book of Raphael's designs for the arabesque ornaments for the Vatican, by *David Allan*, (got from his widow.)—A sortie and battle under the walls of a fortified town, with a white horse on the fore ground struggling to get up and disengage himself from his rider who is killed, by *Bourguignon* or *Borgognone*.—Four battle pieces, by J. G. Kuyp (a set.)—A battle between the Christians and Turks, by *the same*.—A robbery, by *the same*.—Travellers on horseback stopping at an alehouse door, by *the same*.—Other two battle pieces.—The troops of Tweeddale, and the Forest or Selkirkshire, convened by royal authority in May 1685, as described in *Dr Pennecuik's Poems*, oval, on the roof of the room called *Pennecuik's Parlour*, by *Alexander Carse*.—Two Hawking pieces by *T. Quesurt*.—Partridges, gun, flowers, &c. a garden scene, by *J. B. Weeninix*, the old.—Hyp and Hye, two favourite pointers, gun, buzzard and game, by *Lewis*.—Partridge, chaffinch, swallows, &c. by *William Ferguson*.—Goldfinch, bulfinch, titmouse, &c. by *the same*.—A hare caught by a wire, by *Elmer*.—Several other pieces of game, and fish, by *the same*.—A cocking spaniel, by *Lowe*.—Swans, herons, &c. by *Roland Savery*.—A calf in a cart and the cow following it, by *Bourgeois*.—

A sow and pigs, by *T. Hand*.—Head of an Egyptian ass, by *Morland*.—Goats, a sheep, and a dog, by *Philip Roos* or *Rosa of Tivoli*, (one of his finished pictures.)—Two dead drakes, a basket with eggs and vegetables, &c. by *G. Smitsz*.—A little lion-dog, ink-bottle, pen, sealing wax, &c. on a table.—A mouse and trap, goldfinches, canary birds, &c. (the companion to the former.)—Several poultry pieces, &c.

Land, Sea, and River Scenes ; Flower, and Fruit Pieces, &c.

An old mill, rugged rocks, rapid stream, robber on horseback, shepherds, millers, &c. by *Salvator Rosa*, with his initials, on close inspection, to be found on an upright stone on which a shepherd is leaning, in the middle of the picture.—The bay and city of Leghorn, with two ships entering the bay, a pillar and the celebrated statue in the port of Leghorn on the foreground, by *the same*. Among the figures, are introduced two of his Robbers, and some others etched by himself, (from the collection of *D. Daulby, Esq. of Liverpool*.)—The inside of the port of Leghorn, with the statue and a number of figures, by *B. Cagliari*.—A wild rocky scene, with a cascade, the Sybil's temple at Tivoli, shepherds, sheep, goat, and dog, by *Rosa of Tivoli*.—A thunder storm, cattle, figures, a horse getting up terrified after being knocked down, leaving his rider killed by the lightning, by *Tempesta*.—View through a rock, by *Martirelli*.—A high waterfall, in the style of *Salvator Rosa*, with shepherds sitting and lying on a bank under a group of trees tending cattle and sheep, by *A. Vander Cabel*.—Shepherds driving cattle and sheep, amidst groups of trees, with a river, a ruined abbey, and a town, in the distance, by *the same*.—Philip baptizing the Eunuch, in a landscape, by *D. Teniers, the young* ; one of his *pastoris*, in imitation of *Waterloo* and *Weeninix*.—Morning ; a shepherd and shepherdess driving cattle over a still rivulet, whilst another shepherdess is pulling off her stockings to

join them, by *Claude Lorraine*, (etched by himself.)—Evening ; a shepherd and shepherdess returning with cattle from pasture, the shepherd resting and playing on a pipe, with a group of trees hanging over the figures from a perpendicular rock, beyond a cascade on the left, and on the right a river with a wooden bridge over it between and the distant hills, by *the same*, (etched by himself.)—Two views with high architecture, and beggars, and thieves lousing themselves, limping, gambling, and skulking among, and about the ruins, by *Patel*, the French Claude.—A strong gale ; a passage through a wood, with a rivulet, and planks over it on which a woman is crossing with a pitcher on her head, the figure copied from *Raphael*, and a dog lapping water, on the foreground ; a bay of the sea with a sloop sailing up it, and a castle on the shore, between and distant hills, in the evening : the landscape by *John*, and the figures by *Andrew Both*.—A land storm, and other two views, by *Gaspar Poussin*.—A calm scene on a broad placid river ; two fishermen placing a net from a boat in the middle, a tower on the right, tyle-roofed houses beyond a man rowing a boat on the left, a wooded height supporting a ruined castle and backed by a high steep hill, with sloops, in the distance, by *John Van Goyen*.—A Dutch canal and street, with a row of trees shading it, most laboriously finished, by *G. Toorenburgh*.—A Dutch canal by moonlight, by *Arnold Vander Neer*.—Cascade and town at Tivoli, with a man on horseback driving cattle on the foreground, by *G. Bassan*.—Another view at Tivoli ; cattle, shepherd and dog, near the river, between and a bridge of two arches, with an old castle on a rocky wooded eminence beyond it, by *the same* (companion to the former.)—A windmill, rustic figures, and distant prospect, by *Brueghel*.—A large church rising from water, with dressed figures on the foreground, by *the same* (companion to the former.) — Architecture, with two figures conversing on a stair, a man seated fishing on the foreground, John the Baptist administering baptism in the

middle, and a distant view of fishermen, &c. by *the same*.—Inside of a wood with large trees, Hagar and Ishmael; a very small picture in a great style, by *Adrian Stalbeent*.—Two landscapes, with low cascades; a large tower in the one, and a spruce-fir wood in the other; by *W. Van Bemmell*.—A landscape, by *V. Willige*.—Town on a rock, backed by two conic hills, by *Adrian Van Diest*.—Two cows, men conversing on a height, on the foreground, between and a piece of water, with a group of trees on the left, by *the same*.—A river bending round a bold wooded prominence at sunset, after Van Neist, by *William Cochrane* of Glasgow.—A man drawing a net on the foreground, a cascade, wooden bridge, a castle on a hill seen over them, and the view of a rich country on the right, by *F. Groost*.—Two views in Venice, by *Canaletti*.—Two upright landscapes, by *Rathbone*.—The moon behind a tower; a house on fire at night; (companion to the former); and a small landscape; by *Pether*.—Portrait of London Bridge, by *Marlow*.—A winter scene on a river, with eel-catchers on the foreground, by *De Koning*.—A sea-piece in a gale, with sailors rowing a lady and gentleman in a boat on the foreground, (companion to the former), by *the same*, in 1800.—Two upright landscapes with figures, by *Sir John Medina*.—A moonlight, with a low cascade, by *De la Cour*.—Two views, by *J. Norrie*, one of them dated 1731.—An old tree hung with ivy on the foreground, a cave on the right, a white modern mansion with a town under a shower of rain beyond it, without figures, by *Jacob More*, the Scots Claude.—A sea-port, with a high tower on the foreground, by *the same*.—A land storm, with figures struggling against it,—a portrait of the amphitheatre of Verona,—of the temple of Concord,—and of the temple of Vesta.—Landscapes, by *Paul Sandby*,—*Barret*,—*Callander*.—A woman entering a cavern, by *Morland*.—View on the North Esk above Roslin by *Cheap Cooper*.—Habbie's How at New Hall, by *Alex. Nasmyth*; and *James Stevenson*, &c.—A sea-piece in a calm; a man of war firing a gun, a sloop aground, a

woman selling fish, and a man giving orders from the end of a pier on the left, by *W. Vandervelde, the young*.—Sloops, large ship in the distance, in a calm, with a tower near the foreground on the right, by *the same*, and *Van-Goyen*.—A calm; a large ship in the middle, two sloops close together on the right, and two men on the foreground, by *P. Monamy*.—Sloops in a calm, with a rocky point running into the sea, by *Anderson*.—A sloop in a calm, with boats lying on the beach, by *the same* (companion to the former).—Ships, galleys, and a fortified sea-port town, in black and white, on pannel, by *Gibormeester*.—A storm, with a galley foundering at sea, by *Backhuysen*.—A tempest; the wreck of a ship driving among breakers, on a beach between rocks, and two sailors carrying out a corpse, near a third with a man in a faint on his back; trees, rent, broken, and sticking out from the precipice on the right, amidst crags and bushes, bending from the wind, under a ruined abbey; and, at some distance, a lanterned light-house towering on the summit of a promontory, above the spray, rising around the shattered ship, in the middle of the picture, by *Richard Wilson, the English Claude*.—Three sailors drawing a boat ashore, near steep rocks, in a storm, by *Morland*.—A sloop wrecked on a bold coast, and a boat with sailors having a drowned corpse on board on the foreground, by *A. Carse*.—A variety of flower, and fruit pieces, by *J. D. de Heem*,—*J. Baptist Monnoyer*,—*Rachel Ruisch*, and others; which are not particularised, from the apprehension, that in the opinion of many, although numbers have been already omitted, the preceding catalogue may still seem too much extended. To readers of taste, and amateurs in the elegant art to which it relates, even the imperfect, and curtailed information it contains, may, however, be deemed both useful, and agreeable.

In describing the house of New Hall in reference to the *Gentle Shepherd*, it may be thought not unsuited to endeavour to restore that connection which Sir David and Mr Forbes maintained within it, between the sister arts of poetry, and painting : In illustrating Ramsay's scenery, by pictures, and explanations ; it appears natural to associate his imitations from the objects around the mansion, with the more direct imitations under its roof : And the preceding partial enumeration may, perhaps, not be unwelcome to such as can relish paintings, as well as poetry, and think that the former are produced to be known, and seen, as well as the latter to be published, and read, or money to be circulated. A mind regardless of what its organs present to it ; and insensible to the charms of disposition, harmony, effect, elegance, expression, colouring, richness, tenderness, and, above all, of nature, and truth, in the representation of the objects themselves, by the pencil ; must be blind to the beauties of the same less obvious properties, in the descriptions of them, by the pen. Whatever it may affect ; from the want of images previously collected, and combined, from nature, and the exhibition of selected nature in paintings, to which it can have recourse for application ; it can neither see, nor feel, the excellencies of a description. The allusions are not understood, feebly perceived, misunderstood, and lost ; there is no-

thing to work upon, lay hold of, or recall. Such images as can be forced into recollection, must be shadowy, weak, and confused ; corresponding to the bluntness of the former impressions to be acted upon. So unprepared, and dull a spirit, can receive but a small portion of pleasure from the most exquisite piece of poetic painting, that ever was selected, and borrowed from nature ; compared with one alive to her effects, with a taste improved by attending to the judicious choice and display of these by the pencil, and with a treasure of images thus collected, and stored up, in the memory, for subsequent use, and application, from which its proprietor may receive delight, and to which others may have recourse, through the medium of sympathy, from the security of finding something to impress, and agitate. The obligations, between painting, and poetry, are important, and reciprocal : Their connection seems to be so intimate, that a taste for the one, is requisite, for the full comprehension and enjoyment of the other's beauties ; and it can hardly exist in purity, and perfection, without a passion for both. Allan Ramsay the poet, and writer of songs, was the father of Allan Ramsay the painter.

PLANTS taken notice of in the neighbourhood of New Hall, and the North Esk, by Dr Pennecuik; and mentioned in his, and Mr Forbes's, *Description of the Shire of Tweeddale*.

Chamemorus — *Rubus chamemorus*—Mountain bramble; cloud-berry; or knout-berry. *Grows on the top of Fairlyhope Hill above Carlops Bridge. Also on the summit of Carlops Hill.*

Chamerubus—*Rubus saxatilis*—Stone bramble.

Rubus idaeus, fructu rubro—*Rubus idaeus*—Rasp-berry.

Digitalis, flore albo—*Digitalis purpurea*, fl. albo—Fox glove.

Pedicularis, flore albo—*Pedicularis sylvatica*, fl. pallido—Wood lousewort.

Trachelium majus, belgarum—*Campanula trachelium*—Greater nettle-leaved bell-flower.

Lonchitis minor—*Blechnum boreale*—Rough spleen-wort.

These six grow on the banks of the Esk, between Carlops Bridge, and New-Hall House.

Virga aurea—*Solidago virga-aurea*—Golden rod, or wound-wort.

Grows on the woody rocks of the point from the Harlaw Muir on which Symon's House stands, opposite to Monk's Haugh.

Filicula montana, florida, perelegans; seu *Adiantum album, floridum, Raii*—*Pteris crispa*—Stone fern. *Grows near Glaud's Onstead, at the foot of Monk's Burn.*

PLANTS found about New-Hall House, in 1806, last year.

Artemisia vulgaris, Mugwort. *Grows near the house,*

Chærophyllum sylvestre, Wild chervil. *Ditto.*

(3) *Scandix odorata*, Sweet cicely, or myrrh. *Ditto.*

The following grow in the Green Brae Park, lying on the east side of the present garden, between and Monk's Burn. The soil is a light, gravelly loam; and it has been about sixty years in pasture previous to this 12th March 1807.

Trifolium medium,	Zigzag trefoil.
Euphrasia officinalis,	Eye-bright.
Linum catharticum,	Purging flax.
(3) Gentiana campestris,	Field gentian.
(2) Satyrium viride,	Frog satyrion.
Agrimonia eupatoria,	Agrimony. Among whins, &c.
Digitalis purpurea,	Fox glove. Ditto.
Teucrium scorodonia,	Wood sage. Ditto.
Carex binervis,	Green-ribbed carex. Ditto.
Salix aquatica,	Water willow. Very like
Salix aurita; but different from it. Ditto.	
Polygala vulgaris,	Milk wort. Among whins, &c.
Blechnum boreale,	Rough spleen wort. Ditto.
Aira flexuosa,	Waved mountain hair-grass. Do.
Stellaria graminea,	Lesser stitch wort. Ditto.
Scabiosa succisa,	Devil's-bit scabious. Ditto.
(3) Rubus idaeus,	Rasp-berry. Ditto.
Juncus articulatus,	Jointed rush.
Aira caespitosa,	Turfy hair-grass, &c.

For an instance of the uncommon fattening quality of the pasture on this field, see *Stat. Acc. of Scotland*, vol. xvii. *Appendix*. Other plants behind the house, and elsewhere, are particularised, in the several lists at the ends of the other descriptions.

 THE 'SPITAL OF NEW-HALL.

Northward " hence,
 " On the slow rising of a fertile hill,
 " A virtuous" chief " of honourable race,
 " Hath founded and endow'd a hallow'd mansion
 " To pure devotion's purposes, assign'd.
 " No sound disturbs the quiet of the place,
 " Save of the bleating flocks and lowing herds,
 " And the sweet murmurs of the trilling stream,
 " That flows sweet-winding thro' the vale beneath ;
 " No objects intercept the gazer's eye;
 " But the neat cots of neighb'ring villagers,
 " Whose lowly roofs afford a pleasing scene
 " Of modest resignation and content.
 " There piety, enamour'd of the spot,
 " Resides ; there she inspires her holy fervour,
 " Mild, not austere ; such piety, as looks
 " With soft compassion upon human frailty,
 " And soothes the pilgrim-sinner to embrace
 " Repentant peace beneath her holy roof."——

Henry II. ; or The Fall of Rosamond.

THE prefixed *view* is taken from the south-west,
 opposite to the front of New-Hall House, in the hol-
 low between the ridge called Belcant and the bot-
 tom of the wester 'Spital Hill. The wester, on this
 side of the Hospital, and the easter hill, beyond it,





ascend on the left of the point from whence the drawing was taken ; and the 'SPITAL House looks to the right, south-eastward, having its back to the concavity above it where the hills meet ; the 'Spital Burn, produced, and fed by them, running in a small, but rapid and sparkling stream past its eastern gable. To the right of the stand is New-Hall House, on the Esk, at some distance below the public road : Behind the station, below Bellicant likewise, is the New House at the upper side of the highway : And about half a mile beyond this Inn, on its eminence, south-westward, elevated above the turnpike, looking over it, the Wood Brae, and the Esk, to the Girt Hill, is the farmstead of Patie's Hill, between and the Carlops village, hills, and lands.

The Esk, the name of which is derived from the Gaelic word *uisge*, or, which approaches nearer it, *easc*, both signifying *water*, rises on the other side of the wester 'Spital Hill, at a place called Esk Head, near the bottom of the eastern declivity of the Harper Rig or easter Cairn Hill. When a stream first issues from its fountain-head, or spring-well, in the low lands where the Scoto-Saxon language is spoken, it is called a *well-strand* ; when it has run so long as to produce an acclivity on each side, a *syke* ; lower down a *burn*, adopted from the Gaelic ; then a *water* ; if the distance from the sea is sufficient to enable it

to attain that size from the contributions of well-strands, sykes, burns, and waters; next a *river*; and, finally, it frequently spreads itself into an estuary or *frith*, gradually incorporating with, and widening into the *sea*, where its mouth opens not directly into it. The words syke and *rill*, and burn and *rivulet* or *brook*, are synonyma; but the term *water*, thus applied, is much wanted in the Anglo-Saxon, as there is no word south of the Tweed, to express that size of a stream, so very common, between a *rivulet* and a *river*. The stream at Glencross between and Edinburgh, at the middle of its length, is of this size; and is invariably called the *water* of Glencross, or, farther up, *Logan water*, from Logan estate, and mansion, on its banks, to which it belongs.

The *North Esk*, says Dr Pennecuik, in his and Mr Forbes's *Description of Tweeddale*, "hath its rise, as is commonly thought, at a place called the Boar Stone; but rather, being the farthest course, from the easter Cairn Hill, and marcheth Tweeddale and Lothian nearly four miles." The first object he notices upon it, is "an house called *Esk Head*, near the top of a black, but barren mountain," Harper Rig, or easter Cairn Hill, "with a park and a sort of a little garden, with a stone and lime dike built within these few years," previous to 1715, "by the deceased Mr William Thomson, writer to the Signet; a

wild and remarkable habitation, hard to come by, black and barren, in view of the mansion of no other mortal." About a mile down, on the east side of the stream, in Mid Lothian, are the ruins of the back 'Spital of New Hall. "A mile and a half below this place," Esk Head, "is *Fairlyhope*, an old hunting house, belonging to the ancient family of *Braid*," near Edinburgh. Braid was long the seat of a family of the name of *Brown*. Among the *Scots Acts* William and Mary, the "*Act for raising a Supply offered to their Majesties* June 7. 1690," appoints *Andrew Brown of Braid* to be one of the commissioners "for the shire of *Edinburgh*." *Fairlyhope*, as may be seen from the prefixed map, is in *Peebles-shire*. "Half a mile under *Fairlyhope*," adds Dr Pennecuik, "is the *Carlops Bridge*, upon the high Biggar road, marching Lothian and Tweeddale. Then *Carlops* itself," &c. *Descrip. of the Shire of Tweeddale*, p. 9.

Between the *Carlops Bridge*, and the station from whence the preceding view was taken, appears the farmstead of *Patie's Hill*, near the point of a ridge issuing eastward from the hill.

In the year 1801, on digging for a foundation to, and levelling the floor of the present new dwelling-house to this farmery, four flags with a cover were laid open,

inclosing an urn, of coarse glazed yellowish-brown earthen ware, with two ears to lift it by, having the rude representation of a man's face on each of them. The urn contained ashes; and near it were found two iron spurs of an uncommon form, almost consumed by rust. In the garden, afterwards, was discovered another tomb of five flags, without any urn, or any remains of bones. Adjacent to the farmstead and garden, were the foundations of some old houses, on the point of the rocky elevated ridge, of which no account remains. One of the ornamented handles of the urn, with the fragments of the two spurs, are preserved in New-Hall House; but no tradition whatever exists concerning the manner in which they came there. The tombs, and spurs, were, evidently, but a few relics of those antiquities which had covered the eminence, and had been demolished, or removed, or applied towards the erection of the houses, when they were built, of which the foundations remained in the year 1801.

It may not be altogether uninteresting, to throw out some observations with regard to the probable origin, and history, of these unexpected relics.

Whether the Britons came, to the southern parts of our island, from Gaul; the Scots, through Ireland, to the western districts of Caledonia, from

Spain; or the Picts to the northern, and eastern divisions of it, through Norway, from Dacia, the country of the Goths, on the Euxine, the Dniester, and the Danube; is of little moment: since the Runic, Teutonic, or Gothic, and other Germans, as well as the Celts, and more southern tribes of Gaul including Spain, all sprang from the same Scythian savage people, instigated or allured from their deserts, forming the north of Europe, to emigrate south or west, as occurrences and motives directed their choice, and carrying along with them, in the resemblances of their languages and manners, sufficient evidences of their common origin.

Although it is admitted that the Picts, from Scandinavia, after landing in Caithness, fixing their capital near Inverness, and then at Abernethy, spread to the Humber in England; where proofs to the contrary are defective, the natural supposition is, that Great Britain, and through it Ireland, were, at first, peopled from the nearest land on the continent, and were, of course, indebted to Gaul for inhabitants. The uniformity of customs, and usages, common to the Britons to the south, and the Caledonians, comprehending the Scots, on the west, and the Picts on the east, to the north of the forts of Agricola, followed by the wall of Antoninus, between the rivers Forth and Clyde, shows their joint descent; and, as

to these, in nothing more obviously than in the disposal of their dead. In this particular, they all agreed. Notwithstanding of their numbers, indiscriminately, every where existing; and that so many of them have been dissected; the most microscopic antiquarian, unassisted by historic or traditional facts, is, yet, unable with certainty to decide, merely from the materials or structure of the fabric, whether it was a Briton, a Scot, a Pict, or even a Dane, that has been entombed under any of those striking, though rude, monumental mounts, of earth, and sepulchral cairns of stone, which have been violated to gratify curiosity, after having, in many instances, been raised, with much labour, by the united efforts of a multitude of hands.

From Cæsar, and Tacitus, we learn, that, both the Gauls, and the Germans, burned their dead: the former, with a degree of pomp, in proportion to their means, equal to that still practised in the east; every thing that was dear to the deceased, often even to his slaves and followers, being sacrificed at the funeral pyre, and consumed with the body: The latter, with few ceremonies, only, that, of some, the corpses were burned with a particular kind of wood, and that all had their arms, and at times a horse thrown into the blazing pile with their remains. Agreeably to these facts, among those numberless

tumuli, and cairns, scattered over every part of Scotland, it appears, from its Statistical History, that those which have been opened, whether in its southern, western, eastern, or northern parishes, contain proofs of its having been, in common, the practice of the Britons, Scots, and Picts, likewise, to burn their dead, and to deposite whatever was most prized by them whilst in life, especially their arms, along with their relics.

Among the ancient, Celto-Gallic, Scots, we find, from the poems of Ossian, that it was the custom to bury the favourite dog near his master. If they can be at all relied on as evidences of facts, there, the practice of burning, seems to have given way to the present mode of interring the dead, before the days of that celebrated bard.

“By the dark-rolling waves of Lego they raised the hero’s tomb. Luäth, at a distance, lies. The song of bards rose over the dead.”

The Death of Cuthullin.

By adhering, as much as possible, to general sentiments, the most guarded caution is observed, throughout these poems, in scarcely ever touching on religion, and manners. Here, however, unfortunately, the cloven foot is visible. For several centuries after the arrival of Odin from the Caspian shore,

who lived in the time of Pompey, the Gothic nations, and his worshippers in general, as introduced by him, raised funeral piles and reduced the dead bodies to ashes, which were collected into an urn, and deposited under a little mount of earth. This was called the *Age of Fire*; and was the era in which Ossian and his heroes lived. It was not till long after this that the first practice returned, of merely laying the dead body, together with the arms, &c. under a heap of earth and stones, called the *Age of Hills*. See Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*.

This custom of burning their dead, the Germans and Gauls had from the east; in common with the Greeks and Romans. It was introduced by Odin. Independent of the intercourse of the descendants of the Gauls, and Germans, the Britons, and Caledonians, with the Romans, they seem, from the same quarter, to have adopted their mode of collecting the ashes into an urn, which they surrounded with a chest of flags, to defend it from the pressure of the earth, or stones, forming the tumulus or cairn, within which it was to be inclosed. This accession of the Roman practice to their own, though, here, they had no occasion to adopt any new custom, farther coincides with the remark made by Mr Gibbon, that, "the east was less docile than the west to the voice of its victorious preceptors. This obvious difference," says

he, “ marked the two portions of the empire with a distinction of colours, which, though it was in some degree concealed during the meridian splendour of prosperity, became gradually more visible, as the shades of night descended upon the Roman world. The western countries were civilized by the same hands which subdued them.” *Vol. i. C. 2.* This, also, accounts for the discovery of urns, in situations where the ashes contained in them seem, from other circumstances, not to have been those of Romans, but either of Britons or Caledonians ; independent of the tumulus, or cairn, with which, in imitation of the natives, those strangers appear, frequently, to have protected the remains of their countrymen.

The sepulchral cairns may have been used in rearing the structures, of which the foundations were left, at the eastern extremity of the ridge of *Patie's Hill* ; but, it is not likely that any were ever collected over the empty case of flags, or that containing the urn, dug up where the present farmstead stands ; as they were buried in the solid earth, and, from the spurs found in their neighbourhood, seem rather to have been inhumed there by the Romans, than by the Britons or Picts. The foundations were those of a former steading, built some centuries back, of which the tradition is lost. A little way below it, between and the Esk, were the remains of a kiln for

drying corn, when quérns, or hand-mills, for grinding it were used. The houses, and tillage connected with them, necessarily levelled, and obliterated all vestiges of any entrenchments, or military works; but, many additional reasons tend to show that this was once the site of a *Roman station*, or *redoubt*.

It occupies a place in that division of the island inhabited by the Meatae or Mid-landers, a British or Celtic race according to some, and, by others, said to be a Pictish tribe; but, probably, a mixture of both. Of course, it lies between the forts of Agricola, in the track of the wall afterwards built by Lollius Urbicus in the reign of Antoninus Pius, now called Graham's Dike from a native of that name having crossed it, and the Picts wall of Hadrian; and it is not far distant from the former. It is only a few miles from the great Roman road on the west, called, from Vitellianus its superintendant, Watling Street, as it passes near Carstairs, at Castledykes, and then Carluke, on its way from Lugballum or Carlisle, to the pretenture of Antoninus at Caermuir, near Camelon, and from thence to Stirling. On the east, at a yet shorter distance, was the station at Mavisbank, near Laswade, where the Romans passed the North Esk, in marching from the south to Cramond, (Caer Almond, the Camp on the Almond,) which is but a little way farther from it on

the north. It is still nearer the Roman camp on the Lyne, to the south : and, to the east of south, not two miles distant, is what Gordon, in his “*Itinerarium Septentrionale*,” calls a Roman Camp, on the farm of Upper Whitefield, between New Hall and Romanno. Opposite to it, on the south-east, rises an eminence from the brink of the Esk, forming that bank of the stream, and the site of Ramsay’s Tower, called the Girt Hill ; near the summit of which, to the north, several terraces are still visible. On the south side of Girt Hill is the farmstead of Roger’s Rig ; with the round eminence and its terraces, between it, and Patie’s Hill, that looks down upon the Wood Brae and the turnpike road, over the Esk, north-westward.

Immediately adjoining to *Patie’s Hill*, on the south-west, south, and south-east, bounded by the Esk, are the lands and hill of *Carlops* ; which, like Carlisle, Carstairs, Carluke, Carmuir, and Caralmond or Cramond, from their vicinity to other Roman works, seem to have been indebted to it for their name, previous to the later and popular derivation of the word, adopted by Ramsay, as best suited to the story, and scenery of his comedy. It is in allusion to this learned origin of the name, that Dr Walker, in the Statistical Account of the parish of Glencross, spells it “*Caerlips*,” instead of *Carlops*, as is commonly done.

Nimmo, in his History of Stirlingshire, observes, that, "The ancient Britons usually distinguished the places where Roman camps had been by the name of *Caer*, that word signifying in their language, a fortified place or castle; so a village and some farm houses in this neighbourhood," of Camelon near Falkirk, "still go by the name of *Caermuir*s. Those places which have the word *Car*, or *Caer* affixed to their names, are generally in the neighbourhood of Roman camps, or some other work of that people. Few of them are found northward of the wall of Antoninus, the boundary of the Roman dominion; whereas, south of it, they are frequent, as Carlisle, Caerlaverock, Carnwath, Carstairs, &c. all of which are situated near a Roman camp, or causeway, or wall, or the vestiges of some other Roman work." This derivation of the word *Car* or *Caer* in the language of the ancient Britons, from the military operations about the place, is likewise supported by the Gaelic, in which the term *Dun* is nearly synonymous to *Caer*. The latter signifies a castle or fortified place; *Dun* means in the Gaelic a castle, a fortified hill, a fort, fastness, strength; and from the middle of the Carlisle Dean rises *Dun-Kaim*. *Caime* is the Gaelic word for crookedness, and seems to express the greater irregularity of its shape, compared with the two cones, at its extremities, named the Little Turnip, and the Peaked Craig.

Patie's Hill is on the south side of the wall of Antoninus, not far from it; and is only parted by the Esk from the hill and lands of Carlops, on which are the Girt Hill, and Dun-Kaim. It is, likewise, well adapted for one of the Roman *castra stativa*, with a *castellum*, an exploratory camp, or fort of observation, on the extremity of its ridge. The hill to the north-west, west, south-west, south, and south-east, behind, and in front, with the Esk in all these directions washing its base, is precipitous and inaccessible: It has a high, dry, south exposure, well supplied with water: On the east likewise the ridge is steep, overlooking a small rapid rocky stream: And it commands a view of all the valley of Mid-Lothian and the Esk, at the head of which it rises, including the station near Laswade, down to the Frith of the Forth eastward; the camps at Whitefield, and Romano, with the course of the Lyne, southwards, to the neighbourhood of the Roman camp there; and the hill of Tinto, beyond the great Roman road and the river Clyde, with its large druidical cairn on its summit, terminating the vista through the Carlops Dean to the south-west.

These circumstances seem sufficiently to account for the discovery of the urns, &c. on this eminence, from its having been once the site of a *Roman station*. It is now occupied by the farmstead of *Patie's Hill*;

round which the crook, and the plough, are substituted for the spear, and the sword, and

“ Jam seges est, ubi Troja fuit.”

The wester Spital Hill, ascending on the left from the point whence the preceding *view* was taken, is the most verdant, smooth, and beautiful, of all the Pentland range. Near the bottom of this hill, behind, are the foundations of some buildings, marked in the *map*, called in old writings the *Back 'Spital*, seemingly, once, accommodations for travellers passing north, or south, by that side of the hills. Above them, at the influx of the Doit Burn; between and Esk-head, the Harper Rig, and the Boar Stane commanding the whole track of the Forth from Inch Keith upwards; is a small valley with some little green mounts rising out of it. From this valley, the Esk, skirting the base of the hill all the way, hurries on between and Fairlyhope, to the Carlops Bridge. East from the stand, at the north-east end of Belcant, on the right, a part of which is seen in the *view*, is the farmstead of Friartown.

North-north-eastward, embosomed, and almost hid from this side by a beautiful and venerable group of old ash and plane trees, looking across and down the valley of Mid-Lothian and the Esk, on the hither edge of its burn descending from between its hills, is snug-

ly and comfortably seated the *Fore 'SPITAL* House, with the ring of trees sheltering its walled-in garden and buildings, as it appears in the *engraving*. The back of the Hospital itself, appears past the upper end of the group of trees encircling its garden in the middle of the *plate*. The hospital was reduced and modernized about sixty years ago ; but, one of its offices is still covered with an arched stone roof, and has all the marks of great antiquity. The offices seen through the trees defend the farther side of its garden ; and, on the left, swelling from the burn beyond it, rises with a steep acclivity skreening it from the north, the protrusion from its easter hill, called the nether Dod Rig, with the stell on its summit, as it is represented in the *view*, between and the source of the Monks' Burn.

Below the 'Spital, and at the foot of the Dod Rig, in the angle between the 'Spital and the Monks' Burn, which latter stream bounds the easter hill on the east, lies a fertile piece of ground, pointed out in the *map*, called the Glebe Croft. It is hid in the *plate* by the foreground on the right. From the other side of the Monks' Burn, opposite to it, rises the Monks' Rig, the highest part of which appears in the *engraving* beyond the Dod Rig, over the lower extremity of the principal group of trees. At the farther base of the Dod Rig, is the "rocky dingle," mentioned

in the description of the Monks' Burn, from which, upwards, to its source, the burn separates the easter 'Spital Hill from the Monks' Rig; and, downwards, ripples along to its waterfall immediately above the influx of the 'Spital Burn near the turnpike gate on the highway from Edinburgh to the Carlops, on the east side of St Robert's Croft, about a mile above the "Lins of Monks' Burn," and its confluence with the Esk, at the Monks' Haugh.

Along the east side of the summit of the Monks' Rig, seen in the *view*, ascends from the Monks' Burn, leading north-east, an old deserted way-worn track, pointing to Edinburgh, and at the farther extremity of the height branching off northward to Queensferry, called Monk's Road, properly the Monks' Road. At its side, on the hither brow of the ridge, appears, in full prospect, its fount stone; commanding all the south country, from New Hall and the 'Spital down the Lyne, towards the Tweed. On the one edge are two excavations for a person's knees, and on the opposite rim of the trough is a socket, formerly occupied by a cross, the ornamented top of which is still lying at the bottom of the Rig. Besides being a receptacle for the sick, and the superannuated; the 'Spital, as a hospitium or inn, with its road, founts, and crosses, which also served as land-marks, was an accommodation for travellers passing from one mo:

nastery to another, convents being the original and only inns of those days; the Back 'Spital suiting such as journeyed by the north-west side of its hills. In confirmation of this, the weary and benighted traveller is, still, considered as having a right to shelter and protection at the Fore 'Spital, and one of the out-houses, with some straw, is generally allotted for that purpose. It is also remarkable that there should, yet, be an inn on these lands, on the edge of the present highway near the old road and New Hall, called the New House, though now a very old one, to distinguish it from the 'Spitals, in lieu of which it had been built, a little distance south from Friartown, and St Robert's Croft.

The fertile inclined plain of the wester 'Spital Hill, at the head of which the 'SPITAL House stands; after passing between Belcant on the right, and the Monks' Burn and Rig on the left, expands eastward, with the 'Spital Burn meandering through it, from the Hospital to the embouchure of the burn at the hamlet of the Monks' Burn about the turnpike gate; and includes the Glebe and St Robert's Crofts, flanked by the elevated farmstead of Friartown on the south, and the Monks' Rig on the north. Up this beautiful opening, the rising sun shoots the first rays of his cheering light full on the cluster of trees, and the Hospital; leaving, as in the prefixed *engraving*, the

hinder part of Bellicant still enveloped in shade, on the foreground ; and the dark hills, in the distance, shrouded in the mists of the night, yet lingering undispelled, to contrast, aggrandize, and relieve, his luminous effects on the brilliantly favoured group in the middle of the picture. It is surprising to find so few of the most distinguished painters acquainted with, or sensible of, the powers of the *claro-obscuro*; when they are, thus, so often, and strikingly exemplified in nature. Had it been studied by Raphael, and Michael Angelo, no person would have published the tameness of their compositions at first sight, by inquiring for their works after having been conducted through the Vatican.

Ramsay adopted the popular, and poetical tradition as to the witch at Carlops. Among the hinds and shepherds of the district, with regard to the preceding objects likewise, the common account, that they were named from General Monk, has, also, as was shown in the descriptions of Mause's Cottage, and Glau'd's Onstead, been followed by him. In the same manner as with regard to the hill, burn, and lands of Carlops, in their neighbourhood, south-westward ; Monk's Rig, Burn, and Haugh, according to the usual way of naming them, have acquired, too, a popular and later derivation for their names, than the original one now traced from the Cistercian monks

of New Hall and its Hospital: Here the military followed, as in the former they preceded, the religious occurrences that gave rise to them. In both cases, Ramsay has, obviously, used, in his popular pastoral, the more recent ones, from their not only being most generally, and best known; but, also, from their being suitable to his sites, and to his plot.

N. N. E. from the point of view in the *plate*, hid by the Dod Rig with the stell upon it, ascending from the ridge formed by the united hills of easter Spital and the Monks' Rig, rises the most singular mountain of all the Pentland range, called the *Scald Law* or *Hill*. Its summit is divided into two tops; its Helicon, and Cytheron; one of which is higher, and sharper than the other. These appear over the Monks' Rig, from the front of New-Hall House. The word *Scald*, according to Torfæus, signified a smotherer and polisher of language.

The German *Scalds*, originally from Iceland, were highly honoured in the north of Europe; and of course in Scandinavia, the mother-country of the Picts. They even "boasted of a power of disturbing the repose of the dead, and of dragging them in spite of their teeth out of their gloomy abodes, by force of certain songs which they knew how to compose." "Rogvald Earl of the Orkney Islands pass-

ed for a very able poet; he boasts himself, in a song of his which is still extant, that he knew how to compose verses on all subjects." The Pentland Frith separates the Orkneys, from Caithness. "King Regner was no less distinguished for his skill in poetry, than in war and navigation. Many of his poems were long preserved in the north, and may be found inserted in the history of his life; and it is well known that he died no less like a poet than a hero." R gner Lodbrog was king of Denmark. "Harold Harfagre placed the Scalds at his feasts, above all the other officers of his court." "A prince or illustrious warrior oftentimes exposed his life with so much intrepidity, only to be praised by his Scald, who was both the witness and judge of his bravery." "Olave king of Norway placing three of them one day around him in battle, cried out with spirit, "You shall not relate what you have only heard, but what you are eye-witnesses of yourselves." The same poets usually sung their verses themselves at solemn festivals, and in great assemblies, to the sound of the flute or *harp*." See *Northern Antiquities*, v. i. c. 7, and 13.

Across the hollow at the head of Glencross or Logan Water, here named the Kitchen Burn; behind the easter 'Spital Hill adjoining to the *Scald Law*; on the west, about a mile distant from the latter,

without any intervening object, towers to a point above Esk-head at the back of the wester 'Spital Hill, *Harper Rig*, in Tweeddale; said by Captain Armstrong to be the highest of the Pentlands, and its cairn eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The *Harp*, properly so called, is a German instrument of music, and, as well as the Scalds, of Cimbric origin, like the Picts. It was, however, of equal importance among the Bards of the Britons, Welsh, and Scots, who first occupied the southern and western portions of this island from Gaul; as it was among the Scalds of the Picts on the north and east, from Germany and Scandinavia. Like their mode of sepulture, it shows the common root of all these tribes.

We learn from Ossian, that, "Beneath his own tree, at intervals, each bard sat down with his harp." The Galic bard even addresses the harp of Cona, at the opening of the fifth book of *Temora*, as the genius of the song itself. "Thou dweller between the shields that hang on high, in Ossian's hall! Descend from thy place, O harp, and let me hear thy voice! Son of Alpin, strike the string. Thou must awake the soul of the bard. The murmur of Lora's stream has rolled the tale away. I stand in the cloud of years. Few are its openings towards the past; and when the vision comes, it is but dim and dark.

I hear thee, harp of Selma ! my soul returns like a breeze, which the sun brings back to the vale, where dwelt the lazy mist."

The bards formed a class of the order of the Druids, who were, among the Celtic tribes of Gaul, from time immemorial, in rank as well as influence, the most distinguished, and chief members of the state. The druids, strictly so called, were often likewise bards. " Beneath the moss-covered rock of Lona, near his own loud stream ; grey in his locks of age, dwells Clonmal king of harps." *Ossian. Tem. B. 7.* The following is the translator's note upon this passage. " Claòn-mal, *crooked eye-brow.* From the retired life of this person, is insinuated, that he was of the order of the druids ; which supposition is not at all invalidated by the appellation of *king of harps*, here bestowed on him ; for all agree that the bards were of the number of the druids originally."

The Druids, and their religion, like almost every thing else, may be traced to Persia ; and from that of the magi. The word in Galic *Dracitheadh*, signifies both the druidical worship and sacrifice, and magic, sorcery, enchantment. In reference to druidism, Pliny in his *Natural History*, *Lib. 30. c. 1.* writes, conformably to this, thus : " Sed quid ego

hæc commemorem in arte oceanum quoque transgressâ, et ad naturæ inane pervectâ? Britannia hodieque eam attonite celebrat tantis ceremoniis, ut dedisse Persis videri possit.” The druids delivered their mysterious doctrines in verses, entrusted entirely to memory; and of which, as a part of their education, their pupils were usually taught, it is said, to repeat twenty-four thousand. They were the oracles, prophets, priests, lawgivers, judges, physicians, poets, and teachers, of the Gauls; as their bards, like the German scalds, were more peculiarly their poets, musicians, and historians or annalists. The druids communicated their knowledge and precepts also in verse; and often sang, in the characters of bards,

“ The battles of heroes; and the heaving bosoms of love.”

Eastward from the Scald Law, or Poet's Hill, and connected with it, is the heathy conical *Black Hill*, of the farm of Eastside; which is seen to great advantage in the distance, over the Monks' Rig, in the middle of the *view* now endeavoured to be described. It likewise, with equal beauty of outline, terminates the view of *Glaud's Onstead*. To the north of east from the Scald Law, beyond the Black Hill, is the hill of *Carnethie*, with its cairn, more elevated than that of the Black Hill of Eastside, by which it is hid from behind Belcant, the site from whence the drawing for the *engraving* was taken. Its name seems

to be derived from the Galic words *carn*, a heap of stones, or cairn ; and *aith* a hill, or *aitheach* gigantic. Its carn is seventeen hundred feet above the surface of the sea ; and, although its altitude may not be so great as that of Harper Rig, and Dr Walker should be wrong in calling it the highest of the Pentlands ; it is, undoubtedly, the largest and most gigantic. The finest in shape, and next to it in elevation, is the pyramidal Black Hill ; whilst the Carlups Hill, and, yet more, those of the 'Spital, are distinguished by their pastoral smoothness, and verdure, from all the rest of the range.

To the south-west, beyond Harper Rig, the Roman road, and the river Clyde, rises *Tinto* ; with its carn two thousand four hundred feet above the sea. *Teinne* in the Galic means fire ; and *toich* land, ground, territory, or *tom* a hill. To the south, near the junction of the Lyne with the Tweed above Peebles, is *Melden* ; from *meall* a hill, and *teinne* fire ; also crowned with a carn. And, in full view of the Scald Law, over the valley of the North, and the highest part of the South Esk, the nearest hill to the south-east, about ten miles distant, is *Dundraoith* ; from *dun* a hill, and *draoith* a druid ; the *Druid's Hill*, ascending two thousand one hundred feet. The Black Hill, Carnethie, Harper Rig, wester Cairn Hill, Tinto, Melden, and Dundraoith, almost com-

pleting a circle round the Spitals and the Scald Law, are marked, each of them, by a large heap of stones, or cairn, upon its summit.

These large pyramidical piles of small stones, or carns, seem to have been collected by the Celtic Gauls, or Britons and Scots; if druidism was unknown to the Germans, and of course to the Picts. They must have been produced, in consequence of their druids having chosen the summits of these, and other mountains, where Galic Britons and Scots resided, for their places of worship. Each of these hills has a most commanding prospect, over an extensive tract of country; and all are seen, as striking objects, to a vast distance, in almost every direction. This was what the druids had chiefly in contemplation, in the choice of these sites; and the selections, with the names they gave rise to, preserving the purposes to which the hills were applied, account for the manner in which such prodigious, and, apparently, unaccountable, and useless, piles of small stones have been raised on such heights, where the materials must have been carried so great a distance up the steep sides of the mountains from below. From the mode in which they were conveyed, they must have increased imperceptibly, and naturally, to their present magnitudes; without any sensible labour, and exertion.

The religion of the druids is acknowledged to have been coeval with that of the magi of Persia, brachmans of India, and chaldees of Babylon and Assyria ; all, from their resemblance to it in their genuine state, sprung from the religion of Noah and the antediluvians. The magi worshipped the Deity in the semblance of fire : They abominated the adoration of images : And held that there were two principles ; one the cause of all good, and the other the source of all evil. Wherever the Celtic tribes, or posterity of Japhet migrated, they carried this religion with them. It accordingly was of equal extent with the dominion of the Gauls ; reaching from the Danube to the Atlantic, and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic sea.

The places where the druids performed their religious rites, were fenced round in a circular, and sometimes in an oblong, form ; with stones of as large a size as possible to strike awe ; guarded by druids, to prevent intrusion into their mysteries. These spots were called *Clachans*. The word *clachan*, literally, signifies *stones* ; and is still the Galic term for a place of worship. Near the centre of these circles were stones, sometimes of an immense size, as a kind of altars, called *crombeachs* or *clach-sleachda* ; and when stones of striking dimensions could not be got, they took a large oblong flag, and

supported it with pillars. Altars were often erected within a consecrated spot of ground, the sanctity of which rendered every thing it contained completely secure from violation, without any circles. On the altars were at first offered cakes of flour, milk, eggs, herbs, and simples; afterwards noxious animals, as the bear, boar, or wolf; and finally, at times, it is said, human victims. The circles seem, likewise, to have been used by the druids both in their characters of priests, and judges, as *courts of justice*. Part of a clachan still remains on the edge of the road from Edinburgh, opposite to Rullion Green, near the base, eastward, of Carnethie Hill; and on the same lengthened ridge, or root, from that of Turnhouse, with the field of battle.

The sole object of the druidical worship was the Supreme Being. He was adored, under the name of *Be'il*, or *Be'al*, a contraction for *Bea'uil*, which signifies the *life of every thing*, or the *source of all being*; whose good designs, they believed, were opposed to a demon they called *Aibhist'er*, a word still used in Galic to denote the devil. The *sun*, in Galic *grian*, which means *fire*, was held to be the symbol, or emblem of the Supreme Being, or of *Be'il*, the *life of every thing*.

The two chief festivals of the druids were the *Be'il-tin*, or *fire of Be'il*, which is still the Galic name for Whitsunday; and the *Samh'-in*, or *fire of peace*, on Hallow-eve, the eve of the last day of October O. S. or of the day preceding Martinmas N. S.

All the druidical festivals, of which the *Be'il-tin*, and the *Samh'-in* were the greatest, were celebrated on heaps of stones, which the natives called *Carns*. Fairs and rejoicings on these days, the remains of the druidical festivals, are still held in many places of Scotland; and the poem of King James the First, named *Peblis to the Play*, gives a humorous representation of that at Beltin in Peebles. "The custom still remains amongst the herds and young people to kindle fires on the high grounds, in honour of Beltan;" and a similar practice is preserved at Hallow-een. See the Statistical Accounts of *Loudoun*, *Logierait*, *Callander*, *Peebles*, &c. and *Smith's Galic Antiquities*.

At the periodical returns of the festivals, among the professors of druidism, the Galic Britons, Welsh, and Scots, their priests gave the signals by kindling fires on their *carns*, for their commencement with religious ceremonies; and every worshipper, on obeying the summons of his district, carried a stone along with him to the summit of the mountain, to be

added to the cairn. The dimensions of the cairns are in proportion to the time the spots have been used by the druids, and the populousness of their neighbourhoods. If every attendant at our Christian churches, was, each returning Sunday, to carry a stone with him, though easily transported, and of no great size, to be laid in the middle of the church-yard; the number, and magnitude of the cairns, over the country, would soon show what the most trifling efforts can accomplish, when, thus, regularly, and unremittingly continued, by a number of hands.

Besides these *druidical* cairns; during the same periods, on the plains were constructed the *sepulchral* cairns formerly noticed; the *clachans*; *crombeachs*; and the *carrthadh*, or erect pillar monumental stone, to mark out a hero's grave, or perpetuate a remarkable event, such as the Kel or Camus Stane; at Comiston, between Edinburgh and the Pentlands.

At the same time that the names of the hills help to ascertain the history of their cairns; those of the other objects in this district being derived from the British or Welsh, the Scots or Galic, the Pictish or Cimbric, the Roman or Latin, and the Saxon, show the changes and mixture of inhabitants which, at different periods, have, here, taken place, from its central situation. That of the Scald Law seems to

have arisen, from the intercourse between the Picts, and the Romans, stationed about Patie's Hill, who may have advised them to name this forked height, in the middle of the Pentlands, the Scald or Poet's Hill, from its resemblance to that of Parnassus.

On the summit of the easter Spital Hill, where no kind of tree could now be reared, or even kept alive for any time, about sixteen hundred feet above the sea, in a peat-moss, the trunk of one of a considerable size has been laid open, in the course of digging out the surface for fuel; and a little way down both the easter and wester hills of the 'Spitals, are lime-springs. The lands of the 'Spitals were long disjoined from, but are now again annexed to those of the New Hall, and the Carlops.

SYMON'S HOUSE,

Act 3. Scene 1.

SIR WILLIAM *solus.*

SOLILOQUY, (*at the end.*)

" Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 " And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
 " All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
 " My youthful tenants gaylie dance and sing.

(*Exit.*)



J. Johnson del.

R. Smith sculp.

SIMON'S HOUSE, over the SEA from the N.E. end of the MARTIND LOCH with the CARLOS III. in the distance.



Scene 2.

PROLOGUE.

- " 'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 " An' vissy't round and round ;
 " There's nought superfl'ous to give pain,
 " Or costly to be found.
 " Yet all is clean : a clear peat ingle
 " Glances amidst the floor :
 " The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
 " On skelfs forgainst the door.
 " While the young brood sport on the green,
 " The auld anes think it best,
 " With the brown cow to clear their een,
 " Snuff, crack, and tak their rest."

Act 5. Scene 1.

PROLOGUE.

- " See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possest,
 " And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest :
 " Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
 " See, the auld man comes forward to the sot."

Scene 3. and last.

PROLOGUE.

- " Sir William fills the twa arm'd chair,
 " While Symon, Glaud, and Mause
 " Attend, and with loud laughter hear
 " Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause :

" For now it's tell'd him that the tawz
 " Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
 " Because he brak good breeding's laws,
 " And with his nonsense rais'd their rage."

SYMON'S HOUSE, as it is seen over the Esk, in the prefixed *engraving*, from the north-east end of the Marfield Loch, is the first object that presents itself, on coming from Edinburgh with the design of making a regular tour through the scenes, in nature; and it is the last that falls to be illustrated, when the order is followed according to which they succeed each other, and appear, in the pastoral comedy itself.

Though last, it is, however, not least. As well as that of Symon, it is the abode of the hero of the poem, Patie; than whom,

" A gentler shepherd flocks did never feed
 " On Albion's hills, nor sung to oaten reed."

DRUMMOND of Hawthornden's Pastoral Elegy.

The chief and leading characters in the drama, are its guests; and the most important incidents of the plot are transacted under its roof. The rural feast on account of Sir William Worthy's return, is given by Symon, who first heard of it from Hab; and the rejoicings, and gambolings, are held within it, and on its green. Symon, its tenant, is Sir William's

host; his trusty favourite; and Patie's guardian. After taking a solitary survey of his "once fair seat," it is the first place on his arrival, to which the knight in disguise bends his way "to see his boy," "his lad," his "prop," his only child: and here he resides with him, and Symon, till he publishes Patie's parentage; discover's Peggy's birth; reconciles Bauldy to Neps; rewards honest Mause, and faithful Symon and Glaud; fixes the wedding of Roger and Jenny; marries his son Patie, to Peggy his niece; makes all around him contented and happy; and the story is concluded.

On the edge of the ravine, called the Fairies' Den, between and the present garden, on the north side of New-Hall House, over the two vaults, as mentioned in the description of *New-Hall House*, is the remain of a round *tower* that formed a part of the ancient convent, or castle that succeeded it. Before most of this ruined tower was taken down, about twenty years ago, it was of a considerable elevation, and, when it was destitute of trees, formed a conspicuous and attractive object up the ravine from *Symon's farmstead*. In allusion to this circumstance, while in SYMON'S HOUSE, and before he makes himself known, in answer to this confidential shepherd's hospitable offer of refreshment, Sir William Worthy replies, in

Act 3. Scene 2.

DIALOGUE.

“ SYM.—Elsa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
 “ And, of your best, gar this auld stranger eat.

“ SIR WIL.—Delay a while your hospitable care,
 “ I’d rather enjoy this evening calm and fair
 “ Around *yon ruin’d tower*, to fetch a walk
 “ With you kind friend, to have some private talk.”

The local position of the *farmstead*, in sight of *New-Hall House*, likewise coincides with the concluding lines of the soliloquy which occupies the whole preceding scene. After examining his place, and lamenting the ruinous condition in which he found the house, offices, and gardens ; the sight of SYMON’S HOUSE, from his *mansion*, and the view of the “ gamboling ” on its green, gives a check to the knight’s reflections, and produces a desire to partake in the festivity of his social tenants. Says he to himself, on observing the farmstead and the bustle about it, in

Act 3. Scene I.

SIR WILLIAM *solus*.

SOLILOQUY, (*at the end.*)

“ Now tow’rds good *Symon’s house* I’ll bend my way,
 “ And see what makes *yon gamboling* to-day ;
 “ All on the *green* in a fair wanton ring,
 “ My youthful tenants gaylie dance and sing.”

(*Exit Sir William.*)

Peat, the species of fuel, supplied by the Harlaw Muir, of which, in the time of Sir David Forbes, and Allan Ramsay, SYMON'S HOUSE was the farmstead, is, also, from its being peculiar to the vicinity of the *upper* division of the Pentland Hills, and this district, again, appropriately, and characteristically specified, in the delightful description of the *inside* of *Symon's House* prefixed to this illustration ; as it was formerly, in the rural picture of the *outside* of *Glaud's Onstead*, and the subsequent dialogue. Before Sir William Worthy reaches it, from his mansion, the following engaging representation is given, of the comfortable house where his son was left, and resided, whilst he was "abroad," after being defeated with "Montrose;" and into which he himself was, now, to be received, after his arrival in Britain with Charles the Second at the Restoration, on his return to his estate and his heir. For propriety, and truth, no piece of poetic painting can exceed it.

Act 3. Scene 2.

PROLOGUE.

- " It's *Symon's house* ; please to step in,
- " And vissy't round and round ;
- " There's nought superfl'ous to give pain,
- " Or costly to be found.
- " Yet all is clean : a clear *peat* ingle
- " Glances amidst the floor :
- " The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
- " On skelfs foregainst the door.

“ While the young brood sport on the *green*,

“ The auld anes think it best,

“ With the brown cow to clear their een,

“ Snuff, crack, an’ tak their rest.”

Mr David Allan’s representation, of the *inside* of *Symon’s House*, after the arrival of Sir William Worthy; with the knight foretelling Patie’s fortune, and pointing to the “mouse-mark” on his side; and of the effects of his predictions on all the company, but especially on Elspa, Symon’s wife; is Scottish pastoral nature itself, and does full justice to his author, and honour to his own congenial talents.

North, within three hundred yards of the site from which the *view* of SYMON’S HOUSE was taken, stands the new *Marfield farmstead*; and, about the same distance, beyond it, is the remain of the old tenement, built when timber in its neighbourhood was so scarce that the cross spars of its roof were supported by a row of rough stone arches, called stone couples, springing at equal distances from the side-walls between the corresponding gables. Apparently from the same cause, one of the out-houses of the Fore ’Spital is covered with a solid arch of stone, without any opening whatever, from the one end to the other. Farther on, in the same direction, rises the central, and most picturesque group of all the Pentland chain, formed by the Broad Law, the

Scald Law, the Black Hill, Carnethie, and Turnhouse Hill, retiring in perspective, and skirted by the road to Edinburgh.—Behind, near half a mile off, to the north-east, in that direction, terminating the Marfield farm, and the natural scenery of the Gentle Shepherd, is the *Cow Craig*, marked in the map. For the old tenement in the middle of the farm, Ramsay has substituted the “onstead” and cottages, on its southern extremity, at the foot of the Monks’ Burn, as being a more pastoral, and picturesque habitation for honest Glaud, and his two fair shepherdesses.

Within a hundred yards eastward, on the left, is the glen of the North Esk ; with the *Marfield Lint Mill* and *Quarry* on this side of the water ; and the *Harlaw Muir* on the other, stretching several miles north-east, and south-west, behind the point from it, on which SYMON’S HOUSE stands.

To the south-west, in front, is the *Marfield Loch*, with the glen of the Esk, containing the Marfield Wood, between it and the point from the Harlaw Muir, on the highest part of which is situated SYMON’S HOUSE, re-built about thirty yards farther west, and from the moor, than the old foundations. The loch is always of the same depth, although it has no visible supply or outlet. It is full of perches, with some pikes, and trouts ; and its banks, on the

east, south, and west are bounded by the glen of the Esk, in which there are plenty of trouts. Beyond the farmstead, forming the farther west side of the point, is the valley of the Harbour Craig, with the glens and burns of the Harbour Craig and Carlops entering the other side of it, and the rock itself, above them, fronting towards the farmstead. The west gable of the building, as in the *engraving*, points up the Carlops Burn, to the Carlops Hill in the distance.

Westward, between and this end of the Carlops Hill, where, at the village of the Carlops, the Esk issues from behind the Pentlands, is the site of *New-Hall House*. Half-way nearer, opposite to the extremity of the point from the Harlaw Muir, at the mouth of the Monks' Burn, and the head of the Monks' Haugh, with the Esk, and the "plain" or "loan," between it and SYMON'S HOUSE, is *Glaud's Onstead* in the bottom of the glen.

And on the north-west, to the right, is the *Monks' Burn*, with the *Monks' Rig* on this side of its source; and the '*Spitals*, and '*Spital Hills*, opposite to New Hall, on the other side of the burn. Terminating these heights, westward is *Patie's Hill*, a part of which is seen in the *view*, with the deep ravine beyond it, hollowed by the Esk in penetrating the Pentlands,

from its head at *Harper Rig* behind them. The Esk separates Patie's, from the Carlops Hill more remote in the distance ; these mountains forming its banks, and the two sides of the ravine. Patie's Hill, the 'Spitals, New-Hall House, Glaud's Onstead, and the Marfield Loch, are in Edinburgh-shire or Mid-Lothian ; and the Carlops Hill, village, and lands, and Symon's House, with the Harlaw Muir, are in Peebles-shire or Tweeddale.

Several years ago, the yawl of one of the pickeroons, or pirates, of the West Indies, had been picked up, in the gulf of Mexico, by a vessel from thence to Clyde ; and, being entirely built of cedar, was sent, as a curiosity, to the proprietor of the lake. Being repaired and painted at Leith, it was launched into the loch, and gives it life and spirit.

When, from the eastern ex remity, the glare of a summer noon is mellowed by the mildness of the evening, before his retiring beams are intercepted by the wester 'Spital Hill ; when the fish begin to leap, and the boat, with its broad ensign streaming at its stern, shoots along the bright surface, o floats, stationary, and at rest on the smooth bosom of the lake ; —when, on this site, and at this time, the sun gets behind SYMON'S HOUSE, on the height beyond the Esk, between it and the Harbour Craig, and throws

his warm empurpling rays on the Carlops Hill in the offskip, to the right of the farmstead, the whole forms as enchanting a pastoral picture as the pencil can select.

PLANTS found in the vicinity of the Marfield *Loch* ; on the *Farm* ; and in the *Wood*, on the North Bank of the *Esk*.

On the Marfield FARM.

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| (3) <i>Avena strigosa</i> , | Black or gray oat ; |
| <i>The kind cultivated in the north of Scotland, and the Islands.</i> | |
| <i>Melica cerulea</i> , | Purple melic-grass. |
| <i>Juncus campestris</i> var. β . | |
| <i>Eriophorum vaginatum</i> , | Hare's-tail rush. |
| ———— <i>angustifolium</i> , | Common narrow cotton-rush. |
| (1) ————— <i>polystachion</i> , | Broad-leaved cotton-rush. |
| <i>Polypodium vulgare</i> , | Common polypody. |
| (1) <i>Vaccinium oxycoccos</i> , | Cran-berry. |
| <i>Lichen rangiferinus</i> , | Rein-deer lichen. |
| <i>This is the food of the rein-deer, in Lapland.</i> | |
| <i>Scirpus cespitosus</i> , | Scaly-stalked club-rush. |
| <i>Erica vulgaris</i> , | Common heath. |
| —— <i>cinerea</i> , | Bell-heather, or fine-leaved heath. |
| —— <i>tetralix</i> , | Rinze-heather, or cross-leaved heath. |
| <i>Tormentilla officinalis</i> , | Tormentil, or Septfoil. |
| <i>Sphagnum latifolium</i> , | Bog-moss. |
| <i>Carex vesicaria</i> , | Short-spiked bladder carex. |
| (3) <i>Narhecium ossifragum</i> , | Lancashire asphodel. |
| <i>Empetrum nigrum</i> , | Black-berried heath. |

Holcus lanatus,	Meadow soft-grass;
<i>There is much hay made of this in meadows.</i>	
Holcus avenaceus,	Oat-like soft-grass ;
<i>This is cultivated for fodder in Sweden.</i>	
Glechoma hederacea,	Ground ivy.
Viola tricolor,	Wild pansy.
— lutea,	Yellow mountain pansy, &c.

About the Loch.

Comarum palustre,	Marsh cinquefoil.
Achillea millefolia, var. ru-	
bra,	Yarrow, or milfoil.
Epilobium palustre,	Round-stalked marsh willow-
	herb.
Galium palustre,	White water bed-straw.
Ranunculus flammula,	Lesser spearwort.
<i>The leaves of this plant form a ready, and sudden vomit.</i>	
(2) Viola palustris,	Marsh violet.
Hieracium pilosella,	Mouse-ear hawk-weed.
Myriophyllum spicatum,	Spiked water-milfoil.
Juncus bufonius,	Toad rush.
Menyanthes trifoliata,	Buck-bean, or bog-bean.
Bunium flexuosum,	Earth-nut, or ar-nut. <i>On the banks.</i>
(2) Gnaphalium rectum,	Upright wood cud-weed. <i>Do.</i>
Pinus rubra,	Scots fir or pine. <i>Ditto, self-</i>
<i>sown, rising, from the dry gravelly soil, through the green sward, in great numbers, &c.</i>	

In the Wood.

- (2) Agaricus deliciosus.
- (2) Phallus impudicus. *In wet summers, in the fir-wood very fetid.*
 Agaricus integer.
 — fascicularis.

<i>Juniperus communis,</i>	Common juniper bush.
<i>Salix pentandra,</i>	Sweet willow.
<i>Triglochin palustre,</i>	Marsh arrow-grass. <i>On the banks of the Esk.</i>
<i>Pedicularis palustris,</i>	Marsh louse-wort. <i>On ditto, &c.</i>

Also—oaks—elms—planes—ashes—mountain ashes—birches—
hazles—willows—geens—alders—bird cherries—thorns, &c. &c.
among the pines—firs—and larches.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD;

A

PASTORAL COMEDY.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the subject, and to a description of the various methods which have been employed for its investigation. The second part is devoted to a detailed description of the various methods which have been employed for its investigation.

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
SUSANNA,
COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But, conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to choose some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says, the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges, that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of

Eglintoun, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the divine charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my Muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer, since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of Kennedy and Montgomery; be that the care of the herald and historian. It is personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives; such may be flattered: but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect; for whilst you are possessed of every outward charm, in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

"All this is very true," cries one of better sense than good nature; "but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?" Very true, but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, "To speak what every body thinks." Indeed, there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Italian registers were of as short duration as life; but the bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters. I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear. But if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship, in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

"If 'tis allowed to poets to divine,

"One half of round Eternity is mine."

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient, and

most devoted servant,

EDINBURGH, }
June, 1725. }

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,
WITH THE FOLLOWING
PASTORAL.

ACCEPT, O Eglintoun ! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays.
The Muse, that oft has raised her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains ;
That oft has sung, her listening youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love ;
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted through the verdant meads to stray.
O ! come, invoked ! and pleased, with her repair
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air ;
In the cool evening, negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires !
The fair shall read of ardours, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears :

Hence, too, what passions in his bosom rise!
 What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
 When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
 Cured of her scorn, and vanquished of her hate,
 With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
 And blushing, beauteous, smiles the kind consent!
 Love's passion here, in each extreme, is shown,
 In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that failed not to engage,
 Love courted Beauty in a golden age;
 Pure, and untaught, such Nature first inspired,
 Ere yet the fair affected phrase desired.
 His secret thoughts were undisguised with art,
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:
 He speaks his love so artless and sincere,
 As thy Eliza might be pleased to hear.

Heaven only to the rural state bestows
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes:
 Secure alike from envy and from care,
 Nor raised by hope, nor yet depressed by fear:
 Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
 Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
 No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
 No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
 Blest still to spend the hours that Heaven has lent,
 In humble goodness, and in calm content:

Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
 Sinless and pure, in fair Humicia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost ;
 Even swains no more that innocence can boast :
 Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
 Prone to betray, and practised to deceive.
 Now happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
 The peaceful dwelling where she fixed her seat ;
 The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
 Companion to an upright sober race.
 When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
 Free and familiar with the sons of men,
 To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
 She uninvited came, a welcome guest ;
 Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
 Bribed from their innocence uncautious hearts :
 Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
 Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed ;
 Then dowerless beauty lost the power to move ;
 The rust of lucre stained the gold of love :
 Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
 The genial hearth first blushed with strangers' blood :
 The friend no more upon the friend relies,
 And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise :
 The peaceful household filled with dire alarms ;
 The ravished virgin mourns her slighted charms :

The voice of impious mirth is heard around,
 In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crowned :
 Unpunished violence lords it o'er the plains,
 And happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh ! Happiness, from human search retired,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desired ?
 Nun ! sober and devout, why art thou fled,
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head ?
 Virgin ! of aspect mild, ah ! why, unkind,
 Fly'st thou, displeased, the commerce of mankind ?
 O ! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where, with thy sire Content, thou lov'st to dwell.
 Or, say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
 Familiar at the chambers of the great ?
 Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball ?
 O'er the full banquet, when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl ?
 Or, with the industrious planter dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening walk ?
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasured gold ?
 Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much-loved
 power,
 Still musing silent at the morning hour ?
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
 In Stair's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms ?

508 TO THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil :
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with virtue knows the power to dwell :
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow :
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast,
 But many passions must the blessing cost ;
 Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
 And envy, grieving at another's state ;
 Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.

When these are in the human bosom nursed,
 Can peace reside in dwellings so accursed ?
 Unlike, O Eglintoun ! thy happy breast,
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest ;
 From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed :
 In virtues rich, in goodness unconfined,
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind ;
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
 How swift to praise ! how guiltless to defame !
 Bold in thy presence Bashfulness appears,
 And backward Merit loses all its fears.
 Supremely blest by Heaven, Heaven's richest grace
 Confessed is thine---an early blooming race ;

Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm,
 Divine Instruction! taught of thee to charm :
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart),
 When thou behold'st them of each grace possest,
 And sighing youths imploring to be blest!
 After thy image formed, with charms like thine,
 Or in the visit, or the dance, to shine :
 Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
 The lovely Eglintouns of other days.

Meanwhile, peruse the following tender scenes,
 And listen to thy native poet's strains :
 In ancient garb the home-bred Muse appears,
 The garb our Muses wore in former years.
 As in a glass reflected, here behold
 How smiling Goodness looked in days of old :
 Nor blush to read, where Beauty's praise is shown,
 Or virtuous Love, the likeness of thy own ;
 While 'midst the various gifts that gracious Heaven
 To thee, in whom it is well pleased, has given ;
 Let this, O Eglintoun, delight thee most,
 T' enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

W. H.

INSCRIBED TO
JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq.
SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE nipping frosts, an' driving snaw,
Are o'er the hills an' far awa';
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs blaw,
An' ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu', gay, an' braw
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek o' day;
Kind Muse, skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
Wi' a' thy speed,
Since BURCHET awns that thou can play
Upo' the reed.

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree,
Exert thy skill an' nat'ral glee,
To him wha has sae courteously,
To weaker sight,
Set these rude sonnets *, sung by me,
In truest light.

* Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English justly and elegantly.

In truest light may a' that's fine,
In his fair character still shine;
Sma' need he has o' sangs like mine,
 To beet his name;
For frae the north to southern line,
 Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever shall abide,
While hist'ries tell o' tyrants' pride,
Who vainly strave upon the tide
 T' invade these lands,
Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,
 Which still commands.

These doughty actions frae his pen *
Our age, an' those to come, shall ken
How stubborn navies did contend
 Upon the waves;
How free-born Britons fought like men,
 Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, sir, to you,
This country sang, my fancy flew,
Keen your just merit to pursue;
 But ah! I fear,
In gieing praises that are due,
 I grate your ear.

* His valuable Naval History.

Yet tent a poet's zealous prayer;
May powers aboon, wi' kindly care,
Grant you a lang an' muckle skair

O' a' that's good,
Till unto langest life an' mair
You've healthfu' stood!

May never care your blessings sour,
An' may the Muses, ilka hour,
Improve your mind, an' haunt your bower!--

I'm but a callan;
Yet may I please you, while I'm your
Devoted ALLAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.*
GLAUD, }

BAULDY, *a Hynd, engaged with Neps.*

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE—*A Shepherd's Village and Fields, some
few miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action within twenty-four hours.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF
HENRY THE FIRST
BY
JOHN GILBERT FRODO
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

LONDON:
PRINTED BY
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1795.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs the halesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring,
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE *and* ROGER.

SANG I.

Tune---“The Wawking of the Faulds.”

Patie.

*Mr Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay,
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly
When'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare ;
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld,
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At war'king of the fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly
When'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the toon,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gies me sic delight
As war'king of the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At war'king of the fauld.*

Pat. THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood;
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How heartsome is't to see the rising plants!
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesome is't to snuff the cauler air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-seasoned pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood;
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood;
But I, opprest wi' never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall lothe the flower, and quit the
hive,
The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornful queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out of tune.
You have sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek;
And jeer me hameward frae the lone or bught,
While I'm confused with mony a vexing thought.

Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But aiblins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downie eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were
smooored,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endured :
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Though scores of wathers perished in the snaw.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as
mine,

Less you wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep :
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss !
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drowth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool !

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute
At the West-Port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with ivory virls round ;
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound ;

I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, with all your cash, ye dowie fool !

Rog. Na, Patie, na ! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast :
I dreamed a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets ken's !
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your weel-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride :
Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursell.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye have guessed owre true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you ;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombazed, and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow :
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat ;
He sighs for Neps :—sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'dna loe her—but, in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
Even while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb tyke ;

If I had filled a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn.
Last night I played, (ye never heard sic spite,)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte ;
Yet, tauntingly, she at her cousin speered,
Gif she could tell what tune I played, and sneered.—
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger ; wha can help misluck,
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck ?
Yonder's a craig ; since ye have tint all houp,
Gae till't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Rog. I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk ! leave aff that silly whinging way ;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I served my lass I loe as weel
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel :
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dike I leaned glowing about ;
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee ;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw nae me ;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist :
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.

Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek ;
Her cheek sae ruddy, and her een sae clear ;
And oh ! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green :
Blythsome, I cried, " My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer ;
But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew :"
She scoured awa, and said, " What's that to you ?"
" Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,"
I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back ;
Misca'd me first,—then bad me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.
I leugh, and sae did she : then with great haste
I clasped my arms about her neck and waist ;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But well I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your joe puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood ;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II.

Tune---“Fy gar rub her o’er wi’ strae.”

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcerned at her neglect,
For women in a man delight ;
But them despise who’re soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse ; then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.*

*When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne’er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een :
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when ’tis too late.*

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa’ your honest heart,
Ye’re ay sae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane : For now, as clean’s a leek,
Ye’ve cherished me since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I’ll make you a propine,
(My mother, rest her saul ! she made it fine ;)

A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue :
With sprains like gowd and siller crossed wi' black ;
I never had it yet upon my back.

Well are you wordy o't, wha have sae kind
Redd up my ravell'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Well, ha'd ye there—and since ye've frank-
ly made

A present to me of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours ; and she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll take my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't ;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring ;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right ;
By that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please ;
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
To season meat with health, instead of spice.
When we have tane the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths ;
A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,
Its channel peebles, shining, smooth, and round :
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear ;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear :
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg, with better sense, true love defends,

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
The shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow :
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's and maks a singand din ;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses, with easy whirls, the bordering grass.
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash ourselfs—'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane,)
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
The nibours a' tent this as weel as I,
That Roger loes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon knots at his blue bonnet lug,
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters diced beneath his knee;
He falds his o'erlay down his breast with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peg. Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide;
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld;
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet:

The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past;
 And syne the fool thing is obliged to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

}

SANG III.

Tune---“ Polwart on the Green.”

*The dorty will repent,
 If lovers hearts grow cauld;
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.*

*The dawted bairn that tak's the pet,
 Nor eats, though hunger crave;
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 An's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the dinner's past;
 Thus, by itself abused,
 The fool thing is obliged to fast,
 Or eat what they've refused.*

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jen. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peg. Nor I:—but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my joe, he kens himsell,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause ;
But wha's obliged to spell his hums and haws ?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slavery like, and may be free ;
The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your ways ; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh, lass ! how can ye love that rattle-skull ?
A very deil, that ay maun have his will ;
We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechtin' life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peg. I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's gude,
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will : Why no ? 'tis good my part
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Make meikle o' ye, with an unco fraise,
And daut ye baith afore fouk and your lane ;
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte :

And may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV.

Tune---“O, dear mither, what shall I do?”

*O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.
Lasses when their fancy's carried,
Think of nocht but to be married:
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith
to move

My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread no other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirl like music through my heart.
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill
He reads fell books, that teach him meikle skill;

He is—but what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs compared with my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure;
 Ill-nature heffs in sauls that's weak and poor.

SANG V.

Tune---“How can I be sad on my wedding-day?”

*How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than ony of' thae
 Sour weak silly fellows, that study, like fools,
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Jen. Hey, bonny lass of Branksome! or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne whinging getts about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous din:
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;

The *Deil* gaes o'er *John Wobster*, hame grows hell,
When Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow ! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee ;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss ?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight ?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should beggary draw ;
But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die ;—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—
The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes,
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But, or the day of payment, breaks, and flees :
With glooman brow, the laird seeks in his rent ;
'Tis no to gie ; your merchant's to the bent :
His honour mauna want ; he poinds your gear :
Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer ?
Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life ;
Troth, 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fouk bode well, and strive to do their best ;
Nae mair's required ; let Heaven make out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray ;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A well-stored room, unless his wife wad let :
Wherefore, nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart :
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware. }
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald, to pay the laird his due ;
Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
With love and rowth, we thro' the warld will steer ;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglet on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kend kisses hardly worth a feg ?

Peg. Nae mair of that.—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we :
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind.

They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerful, and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will.

In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane ;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pot's be ready to tak aff :

Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford.
Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms, that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increased, }
And in their mixture now are fully blest.

This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
 That in return defends it frae the west.
 Sic as stand single (a state sae liked by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm, frae every airth maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae
 Lies darned within my breat this mony a day.

SANG VI.

Tune---“Nancy’s to the green-wood gane.”

*I yield, dear lassie, you hae won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying.
 For a’ that we can do or say
 ’Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us;
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
 That by the heart-strings leads us.*

Peg. Alake, poor prisoner! Jenny, that’s no fair;
 That ye’ll no let the wee thing take the air:
 Haste, let him out; we’ll tent as well’s we can,
 Gif he be Bauldy’s or poor Roger’s man.

Jen. Anither time’s as good;—for see the sun
 Is right far up, and we’re no yet begun

To freath the graith ;—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind ;
For this seems true,—nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A snug thack house, before the door a green :
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre :
A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's—There you may see him lean,
And to his divot-seat invite his friend.

GLAUD *and* SYMON.

Glaud. GOOD-MORROW, nibour Symon ; —come,
sit down,

And gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And sald your Crummock, and her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry ;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. With a' my heart ;—and tent me now, auld
boy,

I've gathered news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy, blaw! — Ah, Symie! rattling chieils
ne'er stand

To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far and near :
But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, *Glaud* ; and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our master been ;
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head :
Because ye ken fu' weel he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend with great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick ; and ane ca'd Monk
Has played the Rumples a right slee begunk,
Restored King Charles, and ilka thing's in tune ;
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed !—but dinna
flaw :

Tell o'er your news again, and swear till't a'.
And saw ye Hab ! and what did Halbert say ?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame ;
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim ?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane, }
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again, }
And good Sir William sall enjoy his ain. }

SANG VII.

Tune—"Cauld kail in Aberdeen."

*Could be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody ;
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high his station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, and nation.*

Glaud. And may he lang ; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving with a racket rent ;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shored to raise
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

"Put on your bonnet, Symon ;—tak a seat.—

"How's all at hame ?—How's Elspa ? — How does
Kate ?

"How sells black cattle ? — What gies woo this
year ?"—

And sic-like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII.

Tune—Mucking of Geordy's byre."

*The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
To rise aboon poverty :
Else, like the pack-horse that's unfathered
And burdened, will tumble down faint :
Thus virtue by hardship is smothered,
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast raised sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en raised !—Dear nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day ?
We'll send for Elspath too—and upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height :
I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown ;
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :
For here yestreen I brewed a bow of maut,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat ;

A furlet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hings reesting in the neuk :
I saw mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot, that scads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil ;—and ane we'll roast ;
And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost :
Small are they shorn, and she can mix fou nice
The gusty ingans with a curn of spice :
Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet well sung ;
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our master's health and welcome hame.
Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best :
Bring wi'ye all your family ; and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r sell, auld birky ; never fear,
But at your banquet I sall first appear :
Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are failed or auld.
Auld, said I !—Troth I'm younger be a score,
With your good news, than what I was before.
I'll dance or e'en !—Hey, Madge, come forth ; d'ye
hear ?

Enter MADGE.

Madge. The man's gane gyte !---Dear Symon, welcome here---

What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste and din?
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! snuff!--Gae break your wheel, and
burn your tow,
And set the meiklest peat-stack in a low;
Syn e dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blythe news indeed!--and wha was't tald
you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you?---Gae get my Sunday's
coat;
Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
My white-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing, cry the bairns in haste,
And mak yoursells as trig, head, feet, and waste,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge:---and, Glaud, I'll o'er
the gate,
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.—
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With falded arms, and haff rais'd look, ye see—

—BAULDY *his lane*.

WHAT's this!---I canna bear't! 'tis waur than hell,
To be sae burnt with love, yet darna tell!
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new maun hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows;
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines:
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate loes her,---waes me! and she loes Pate;
And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow:---O, but ane be a beast,
That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
I dare na speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy:
'Tis sair to thole;---I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break with ane, and win the other's heart.

Here Mausy lives, a witch, that for sma' price
Can cast her cantraips, and give me advice :
She can o'er cast the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune :
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
And howks unchristened weans out of their graves ;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow :
Rins withershins about the hemlock low ;
And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taid's and snakes :
Of this, unsonsy pictures aft she makes
Of ony ane she hates,---and gars expire
With slaw and racking pains afore a fire :
Stuck fu' of prins, the devilish pictures melt ;
The pain, by fouk they represent, is felt.
And yonder's Mause ; ay, ay, she kens fu' well,
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard ;
To speak my errand, faith, amais't I'm fear'd :
But I maun do't, though I should never thrive ;
They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A green kail-yard ; a little fount
Where water poplan springs :
There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings.

MAUSE.

SANG IX.

Tune—"Carle, an the King come."

Peggy, now the king's come,

Peggy, now the king's come ;

Thou may dance, and I shall sing,

Peggy, since the king's come.

Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,

But change thy plaiden coat for silk,

And be a lady of that ilk,

Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Bauldy. How does auld honest lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fair at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn ?
Is there nae muck to lead ?---to thresh, nae corn ?

Bauldy. Enough of baith---but something that requires

Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

Mause. My helping hand ! alake ! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow ?

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mause. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,
That lifts my character aboon the rest ?

Bauldy. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise
and fell,

Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I should tell.

Mause. What fouk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear ;
Keep naething up, ye naething have to fear.

Bauldy. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn ;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn ;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame ;
When Tibby kirned, and there nae butter came ;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turned, and cou'dna stand its lane ;
When Wattie wandered ae night through the shaw,
And tint himsell amaist amang the snaw ;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat with fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night ;
When Bawsy, shot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen :

You, lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads you round about :
And sae they may that mint to do ye skaith ;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :
But when I neist make grots, I'll strive to please
You with a furlet of them, mixt with pease.

Mause. I thank ye, lad.---Now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then, I like Peggy.---Neps is fond of
me.---

Peggy likes Pate ;---and Patie's bauld and slee,
And loes sweet Meg.---But Neps I downa see.---
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than
Peggy's to me,---I'd be the happiest man !

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right ;
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night ;
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth all your pease and grots ; tak ye nae care.

Bauldy. Well, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road
can find ;

But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind ;
Synne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night sae rough, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast ;---
O will ye come, like badrans, for a jest ?
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy :
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may---but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Bauldy. If I ought of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit* BAULDY.]

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,
With a sma' cast of wiles, should, in a twitch,
Gie ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact with Auld Nick;
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me
here;

Nane kens but me;---and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet ;
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and cheerfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. O PATIE, let me gang, I mauna stay ;
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa with Jenny gane ;
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark, how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How saft the westlin winds sough thro' the reeds !

Peg. The scented meadows,---birds,---and healthy
breeze,
For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind ;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind ;
Gif I cou'd fancy ought's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear ;
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble through the merl or mavis' throats.
With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits, that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peg. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I darena stay ;---ye joker, let me gang ;
Anither lass may gar ye change your sang ;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang. }

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap,
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to climb, the sheep to yield their fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love ; I swear by all aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith.---But mony lads will
swear,

And be mansworn to twa in haff a year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder well ;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change ; ye needna fear ;
Though we're but young, I've loed you mony a year.

I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand
Aft to the tansy knowe, or rashy strand,
Thou smiling by my side :---I took delyte
To pou the rashes green, with roots sae white ;
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flowery belt and snood.

Peg. When first thou gade with shepherds to the
hill,
And I to milk the ewes first tried my skill ;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain :
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me ;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Cowdenknows*,
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the Ewes* ;
There's nane like Nancy *Jenny Nettles* sings ;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder*, Marion dings :
But when my Peggy sings, with sweeter skill,
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill*,

It is a thousand times mair sweet to me ;
Though they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lasses trow what they desire !
And, roosed by them we love, blaws up that fire :
But wha loes best, let time and carriage try ;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now ; and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

SANG X.

Tune—"The Yellow-hair'd Laddie."

Peggy.

*When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgathered with thee.*

Patie.

*When corn-rigs waxed yellow, and blue hether-bells,
Bloomed bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, gace trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripened for thee.*

Peggy.

*When thou ran or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain ;*

*Thy ilká sport manly gave pleasure to me ;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift, as thee.*

Patie.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden-broom-knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ewes ;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing ;
At Thro' the Wood, Laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring :*

*But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The Boatman, Tweedside, or the Lass of the Mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

Peggy.

*How easy can lasses trow what they desire ?
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire :
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make myself better, and sweeter for thee.*

*Pat. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave ;
At nought they'll ferly, senseless tales believe ;
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve :—
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how,
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true ;
But thou, in better sense without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a' ;*

Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed.---But hearken! yon's auld aunty's
cry,

I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly.---Now a kindly kiss,
Or five score good anes wadna be amiss;
And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire.---

Pat. Well, I agree.

SANG XI.

*By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing éen, that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny?*

Peggy.

*But ken ye, lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.*

Patie.

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine; and sac may ye.*

*Red-cheeked, you completely ripe, appear,
And I have tholed and wooed a lang half-year.*

Peggy (singing, falls into Patie's arms).
*Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'.
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae jarther till we've got the grace.*

Patie, (with his left hand about her waist).
*O charming armfu' ! hence, ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day :
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day !
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd with time ;
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean ;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whisht ! it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes, hid in this cloud, to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Through his auld avenues, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands
Without a roof, the gates fallen from their bands !
The casements all broke down ; no chimney left ;
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
That with each rainy blast decaying falls :

My gardens, once adorned the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet ;
Where, round the figured green and pebble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks ;
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No jaccacincths or eglantines appear.
How do these ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nect'rine branches found a bield,
And basked in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use !
All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie,
And from what stands the withered branches fly.
These soon shall be repaired ;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief, when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since Heaven too soon called home his mother fair ;
Him, ere the rays of reason cleared his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charged him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay.
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free ;
Removed from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
In hearty health, his soul unstained with crime !

SANG XII.

Tune—"Happy Clown."

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn ;
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
After his bleating flocks.
Healthful and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day ;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weather-cocks.*

*Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unsullied with a crime :
Unmoved with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.*

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day ;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing. [Exit.

SCENE II.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
And vissy't round and round ;
There's nought superfluous to give pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet all is clean : a clear peat ingle
Glances amidst the floor :
The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
On skelfs foregainst the door.
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld anes think it best,
With the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and take their rest."

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Glaud. WE anes were young oursells.—I like to
see

The bairns bob round with other merrylie.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade ;
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa,
And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elsa. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us
baith ;

God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.

He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane.
And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye well ken : a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,---be't she were nae kin to me. }

Sym. Ha, Glaud ! I doubt that ne'er will be a
match ;
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch ;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools mysell.

Glaud. What reason can ye have ? There's nane,
I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor :
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride ;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining-time as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them gie.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud ; but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this day eight days, likely, he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Glaud. Well, nae mair o't;---come, gie's the other
bend ;

We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*

Sym. But, will ye tell me, *Glaud*, by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallen-side ae morn in May,
Right clean rowed up, and bedded on dry hay ?

Glaud. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic
flaws,

Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen :

He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gie's our brows a look ;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.

His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say ;
Nane shall gang hungry by my house the day :

[*Exit JENNY.*

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt;
For greater liars never ran thereout.

JENNY returns, bringing in Sir WILLIAM; with
them PATIE.

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle; here tak a
seat.

Sir Wil. I give you thanks, goodman, I'se no be
blate.

Glaud. [*Drinks.*] Come, t'ye, friend---How far
came ye the day?

Sir Wil. I pledge ye, nibour;---e'en but little way:
Rousted with eild, a wee piece gate seems lang;
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay all night with me,
And take sic bed and board as we can gi' ye.

Sir Wil. That's kind unsought.---Well, gin ye
have a bairn

That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Sym. [*Pointing to PATIE.*] Only that lad:---alake!
I have nae mae,

Either to make me joyful now, or wae.

Sir Wil. Young man, let's see your hand;---what
gars ye sneer?

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Wil. Ye cut before the point; but, billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elsa. Betooch-us-too!---and well I wat that's
true;---

Awa, awa! the deil's o'er grit wi' you;---

Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

Sir Wil. I'll tell ye mair ; if this young lad be
spared

But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elspa. A laird ! Hear ye, goodman---what think
ye now ?

Sym. I dinna ken !---Strange auld man, what art
thou ?

Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth ;
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[PATIE'S health gaes round.

Pat. A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is all my great estate---and like to be :
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, Patie,---let the man look o'er your
hand ;

Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

[*Sir WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE's hand,*
then counterfeits falling into a trance, while
they endeavour to lay him right.

Elspa. Preserve's !---the man's a warlock, or pos-
sest

With some nae good, or second-sight, at least :
Where is he now ?——

Glaud. He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. These second-sighted fouk, (his peace be here !

See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.---Wow ! can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell,)
How soon we'll see Sir William ? whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better;---*Elspa*, haste ye gae,
And fill him up a tass of usquebae.

Sir WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.

A Knight that for a *Lion* fought,

Against a herd of bears,

Was to lang toil and trouble brought,

In which some thousands shares.

But now again the *Lion* rares,

And joy spreads o'er the plain :

The *Lion* has defeat the bears,

The Knight returns again.

That Knight, in a few days, shall bring

A shepherd frae the fauld,

And shall present him to his King,

A subject true and bauld.

He *Mr Patrick* shall be call'd :—

All you that hear me now,

May well believe what I have tald,

For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and
weel ;

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargained with the deil,
To tell some tales that fouks wad secret keep ;
Or, do you get them tald you in your sleep ?

Sir Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your
beard,

Nor come I to read fortunes for reward ;
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fouks are odd kind men !
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The wimpled meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will make a noise o'er muir and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym be-
lieves,

And takes't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :
But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

Sir Wil. Whisht ! doubtfu' carle ; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Well, be't sae, friend ; I shall say naething
mair ;

But I've twa sonsy lasses, young and fair,
Plump ripe for men : I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

Sir Wil. Nae mair through secrets can I sift .

Till darkness black the bent :

I have but anes a day that gift ;

Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some
meat,

And of your best gar this auld stranger eat .

Sir Wil. Delay a while your hospitable care ;

I'd rather enjoy this evening, calm and fair,

Around yon ruined tower, to fetch a walk

With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire:---

And, Glaud, you'll take your pipe beside the fire;---

We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,

Syne sup together, and take our pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, and see the young anes
play :

My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Jenny pretends an errand hame ;

Young Roger draps the rest,

To whisper out his melting flame,

And thow his lassie's breast.

Behind a bush, well hid frae sight, they meet :

See, Jenny's laughing ; Roger's like to greet.

Poor Shepherd !

ROGER *and* JENNY.

Rog. DEAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let ;
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jen. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak ?
Am I obliged to guess what ye're to seek ?

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.
And I maun out wi't, though I risk your scorn ;
Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith e'en and morn.
Ah ! cou'd I loe ye less, I'd happy be ;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may ?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

Rog. Alake ! my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jen. I loe my father, cousin Meg I love ;
But to this day nae man my mind cou'd move :
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me ;
And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny ?—sayna that again ;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain ?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free ;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me ?

Jen. Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.
Wow ! but we're bonny, good, and every thing ;
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing !
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffin and tint power repent ;
When prisoned in four waws, a wife right tame,
Although the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when, for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare :
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
(Tho' thou shou'dst scorn,) still to delight in thee.

Jen. What sugar'd words frae woers lips can fa' !
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen, with shining fair, the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear !

The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
The day, unclouded, sink in calmest night.

I've seen the spring rin wimpling through the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain:

The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoice through life, and all your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wad love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain:

For I maun own, since now at last you're free,

Although I joked, I loed your company;

And ever had a warmness in my breast,

That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! haud my head!

This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.

Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fired

With wondering love! let's kiss till we be tired.

Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and starns away,

And ferly at the quick return of day!

O Jenny! let my arms about thee twiné,

And briss thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

SANG XIII.

Tune—"Leith Wynd."

Jenny,

*Were I assured you'd constant prove,
You should nae mair complain ;
The easy maid beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain :
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang a black-sole true to thee,
Wished to be paired with thine.*

Roger.

*I'm happy now, ah ! let my head
Upon thy breast recline ;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead ;
Is Jenny then sae kind ?
O let me briss thee to my heart !
And round my arms entwine ;
Delightfu' thought ! we'll never part ;
Come, press thy mouth to mine.*

Jen. With equal joy my easy heart gives way,
To own thy well-tried love has won the day.
Now, by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

Jen. Well I agree : neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent ; he'll hardly say ye nay.
Ye have what will commend ye to him well,
Auld fouks, like them, that want na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.

Tune—"O'er Bogie."

*Well, I agree, ye're sure of me ;
Next to my father gae :
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you nay :
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you well,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.*

*Shou'd he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain,
Though a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree ;
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me,*

Rog. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byers rout ;
Five pack of woo I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tailed bleaters on the fell ;
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that makes a heartsome house and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all ; which now gies joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear to thee :
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.
My love and a' is yours ; now haud them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best. But see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg : besides, I mauna stay.
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn ;
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

Rog. To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-
pool,
I'll frae the hill come down when day grows cool.
Keep tryst, and meet me there : there let us meet,
To kiss and tell our love ; there's nought sae sweet !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

This scene presents the Knight and Sym

Within a gallery of the place,

Where all looks ruinous and grim ;

Nor has the Baron shown his face,

But joking with his shepherd leel,

Aft speers the gate he kens fu' well.

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Wil. To whom belongs this house so much
decayed ?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending generous aid
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us all with joy, now He's come hame.

(Sir William draps his masking beard ;

Symon, transported, sees

The welcome knight, with fond regard,

And grasps him round the knees.)

My master ! my dear master ! Do I breathe
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith !
Returned to cheer his wishing tenants' sight !
To bless his son, my charge, the warld's delight !

Sir Wil. Rise, faithful Symon ; in my arms enjoy,
A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy :
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirmed thy conduct has been wise ;
Since still the secret thou'st securely sealed,
And ne'er to him his real birth revealed.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock ; neist my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty ; since, without estate,
A youth, though sprung frae kings, looks bauch and
blate—

Sir Wil. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till, grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends, which gies their sauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now, well I wat, sir, ye have spoken true ;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loed by few.
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about, sornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace ;
Oppressing all as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin ;
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family as to give him trust.

Sir Wil. Such useless branches of a common-
wealth
Should be lopt off, to give a state more health.

Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son :
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the langest simmer day,
Wad be o'er short, could I them right display.
In word and deed he can sae well behave,
That out of sight he rins before the lave ;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best ;
And his decreet stands good : he'll gar it stand ;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand.
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir Wil. Your tale much pleases. My good friend,
proceed.

What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

Sym. Baith wonder well : for, troth, I didna spare
To give him, at the school, enough of 'lair ;
And he delytes in books. He reads and speaks,
With fouks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir Wil. Where gets he books to read ? and of
what kind ?

Though some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh
port,

He buys some books of history, sangs, or sport :

Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
 And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
 About ane Shakespeare, and a famous Ben,
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
 How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
 And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fu' well, and gars their verses ring. }
 I sometimes thought that he made o'er great phrase
 About fine poems, histories, and plays :
 When I reproved him anes, a book he brings,
 With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

Sir Wil. He answered well ; and much ye glad
 my ear,

When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
 Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
 Above a lord's that is not thus inclined.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
 Except on rainy Sundays, on a book ;
 When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
 Till a' the rest sleep round as well's oursell.

Sir Wil. Well jested, Symon. But one question
 more

I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
 The youth's arrived the age when little loves
 Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves :
 Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien,
 And rosy cheeks, the wonder of the green,

Engaged his look, and caught his youthful heart.

Sym. I feared the warst, but kend the smallest part,
Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
With Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or meet.
I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since, like your sell, your son will soon appear.
A gentleman, enriched with all these charms,
May bless the fairest, best born lady's arms.

Sir Wil. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand;
They come just at the time I gave command;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress:
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. With how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not downright me.

[*Exit* SYMON.]

Sir WILLIAM solus.

When the event of hopes successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years;
A thousand toils are lost in Lethé's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning-light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.

These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
But from his rustic business and love,
I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve. }
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine :
Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XIV.

Tune—" Wat ye wha I met yestreen."

*Now from rusticity and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn.
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breaking only shews its light,
Till polishing has made it shine;
Thus learning makes the genius bright.*

[Exit.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The scene described in former page,
Glaud's onstead *.—Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

MAUSE and MADGE.

Madge. OUR laird's come hame! and owns young
Pate his heir.

Mause. That's news indeed!—

Madge. ———As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nieves in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cried, *Haud ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.

* In the late edition of Ramsay's Works, printed in the year 1800; and in most of the editions of the comedy; "*onset*" is put for "*onstead*:" which contradicts the incidents in the scene to which it is prefixed, and renders the prologue itself altogether unintelligible. *Onstead* is obviously the word intended by Ramsay; and his late editor might perhaps have been as well employed in *correcting*, as in *altering* his works.

As we stood round about him on the green,
 He viewed us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
 Then pawkily pretended he could spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wad nathing hae.

Mause. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
 Wad rin about him, and haud out their loof.

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
 Whilk slee tod-lowrie hauds without his mou,
 When he, to drown them, and his hips to cool,
 In simmer days slides backward in a pool:
 In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
 Without the help of conjuring or spell.

At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
 Pu'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew
 His welcome master; round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne, for blythness, grat.
 Patrick was sent for; happy lad is he!
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon:
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er before wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.

Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be sae, wha kens? and may be no.
 To lift a love that's rooted is great pain:
 Even kings have tane a queen out of the plain;
 And what has been before may be again. }

Madge. Sic nonsense! love tak root, but tocher-good,

'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood!
Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be,
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may }
gain: }

Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain. }

Madge. He get her! slaving doof, it sets him well
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to till.
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
And so wad I. But, whisht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY, singing.

SANG XVI.

*Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good,
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee:
E'en's-ye-like, quoth Jocky, I can let you be.*

Mause. Well lilit, Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.
Bauldy. I'se gie ye'd a', its better than its lang.

*I have gored and gear, I have land enough,
I have sax good owsen ganging in a plough;*

*Ganging in a plough, and linkan o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*I hae a good ha'-house, a barn, and a byre ;
A peat-stack 'fore the door will mak a ranting fire ;
I'll mak a ranting fire, and merry shall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell ;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free ;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.*

*I trow sae ; lasses will come too at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.*

Mause. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a ?—

Bauldy. Faith unco right :

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Madge. And wha's the unlucky ane if we may
ask ?

Bauldy. To find out that is nae difficult task.

*Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate turned Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Mause, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,
Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.*

Madge. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
 Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.
 Fy! Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;
 What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd?
 The curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
 That's ever guilty of sic-sinfu' deeds.
 I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate;
 Nor will she be advised, fu' well I wat.

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the
 rest!

Ye lied, auld roudes,—and, in faith, had best
 Eat in your words; else I shall gar ye stand,
 With a het face, afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling-gabbet
 bröck!

Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my rock,
 And ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
 Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye witness, Mause, ye heard her
 say,

That I'm mansworn. I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny
 names,

And should be served as his good-breeding claims.
 Ye filthy dog!—

[*Flies to his hair like a fury. A stout battle,*

MAUSE endeavours to redd them.

Mause. Let gang your grips ; fy, Madge ! howt,
 Bauldy, leen ;
 I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,
 It's sae daft like,—

[BAULDY gets out of MADGE's clutches with
 a bleeding nose.

Madge. 'Tis dafter like, to thole
 An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
 It sets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue,
 To cast up whether I be auld or young ;
 They're aulder yet than I have married beén,
 And, or they died, their bairns' bairns have seen.

<i>Mause.</i> That's true ; and, Bauldy, ye was far	}
to blame,	
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christened name.	
<i>Bauldy.</i> My lugs, my nose, and noddle find the	
same.	

Madge. Auld roudes ! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

Mause. Howt, no ; ye'll e'en be friends with honest Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands ; this maun nae farther gae ;
 Ye maun forgi'e 'm. I see the lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth now, Mause, I have at Madge
 nae spite :

But she abusing first was a' the wyte
 Of what has happened, and should therefore crave
 My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,

And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat,
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform, as well as swear.

Vow, and lowp back! was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith, tak him deil; he's o'er lang out of hell.

Bauldy. [*running off.*] His presence be about us!
curst were he

That were condemned for life to live with thee.

Madge. [*laughing.*] I think I've towzled his harigalds a wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.

He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve

A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towin'd him tightly; I commend ye
for't;

His bleeding snout gave me nae little sport:

For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,

And breeding baith, to tell me to my face,

He hoped I was a witch, and wadna stand,

To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,

And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld withered hands, and feeble joints like mine,

Obliges fowk resentment to decline;

Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supply.

Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark ;
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst ; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll have, as I protest ;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist,
A linen sheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us go ; for see, 'tis hard on
night,

The westlin' cloud shines red with setting light.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William is to rest retired,
The Gentle Shepherd tenderly inspired,
Walks through the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewell.

PATIE and ROGER.

Roger. Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps
light.

O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle fowk are farther seen than we,
That naething have to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding, sweet, and nae mair scorn.
I spake my mind; she heard. I spake again;
She smiled. I kissed, I wooed, nor wooed in vain.

Patie. I'm glad to hear't. But O! my change this
day

Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.

With looks all kindness, words that love confest,
He all the father to my soul exprest,
While close he held me to his manly breast. }
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smiled the mouth
Of thy loved mother, blessing of my youth,
Who set too soon ! And while he praise bestowed,
Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flowed.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale
Did, mingled thus, o'er all my thoughts prevail ;
That speechless lang, my late kend sire I viewed,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedewed.
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I mysell, with rising raptures, found }
The happy son of ane sae much renowned.
But he has heard !—Too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
Which he forbids. Ah ! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :
But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat. Duty, and haften reason, plead his cause :
But what cares love for reason, rules, and laws ?
Still in my heart my shepherdess excels,
And part of my new happiness repels.

SANG XVII.

Tune—"Kirk wad let me be."

*Duty and part of reason,
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love so superior calls treason ;
The strongest must be obeyed :
For now, though I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels,
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

Rog. Enjoy them baith. Sir William will be won :
Your Peggy's bonny ; you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love ;
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else ; through life I will be true,
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master and yoursell to stay
Amang us here ? or, are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far-aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts ?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we ad-
vance ;
To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I maun stay some years and learn to dance. }

And twa three other monkey tricks. That done,
 I come hame strutting in my red-heeled shoon.
 Then 'tis designed, when I can well behave,
 That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
 For some few bags of cash, that, I wat well,
 I nae'mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
 But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
 Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

Rog. *They wha have just enough can soundly sleep ;
 The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.*

Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's
 the same :

The poor and rich but differ in the name.
 Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
 Frae 'boon the lift ; without it kings are poor.

Rog. But an estate, like yours, yields braw con-
 tent,

When we but pick it scanty on the bent :
 Fine claiths, saft beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
 Good cheer, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine ;
 Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, and ease :
 Wha's no content with these are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss ;
 But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er the bliss.
 The passions rule the roast ; and, if they're sour,
 Like the lean kye, will soon the fat devour.

The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
 Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
 The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
 Are frequentest with fook o'erlaid with ease :
 While o'er the moor the shepherd, with less care,
 Enjoys his sober wish, and halesome air.

Rog. Lord, man ! I wonder ay, and it delights
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
 How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad lear,
 That I may easier disappointments bear ?

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some
 skill ;

These best can teach what's real good and ill.
 Ne'er grudge, ilk year, to ware some stanes of cheese,
 To gain these silent friends, that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy :
 Faith I'se have books though I should sell my kye.
 But now let's hear how you're designed to move,
 Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies :—His will maun be
 obeyed,

My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride :

But I some time this last design maun hide.

Keep ye the secret close, and leave me here ;

I sent for Peggy. Yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleased that ye trust me with the secret, I,
 To wyle it frae me, a' the deils defy.

[*Exit* ROGER.]

PATIE *solus*.

With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hauds my heart!
I ken she loves, and her saft saul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment. Heaven support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.
Her eyes are red!—

Enter PEGGY.

—My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare not think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withoutten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carry'd, by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains,
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: Come kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love, as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the task to me,
To make strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That with nice air swims round in silk attire :
Then I, poor me ! with sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate;
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest ;
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danced or sang :
Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the meadow play !
And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay ;
As afitimes I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose, that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the Foggy-know I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.
But hear my vow, 'twill help to give me ease ;
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife.

SANG XVIII.

Tune—"Wae's my heart that we should sunder."

*Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.*

*A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake poor me ! will now conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.*

*No more the shepherd, who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
Ah ! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we often strayed,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah ! shall I never creep
Around the Know with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty ?
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true
Nor be a wife to any other.*

Pat. Sure Heaven approves, and be assured of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee :
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle ;

Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
 The fair foundation of our faithful love.
 If at my foot were crowns and sceptres laid,
 To bribe my soul frae the delightful maid ;
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
 To sic as have the patience to be kings.
 Wherefore that tear ? Believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care,
 My heart was like to burst ; but now I see
 Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
 Hope time away, till thou with joy appear ;
 And all the while I'll study gentler charms,
 To make me fitter for my traveller's arms :
 I'll gain on uncle Glaud ; he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me through ilk school ;
 Where I may manners learn——

SANG XIX.

Tune—"Tweedside."

*When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break ;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will save't for thy sake.*

*Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.*

*With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms ;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in those arms ;
Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life ;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height is becoming thy wife.*

*For beauty that's only skin-deep,
Must fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.*

*Pat. ————— That's wisely said,
And what your uncle wares shall be well paid.
Though without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart :*

Yet now, lest in our station, we offend,
We must learn modes, to innocence unkend ;
Affect afitimes to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state :
Laugh, when we're sad ; speak, when we've nought
to say ;
And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae :
Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd ;
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still ; but I'll be ought with thee.

Pat. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
With gentry's apes ; for still amangst the best,
Good manners give integrity a bleeze
When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since with nae hazard, and sae small expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense ;
Then why, ah ! why should the tempestuous sea,
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me ?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-what's, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt, but travelling does im-
prove,
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast,
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. With every setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven, and ask thy safe return.

Under that tree, and on the Suckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play,
And to the Hissel-shaw where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XX.

Tune—"Bush aboon Traquair."

*At setting day, and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.*

*To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood-shaw or fountain,
Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.*

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair ;
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

Peg. Were't in my power with better boons to
please,

I'd give the best I could with the same ease ;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fallen to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not ; but since we've little time
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime :
Love's safter meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possest,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest :
Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the sot."

SYMON and BAULDY.

Sym. WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its power?
Far to the north, the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake and glowr, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Bauldy. O len me soon some water, milk or ale,
My head's grown giddy; legs with shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

[*Symon gives him a drink.*]

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to make sae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear ill pleas'd: I hear his tread.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

Sir Wil. How goes the night? Does day-light yet appear?

Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your
rest :

But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest;
He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist. }

Bauldy. O ay, dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true;
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir Wil. [*smiling.*] I lang to hear't——

Bauldy.——Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promised that she'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the cursed hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaist or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me fast the witch and *it* fell baith,
And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was laboured as I wont to be at school.
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp;
I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,

Till, with an elritch laugh, they vanished quite :
Syne I, haff dead with anger, fear and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help, to gie the deil his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gie o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Mause be burnt.

Sir Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall grant-
ed be ;

Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your honour ; soon shall I
obey :

But first I'll Roger raise, and twa-three mae,
To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantraips that bring up the deil. [*Exit.*

Sir Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than
hurt,

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good
sport.

What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is through want of education blind !

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae sic
thing

As witches raising deils up through a ring ?
Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contrived on this side hell.

Sir Wil. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongst a few old women crazed and poor,

Who are rejoiced to see him frisk and lowp.
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp;
Appearing sometimes like a black-horned cow,
Afttimes like bawty, badrans, or a sow:
Then with his train through airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then aft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-board, chairs and stools.
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich.
But Mause, though poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life;
That gars me think this hoblesheiw that's past
Will land in naithing but a joke at last.

Sir Wil. I'm sure it will:—But see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XXI.

Tune—"Bonny grey-eyed morn."

*The bonny grey-eyed morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray ;
The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day :
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While flustered with wine, or maddened with loss
Of half of an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
Be my portion health, and quietness of mind,
Placed at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness linked to his fate.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair ;
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
The rising sun shines motty through the reek,
A pipe his mouth ; the lasses please his een,
And now and then his joke maun intervene.

GLAUD, JENNY, *and* PEGGY.

Glaud. I WISH, my bairns, it may keep fair till
night ;

Ye do not use sae soon to see the light.
Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
To take your leave of Patrick or he gang.
But do ye think that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lasses will regard ?

Jen. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor,
But yesterday he gae us mony a tug,
And kissed my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again ;
But, be advised, his company refrain :
Before he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal life ;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake! what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,

He'll never be't, else I have tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare.

A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame,
To do what like of us thinks sin to name :

Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how often they have had the clap.

They'll tempt young things, like you, with youdith
flushed,

Syne make ye-a' their jest, when ye're debauched.

Be wary then, I say, and never gie

Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we ;

But thinner sawn : They're sae puft up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,

That shaws the gate to Heaven.—I've heard mysell,
Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us father ! heh ! that's very odd ;
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt ! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear ; but curse, debauch, and drink :

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er
the gate,

To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Mause and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft
spell,

At Symon's house: The knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff;—Madge, lock the out-
er door,

And bring the lasses wi' ye; I'll step before. [*Exit.*

Madge. Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like
e'er seen,

How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een?

This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,

To strute a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;

To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,

For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane;

To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,

For gentler tea, that smells like new won hay;

To leave the green-swaird dance, when we gae milk,

To rustle amang the beauties clad in silk.

But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the shepherd stay,
And tak what God will send, in hoddén-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your scorn?

That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.

Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,

I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green :

Now since he rises, why should I repine ?

If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine.

And then, the like has been, if the decree

Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story, trowth!—But we delay :
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Mause,
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause :
For now 'tis tell'd him that the tawz
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Because he brak good breeding's laws,
And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.

*Sir WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,
BAULDY, and MAUSE.*

Sir Wil. AND was that all?—Well Bauldy, ye was
served

No otherwise than what ye well deserved.

Was it so small a matter, to defame,

And thus abuse an honest woman's name?

Besides your going about to have betrayed

By perjury an innocent young maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he obliged me on the score;
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your honour, I believed it well;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deil:

Yet, with your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
 She's baith a slee and a revengefu' —— ;
 And that my *some-place* finds. But I had best
 Haud in my tongue ; for yonder comes the *ghaist*,
 And the young bonny *witch*, whase rosy cheek
 Sent me, without my wit, the deil to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir Wil. [*looking at Peggy.*] Whose daughter's
 she that wears th' aurora gown,
 With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown ?
 How sparkling are her eyes ! What's this ! I find
 The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
 Such were the features once adorned a face,
 Which death too soon deprived of sweetest grace.
 Is this your daughter, Glaud ? ——

Glaud. —— Sir, she's my niece ; —
 And yet she's not : but I should hald my peace.

Sir Wil. This is a contradiction : What d'ye mean ?
 She is, and is not ! Pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should make ap-
 pear
 What I have kept a secret thirteen year. }

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear. }

Sir Wil. Speak soon ; I'm all impatience ! —

Pat. —— So am I !
 For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my master orders, I obey.
This *bonny fundling*, ae clear morn of May,
Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave exposed to air
Sae much of innocence sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young? for she appeared to me
Only about twa towmonds auld to be.
I took her in my arms, the bairnie smiled
With sic a look wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story: She has passed since-syne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.
Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,
And am right sure she's come of gentle blood:
Of whom I kenna.—Nothing ken I mair,
Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir Wil. This tale seems strange!—

Pat.—The tale delights my ear;

Sir Wil. Command your joys, young man, till
truth appear.

Mause. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid all be
hush:

Peggy may smile; thou hast no cause to blush.

Long have I wished to see this happy day,
 That I might safely to the truth give way;
 That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
 The best and nearest friend that she can claim:
 He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace
 His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Wil. Old woman, do not rave; prove what
 you say;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
 To tell a lie, when she's sae ne'er her grave?
 But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
 I every thing, looks like a reason, want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

Sir Wil. Mak haste, good woman, and resolvè
 each doubt.

[MAUSE goes forward, leading PEGGY to
Sir WILLIAM.

Mause. Sir, view me well; has fifteen years so
 ploughed
 A wrinkled face that you have often viewed,
 That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
 Who nursed her mother that now holds my hand? }
 Yet stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand. }

Sir Wil. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes
 before!

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;

Yet, from the labyrinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her who was so unkind?

[*Sir WILLIAM embraces PEGGY, and makes
her sit by him.*

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
But no more words, till Mause relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurse, go on; nae music's haff sae fine,
Or can give pleasure like these words of thine.

Mause. Then, it was I that saved her infant-life,
Her death being threatened by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
How they pursued, with avaritious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now possest:
All this to me a confident confest.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour, the floor I saftly prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away;
With whom I travelled some few miles e'er day:
All day I hid me; when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reached these plains,
Where needful plenty glads your cheerful swains;
Afraid of being found out, I to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.

Here honest Glaud himsell, and Synon may
Remember well, how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud. [*with tears of joy happing down his beard.*]

I well remember't. Lord reward your love :
Lang have I wished for this ; for aft-I thought,
Sic knowledge some time should about be brought.

Pat. 'Tis now a crime to doubt ; my joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
She's mine by vows ; and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Wil. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my
care,

Sweet image of thy mother good and fair,
Equal with Patrick : Now my greatest aim
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well-matched flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[*PATIE and PEGGY embrace, and kneel to*

Sir WILLIAM.

Pat. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir Wil. [*raises them.*] I give you both my blessing ;
may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are complete ; my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy with the blest surprise.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had ?
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our master be ;
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie :
The estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me. }

Glaud. I hope your honour now will take amends
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Wil. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth and an estate,
Seem light when put in balance with my Pate :
For his sake only, I'll ay thankful bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day !
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Sall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare ?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow ;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you :
Even Bauldy the bewitched has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Mause's plot.

Sir Wil. Kindly old man, remain with you this day,

I never from these fields again will stray :
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gardeners shall new planting rear :
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restored, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the king, and save Sir William
lang,

To enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance ? wha will refuse to sing ?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring ?

Bauldy. I'm friends with Mause; with very Madge
I'm 'greed,

Although they skelpit me when woodly fleid :
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, " Lang may Sir William live."

Madge. Lang may he live :—And, Bauldy, learn
to steek

Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak ;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witches fingers ban.
This day I'll with the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady ; my dear bonny bairn !

Peg. No other name I'll ever for you learn.—

And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

Mause. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Wil. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, }
to you, }

And to your heirs I give in' endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house in calmness close your days,
With nought to do, but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of Heaven return your honour's
love,

Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

Pat. [*presenting ROGER to Sir WILLIAM.*]

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shared
My bosom-secrets, ere I was a laird ;
Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, think nae shame)
Raised, and maintains in him a lover's flame :
Lang was he dumb, at last he spake, and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son :
Be pleased to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir Wil. My son's demand is fair ; Glaud, let me
crave,
That trusty Roger may your daughter have,

With frank consent ; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, Sir, what can
we say,

But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay ?
Whate'er your honour wills, I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter, with my blessing, take,
And still our master's right your business make,
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good a speaking a' my days,
Or ever loed to make o'er great a phrase :
But for my master, father and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

Sir Wil. My friends, I'm satisfied you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.

The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild ;
And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguiled :
Aft, when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should obey :
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

SANG XXII.

Tune—"Corn-rigs are bonny."

*My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy ;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy :
His shape is handsome, middle size ;
He's comely in his tawking :
The shining of his een surprise ;
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.*

*Last night I met him on a bawb,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kissed, and vowed he wad be mine,
And loed me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing since syne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.*

*Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting ;
Since we for yielding were designed,
We chastely should be granting.*

*Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzel air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

APPENDIX.

NO. I.

*MEMOIRS of the late DAVID ALLAN, Painter
in Edinburgh ; commonly called the Scots Hogarth.*

As his history is unknown to his countrymen in general, it was thought proper to introduce, here, some account of the late DAVID ALLAN, who, with his pencil, has kept alive Allan Ramsay's characters, and preserved from change, or decay, their manners, furniture, and accommodations, with so much fidelity, and judgment. In farther illustrating his pastoral, whatever concerns this ingenious, and congenial artist, must excite a lively interest ; and his admirable edition of it is frequently referred to in the preceding descriptions of its scenery, so intimately connected with his designs in aquatinta.

In the Scots Magazine for November 1804, page 822, appeared this

“ QUERY respecting ALLAN the Painter.

“ To the Editor.

“ SIR,

“ I would be obliged to any of your correspondents, through the medium of your Magazine, if they could furnish any memoirs of the late celebrated David Allan, the Scottish Hogarth : as I do not believe any account of him was ever published, any information regarding him would be an acquisition to your readers. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

EDINBURGH, }
Oct. 22. 1804. }

A. S.”

An “ ANSWER” to this “ QUERY” appeared next month, in page 912 ; but it contains nothing, save the date of his death, with an enumeration of some of his paintings, and prints ; a bad pun ; and information, that, “ in the Life of Burns the Poet, there is frequent mention made of this ingenious artist, in the Letters of Burns and Thomson, that do him immortal honour.” This is the only answer that has ever been obtained ; and no account of him has at all appeared, excepting a very superficial one since, in 1805, in what is called the *Biographia Scotica*.

The following MEMOIRS are drawn up, chiefly, from the communications of his *widow*, now in Edinburgh; and of his brother *James Allan*, farmer at *Hall* near Denny in Stirlingshire, a son of his father by a second marriage.

DAVID ALLAN the *painter*, who likewise etched, and aquatinted, second son of David Allan shore-master at Alloa, and Janet Gullan from Dunfermline, was born at Alloa on the 13th of February 1744.

In consequence of a fright she got, and the delicate state of her health, he was born in the sixth or seventh month of his mother's pregnancy, who died a few days afterwards; and no nurse could be found whom he could suck in the neighbourhood, owing to the smallness of his mouth. After some time at length a suitable one being heard of, the child, which was both little and weak, being wrapped up carefully, was laid in a basket among cotton, and sent by a man on horseback to be suckled by a woman who lived at the distance of some miles from Alloa. In consequence of a recent storm, the snow was lying very deep on the ground; the horse, entangled amongst it, stumbled, and both the man and his tender charge fell off. The infant was thrown out of the basket, and received so severe a cut on his head that the mark it left remained till his death.

The child was not expected to live; and from the circumstances attending his birth, together with his early misfortune, his arrival made some noise in the place, and excited an interest in his fate, not only in the village where the nurse resided, but throughout the whole country round it. Among those who came to see him, was a worthy lady in its vicinity, who had so much compassion for him, that, every day, when she rode out in her carriage an airing, she called at the nurse's house and took the infant along with her, till, by her particular care and attention, he was at last preserved.

After he was sent home from nursing, the maid who had the care of him, went with him in her arms, into a crowd, collected to see some experiments making with loaded cannons; when he, again, nearly lost his life, through her stupidity in running with him across the opening before the guns, at the time they went off.

The first essay of his genius for designing, was occasioned by his having got a burned foot, when a little boy, which confined him to the house. One day, at this time, his father said to him. "You idle little rogue! you are kept from school and doing nothing! Come! Here is a bit of chalk. Draw something with it on the floor." This trifling incident

discovered young Allan's natural bent both to himself and others ; and turned his attention to an art towards which he instantly found himself instinctively attracted. He took the chalk, and began to delineate figures, animals, houses, &c. as his fancy directed, and from that time it was seldom out of his hand.

After this, when he had been some time at school, and was about ten years old, his master happening somewhat ludicrously to exercise his authority over some of the scholars, he could not refrain from copying the group on his slate, and exhibiting it for the amusement of his companions. His master was an old man, short sighted, and extremely vain, who used to strut about the school dressed in a tartan night-cap, and long tartan gown, with the rod of correction, which he often applied very injudiciously, constantly in his hand. Purblind however as he was, he got sight of Allan's picture, in which he made a most conspicuous, though not a flattering, figure. His wounded feelings were immediately transferred to the little humourist, and the chastisement he received was commensurate to his master's self-conceit, and the merit of the drawing. The resemblance was so severe, and the impression, made by the laugh it raised, sunk so deep, that the object of it remained unsatisfied till he had made a complaint

to old Allan, and had the boy taken from his school. When questioned by his father how he had the effrontery to insult his master, by representing him so ridiculously on his slate? His answer was, "I made it *like him*; and I only did it for *fun*."

The natural propensity; the ruling passion prevailed. It was vain to attempt to turn aside, to smother, or extinguish the fire of genius. His father observed its irresistible direction; and wisely followed the course pointed out by nature as the only road by which his son could rise to eminence. Upon the 23d of February 1755, being then eleven years of age, he was bound an apprentice to the celebrated printers, Messrs Robert and Andrew Foulis, for seven years, to attend their painting academy in the university of Glasgow. In New-Hall House there is a sketch in oil colours by him whilst there, of the inside of the academy, with an exact portrait of Robert Foulis, the founder and conductor of it, criticising a large picture, and giving instructions to his principal painter about it. In this school engraving was taught, as well as painting, and drawing.

In the year 1764, some of his performances attracted the notice of the late Lord Cathcart; whose seat, Shaw Park, is situated in Clackmannanshire, near Alloa. Lady Cathcart introduced him to the

notice of the late Lady Frances Erskine, Lady Charlotte Erskine, Mrs Abercromby of Tullybody, and some others in the neighbourhood, who proposed he should go to Italy, to prosecute his studies more advantageously. He set out, furnished with letters of recommendation, and, amongst the rest, with one to Sir William Hamilton then in Naples; and also with letters of credit to support him whilst abroad. During his residence in Italy, Lady Cathcart wrote to him frequently, with all the care, and affection of a mother.

In Italy he studied about eleven years, with unremitting application. In Rome, in 1773, and afterwards, he gained the prize medal given by the Academy of St Luke for the best specimen of historical composition. The two medals, one of gold, and the other of silver, are now in the possession of his widow in Edinburgh. Except Mr Gavin Hamilton of Murdostown in Lanarkshire, he was the only Scotsman that had ever been so distinguished by that academy.

On his return to Britain he resided about two years in London; but, falling into a bad state of health, he was ordered home to Scotland, for a change of air. In 1786, soon after his arrival in Edinburgh, on the death, in 1775, of his distinguish-

ed predecessor Alexander Runciman, he was appointed director and master of the academy established at Edinburgh by the Board of Trustees for manufactures and improvements, for the purpose of diffusing a knowledge of the principles of the fine arts and elegance of design in the various manufactures and works which require to be figured and ornamented. This charge he retained the remainder of his days.

Having, probably some time before, projected a new edition of *The Gentle Shepherd*; he, in autumn 1786, the same year in which he was made master of the academy in Edinburgh, paid his unexpected visit at New Hall, for the purpose of collecting figures, and copying the original scenes on the spot, which had produced the pastoral comedy. He was accompanied by a friend, who had been a captain in the army, of the name of Campbell, from Glencross house, whom he has complimented by introducing his likeness in the character of "Sir William Worthy." All the other figures, being copied from *individual* nature, are likewise portraits. The out, and inside of "*Glaud's Onstead*;" the *Monks' Burn*, and its *lower* or middle *lin*; were all drawn on the side of that stream: and his designs for the "*Washing Green*," and "*Habbie's Hole*," afterwards aquatinted for the second scene of the drama, were also

delineated from the "howm" on the Esk behind New-Hall House,

"Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiiths,"

and from the "little lin," between and the Carlops, which falls into the bason called *Peggy's Pool*, "farer up the burn" in nature, as in the pastoral, than the "howm."

Ramsay was realized by the publication of this edition in 1788; and on the 28th of October in the same year, this faithful painter of his scenes was married to Miss Shirley Welsh, the youngest daughter of Thomas Welsh, who was a carver and gilder in Edinburgh, but had withdrawn from business. By his wife he had five children; three of whom were cut off by disease in their infancy.

He himself died of a dropsy, preceded by an asthma occasioned by his sedentary life, and close application to his business, on the 6th of August 1796, in the fifty-third year of his age; leaving behind him a widow with one son, David, and one daughter named Barbara Anne Allan. His son David Allan, a promising youth, was sent out a cadet to India in September last 1806.

In person our Scots Hogarth had nothing attractive. His figure was a bad resemblance of his humorous precursor of the English metropolis. He was under the middle size; of a slender, feeble make, with a long, sharp, lean, white, coarse face, much pitted by the small pox, and fair hair. His large, prominent eyes of a light colour, looked weak, near sighted, and not very animated. His nose was long, and high; his mouth wide; and both ill shaped. His whole exterior, to strangers, appeared unengaging, trifling, and mean. His deportment was timid, and obsequious.

The prejudices, naturally excited by these external disadvantages, at introduction, however, were soon dispelled on acquaintance; and, as he became easy and pleased, gradually yielded to agreeable sensations; till they, insensibly, vanished; and were not only overlooked, but, from the effect of contrast, even heightened the attractions by which they were, so unexpectedly, followed. When in company he esteemed, that suited his taste, as restraint wore off, his eye, imperceptibly, became active, bright, and penetrating; his manner and address, quick, lively, and interesting, always kind, polite, and respectful; his conversation, open, gay, humorous, without satire, and communicative, playfully replete with benevolence, observation, and anecdote. On the anti-

quities, and literary history of his country, he had employed much of his attention, and delighted to discourse. The following additional character of him has been given, which he well deserved. "His private life was marked by the strictest honour, and integrity. His manners were gentle, unassuming, and obliging. He will be long remembered, and his loss regretted, by every one who enjoyed the happiness of his friendship." *Biogr. Scot.*

As a painter, at least in his own country, he neither excelled in drawing, composition, colouring, nor effect. Like Hogarth, too, beauty, grace, and grandeur, either of individual outline and form, or of style, constitute no part of his merit. He was no Correggio, Raphael, or Michael Angelo. He painted portraits, as well as Hogarth, below the size of life; but they are recommended by nothing, save a strong homely resemblance. They are void of all the charms of elegance; and of the *claro-obsuro*. As an artist, and a man of genius, his characteristic talent lay in *expression*; in the imitation of nature with truth and humour; especially in the ludicrous representation of laughable incidents in low life, where her more animated, and more varied, effects, operate most powerfully and freely, unfettered, and undisguised, by the drill of ceremonious uniformity; and where blunders and absurdities, are most numerous, and striking. His

vigilant eye lay always on the watch, for every eccentric figure, every motley group, or ridiculous incident, out of which his pencil, or his needle, could draw innocent entertainment and mirth.

As already noticed, all the dramatis personæ of his scenes, and the scenes themselves, for *The Gentle Shepherd*, are portraits, selected from particular nature. His character, as a painter, was marked precisely by the same features with that of Allan Ramsay, as a poet. He has done ample justice to his meaning, and humour; because his opportunities of observation, from his acquaintance with his originals, were the same, and their minds being congenial, the effects these produced were alike on both. Allan's pictures, are but Ramsay's scenes realized, and presented to the eye. Both, equally, possessed similar powers of perceiving, and perpetuating, whatever is ridiculous, or uncouth, in shape, dress, attitude, expression, or association; of imitating, arresting, and preserving, for the entertainment, and information of posterity, by the only possible means of doing so, those genuine characteristic differences in figure, cast of features, manner, and modes of life, appropriate to every age, and district, so varied, discriminative, and striking, yet so difficult to catch precisely with the pencil, and so elusive of every effort at description with the pen; of exhibiting pure, unaffected

nature, peculiar, as well as general, with truth; and of drawing the emotions and passions, under their real, and particular effects, and appearances at the scenes of action: But the meaning of the poet, unavoidably, remained imperfect, and obscure, without the explanations of the painter.

In New-Hall House there is an excellent portrait of our Scots Hogarth, painting from a statue, after a picture done in the year 1774, by Dominico Corvi at Rome; and also most correct likenesses in basso relievo of Mr and Mrs Allan, received from his widow, which were taken for, and under the direction of, the painter himself, by the celebrated Tassie, forming one elegant, spirited, and beautiful piece of sculpture within the same oblate oval frame.

NO. II.

POEMS connected with, and referred to, in the ILLUSTRATIONS; from the Works of Dr ALEXANDER PENNECUK of New Hall, published in the year 1715.

To my FRIEND; inviting him to the Country.

SIR; fly the smoke, and clamour of the town:
Breathe country air; and see the crops cut down:
Revel o'er Nature's sweets; dine on good beef;
And praise the granter of the plenteous sheaf.

Free from all care we'll range thro' various fields,
 Studying those plants which mother Nature yields,
 In *Lyne's* meandering brook we'll sometimes fish;
 The trout's a brave, but no expensive dish.
 When limbs are wearied, and our sport is done,
 We'll trudge to *Cantswalls*, by the setting sun;
 And there, some hours, we'll quaff a cup of ale,
 And smoke our pipe, backed by a wanton tale.
 We'll read no Courant which the news home brings;
 For what have we to do with wars, or kings?
 We'll ne'er disturb our heads with state affairs;
 But talk of plough, and sheep, and country fairs.
 Churchmen's contentions we abhor to hear:
 They're not for conscience, but for worldly gear.
 We'll fear our God; wish well to king and nation;
 Worship, on Sabbath, with the congregation;
 Thus live in peace; and die in reputation. }

*The Author's ANSWER, to his brother JAMES PEN-
 NECUIK's many letters dissuading him from stay-
 ing longer in the Country; and inviting him to
 come and settle his residence, and follow his em-
 ployment, in Edinburgh.*

His brother was a practising member of the Faculty of Advocates.

SOME say I have both genius and time,
 To make friends merry with my country rhyme;

And raise the strain of my coy modest muse,
From coarse-spun stockings, and plain dirty shoes.

I hear the birds, here, sweet companions, sing ;
To welcome home the verdure of the spring.
While herbalizing shady groves, and mountains,
I quench my thirst by crystal streams, and fountains ;
There, joyfully, I sit me down and smell,
The flowery fields, and Heliconian well.

I am no Nimrod ; nor make it my care,
To see a greyhound slay a silly hare :
Though I can follow that, when I have leisure,
For exercise, I swear, more than for pleasure.
The noble horse, that saves us oft from death,
I think't bad sport to run him out of breath.
When there's no need, it was not spoke in jest,
Merciful men show mercy to a beast.

I love the net ; I like the fishing hook ;
To angle by the pretty murmuring brook.
To curl upon the ice does greatly please ;
That hearty, manly, Scottish exercise,
That clears the brain, stirs up the native heat,
And gives a gallant appetite for meat.
In winter, too, I often plant a tree ;
Remarking what the annual growth may be :

Order my hedges, and repair my ditches,
Which gives delight, although not sudden riches.

So, when of these sweet solitudes I tire,
We have our trysts, and meetings of the shire ;
Where some few hours, the tedious time to pass,
We sit, and quaff a merry moderate glass.
Visits we interchange with one another,
In *bon accord*, like sister and like brother.
Which makes our harmless meetings still to be,
A bond and cement of society.
Pleased, I return to garden, book, or study ;
Far from the court, my friend, far from the woody :
While you enjoy *fulse* pleasures in their prime, &c.

Near unto *Libberton*, or *Foster's Wynd*,
The good old man may, cozie, live, you find.

I will not be so graceless, James, nor bold,
To stifle him with smoke, though he be old.
Nor will I, to repair my former losses,
Consent he break his limbs in your stay closes ;
But near to *Stirling Yards*, or *Heriot's Work*,
Where he may freely breathe —————.
There must he quartered be, God's praise to sing,
For his refreshful breathings in the spring ;
And when stern fate that breath shall countermand,
The greedy *Gray Friars* we have near at hand, &c.

ELEGY on the Death of ALEXANDER PENNECUK
of New Hall, sometime Chirurgeon to General
BANNIER, in the Swedish wars ; and, since, Chi-
rurgeon-General to the auxiliary Scots army in
England. The Author's Father.

COME, try your talents ; mourn, and bear a part,
Ye candidates of learned Machaon's art :
For death, at length, hath shuffled from the stage
The oldest Æsculapius of our age :
A Scotsman true ; a faithful friend, and sure ;
Who flattered not the rich, nor scourged the poor.

Where shall we go for help ? Whom shall we trust ?
Our Scots Apollo's humbled in the dust !
Many poor souls will miss him, in their need ;
To whom his hands gave health ; yea clothes, and
bread.

Thrice thirty years do now these hands destroy,
That cured our maladies, and caused our joy.
Five mighty kings, from's birth unto his grave,
The Caledonian sceptre swayed have.
Four times his eyes have seen, from cloak to gown,
Prelate and Presbyter turn upside down.
He loved his native country as himself ;
And ever scorned the greed of worldly pelf.

From old forbears, much worth he did inherit ;
A gentleman by birth, and more by merit.

Nothing is here expressed, but what is true.
Farewell, old *Pennecuik* !—Reader, adieu !

INSCRIPTION to be put at the foot of JONAS HAMIL-
TON of *Coldcoat's* * *Picture*, drawn by ———.

PAINTER, thou hast, now, with grace,
Drawn me *Coldcoat's* martial face,
And manly looks, which do discover
Something, likewise, of the lover.
His Roman nose, and swarthy hue,
To all do testify and shew,
To none alive that he will yield
In *Venus' tent*, or *Mars's field*,
As *Wor'ster fight*, and *Nanny Fell*,
From's valiant deeds, and feats, can tell.

No less for *Bacchus* shall his name,
Stand in the register of fame.
Save *Coldcoat*, none *Dalhousie* † knew,
Who *Jonas* could at drink subdue :

* Now *Macbiehill* ; between *New Hall*, and *Romanno*.

† *Ramsay* Earl of *Dalhousie* ; *Allan Ramsay's* chief.

Brave *Nicolson*, who's in his grave,
 Did from him many a parley crave :
Drummond * who's yet alive can tell,
 How, from them all he bore the bell.

No epitaph we need, on stone,
 To mark this *hero* when he's gone.
 His name, and fame shall surely stand,
 While Session Books † there's in the land.

The LINTOUN CABAL, or the Jovial Smith of Lintoun's Invitation of his Club to their Morning's Draught, whom he had made drunk the night before, after a great Storm.

FLY fearful thoughts of funeral,
 Call here *James Douglas* of the Hall †,
 And all the rest of that cabal
 Let's rant and merry be.

* Sir William Drummond of *Hawthornden* ; son to the celebrated poet, whose portrait, with that of his friend Ben Jonson, Allan Ramsay hung out for his sign as a bookseller. Sir William, Dr Pennecuik's companion, was proprietor of the farms of *Upper* and *Nether Whitefield*, between *New Hall*, and *Romanno*.

† Parish-church books, in which fines for fornication, &c. are recorded.

‡ The *Hall-House* of *Lintoun*. Some of the old feus in the village are held for the payment of a *plack*, when demanded from a hole in the back-wall of the *Hall-House* of *Lintoun*.

We'll set a table in the smiddy *,
And drink till all our heads grow giddy,
If it should cost our necks the woody †;
Fye haste lass !—Bring them !—Flee !—

But hark ? I think no shame to tell it ;
Be sure you first fetch *Gibbie Elliot*.
Tell him we're trysted at a sallet,
And he must say the grace.
I swear by *omnia vincit amor*,
And by my bellows and fore-hammer,
My tongue for thirst begins to stammer,
Whene'er I see his face.

He turned religious in his fever,
For better thriving late than never,
Yet swears it scorched so his liver,
Before to drouth inclined,
That though this night he drink the sea,
The morn he'll e'en as drouthy be ;
Nor speak a word of sense can he
Till first his skin be lined.—

* The *Smiddy* was a place of so much consequence in those days, that the ruins of a smithy above the influx of the Lyne into the Tweed, to which the last *Earl of March*, who resided at Neidpath Castle, (to whom Dr Pennecuik's works are dedicated,) used to walk every good day to converse and hear the news, is still shown, about three miles from Peebles.

† The gallows.

Bring haggis-headed *William Younger**!—
And *James*, that little brandy-monger!—
Laird *Giffard*, wh' looks like cauld and hunger,
He may come t' warm his soles!—
Their entertainment shall be good;
God grant they part, but dirt, or blood!
Pay but their drink, we'll trust their food.—
Cause *Scrogs* provide us coals!—

But stay!—There come my dainty lads;
By ane, and ane, like whores and bawds:
They smell the *ale*, and need no gawds
To post or prick them hither.—
Now, welcome! by my faith! good fellows!—
I see you haste, like nimble swallows;
Lord keep your craigs lang frae the gallows!
That we may drink together.—

But tell me Sirs, how this can be?
The storm's made all our *sheep* to die,
And yet spared such a *company*!—
Come, let us, then, be frolic?
Laird *Giffard*† cries, fye fetch my mother!
Or my dear sister! choose you whether:

* *William Younger* of *Hog-yards*, who signed the *Petition to the Prince of Orange*, in the name of all the *Lintoun Lairds*. See *Pennecuik's Works*.

† *James Giffard*, whose name remains, among those of the *Covenanters*, on the *Harbour Craig*; who “erected, in 1666, at his

And Master *Robert* *, bring him hither !
For I have ta'en the colic.

I'm like to vomit gut and gall !
Good Lord have mercy on my saul !
My giddy head will make me fall !
In faith, I am no jester.
Will Younger, pray ! and *Gibbie*, preach ! &c.

Letter in verse from Mr WILLIAM CLERK Advocate †, to Dr ALEXANDER PENNECUIK of New Hall, May 1714.

Most noble doctor ; glory of our time :
Parnassus' prince ! Protector of our rhyme !

sole expence," the *Cross of Lintoun*, that " lively specimen of natural genius," so wonderfully produced " without the assistance of art." See *Armstrong's Companion to the Map of Peebles-shire* ; and who is mentioned at the head of the Lintoun Laids, in the *Address to the Prince of Orange*, in Dr Pennecuik's works.

* *Robert Elliot*, minister of Lintoun, whose *Epitaph*, dated 1682, and character, in verse, appears among Dr Pennecuik's poems. *Gibbie*, was the son, and assistant of *Robert*.

† Brother to Baron Clerk ; nephew to the Lady of Sir David, and cousin to Mr Forbes of New Hall. From his liking to visit, and shift about, from house to house ; among his companions, he got the name of *Wandering Willie*. When at New Hall House, he slept in one of the garret rooms, adjoining to those of Allan Ramsay, and Mr Tytler.

Receive this compliment from honest *Will*,
 Who's just returned from our kind *Cowie's* mill,
 With troops of gipsies, who molest our plains;
 Praise *Spittlehaugh*! most charming of our swains.
 But, now all's calm; serene; as you may think,
 Since *Will's* turned *poet*, with Lady *Effy's* drink.

Dr PENNECUK's Answer.

BRAVE generous *Will*! I cannot well rehearse,
 How pleased I was to read your lofty verse;
 So eloquent, that every line did smell,
 Of Tully, and the Heliconian Well.
 But, while both wit and fancy you show forth;
 The praise you give me far exceeds my worth.
 Oh! how unequal is the match indeed,
 Betwixt your young, and my old hoary head!
 Your blood is warm; your fancy's on the stage:
 This is your spring; but winter of my age:
 My muse cools, like my blood, and still grows worse;
 Yours towers aloft, like the Pegasean Horse.

Kind, and stout patriots you are, I vow!
 With your brave *Club*, to catch the Gipsy Crew.
 Your names should be engraven on marble stones,
 For clearing Tweeddale of these vagabonds.

Had *Cowie** not been known, I do protest,
 Kind *Jonas* had been captive with the rest,
 And sent to prison, if we should allow,
 All to be rogues that have the *gipsy* hue.

Yet, if I live, expect a better tale,
 When we meet, blyth, at Lady Effy's ale.

A PASTORAL ELEGY, upon the generally lamented
 death of that worthy gentleman WILLIAM DOU-
 GLAS, Esq. elder, of Dornock; who departed this
 life the — day of July 1715.

Pan, and Pastora, to the Shepherds asleep.

AN! Shepherds break your pipes! Rise, and give
 ear!

The doleful cry of *Dornock's* death comes here.
 Awake, and weep! Turn careless of your flocks,
 And yell, till, echoing, you do rend the rocks!
Annan, Milk, Moffat, no more gently glide;
 But, in hoarse rapid floods, your streams divide.

* Contraction for *Coldcoat*, now *Machiehill*, then the property
 of *Jonas Hamilton*, a man of a dark complexion, often mentioned
 by Dr Pennecuik with jocular affection.

The music of our birds is at a close ;
 And every murmuring brook weeps forth its woes.
 Our comfort's gone ; and we must feel the cross ;
 And still bewail the universal loss, &c.

Dr Pennecuik's other pastoral poems are to be found in his works, printed in the year 1715 ; to which very incorrect, and only, edition, are annexed the following encomiastic verses, by *Alexander Pencook*, entitled,

To the ingenious, and worthy AUTHOR, of the following Description (of Tweeddale), and Poems.

PROUD England boasts to be the Muses' seat ;
 Glories in *Spencer's* flights, and *Cowley's* heat ;
Ben Jonson's manly sense, *Ethredge's* plays ;
Chaucer's bright wit, and *Herbert's* heavenly lays ;
Milton's inspired thoughts, and *Sidney's* strains,
 Who sung the sweetest of the Arcadian swains.

These are the Muses' darling sons indeed ;
 Yet equalized by bards be-north the Tweed.
 Our famous Scotland's snowy hills give birth
 To wits, and warriors, famous on the earth.
 On barren heaths, which never felt the plough,
 And frozen hills the richest learning grow ;

Tossed in cold cliffs of Caledonia's coasts,
With Boreas' blasts, and Hyperborean frosts.

Seraphic songs flow from *Buchanan's* quill ;
Too great for man's, almost for angel's skill.
Th' admired *Drummond* dropt celestial lines
Of wit, in which a boundless fancy shines.
Immortal *Douglas*, in his hermit's cell
Drunk with the streams of Heliconian Well,
Reeling with raptures, in a rapid strain,
Virgil translates, and brightens up his fame.
Stirling, and *Maitland*, leave immortal names ;
Let's read *The Muses' welcome to King James*,
Where constellations of bright wits appear,
Who fill the soul with knowledge, charm the ear.
Crawford, of late, the British Ovid grew ;
And *you* prove, Sir, the British Ovid now.
I wish my worth did equalize my will ;
That I in nature's secrets had thy skill,
And could express them with thy matchless quill. }

Happy that people whom thou dwell'st among :
No wonder they're contented to live long ;
Their *health* comes from thy hand, their *pleasure*
from thy song. }

AL. P. MERCATOR, *Edinburgensis*.

NO. III.

*OTHER POEMS, besides the Gentle Shepherd,
from the Works of ALLAN RAMSAY, connected
with, and referred to in the ILLUSTRATIONS.*

*VERSES written beneath the Historical Print of the
wonderful preservation of Mr DAVID BRUCE,
and others his school-fellows.*

The maiden name of Mrs Forbes of New Hall was *Bruce* ;
and this is the earliest of Ramsay's compositions now known.
If she was related to this Mr Bruce, it shows that the poet's con-
nection with the family must have commenced previous to 1710 ;
and that the first as well as the last production of his muse was
attached to one of its members.

St Andrew's, August 19. 1710.

Six times the day, with light and hope arose,
As oft the night her terrors did oppose,
While tossed on roaring waves the tender crew
Had nought but death, and horror in their view :
Pale famine, seas, bleak cold, at equal strife,
Conspiring all against their bloom of life :
Whilst, like the lamp's last flame, their trembling
souls

Are on the wing to leave their mortal gaols ;

And death before them stands with frightful stare,
Their spirits spent, and sunk down to despair.

Behold the indulgent providential eye,
With watchful rays, descending from on high ;
Angels came posting down the divine beam
To save the helpless in their last extreme :
Unseen the heavenly guard about them flock,
Some rule the winds, some lead them up the rock,
While other two attend the dying pair,
To waft their young white souls thro' fields of air.

ODE to Mr FORBES of New Hall.

Written in 1721,

The same year in which was published the first quarto volume of RAMSAY'S Works, containing the introductory scene of *The Gentle Shepherd*.

Solvitur acris hiems——

HORACE.

Now gowans sprout, and lavrocks sing,
And welcome west winds warm the spring,
O'er hill and dale they saftly blaw,
And drive the winter's cauld awa.
The ships, lang gyzened at the pier,
Now spread their sails, and smoothly steer ;
The nags and nowt hate wissened strae,
And frisking to the fields they gae ;

Nor hinds with elson and hemp lingle,
Sit soling shoon out o'er the ingle.
Now bonny haughs their verdure boast,
That late were clad with snaw and frost ;
With her gay train the Paphian Queen,
By moon-light dances on the green,
She leads, while Nymphs and Graces sing,
And trip around the fairy ring ;
Mean time, poor Vulcan, hard at thrift,
Gets mony a sair and heavy lift,
Whilst rinnen down, his haff-blind lads
Blaw up the fire, and thump the gads.

Now leave your fit-sted on the dew,
And busk yoursel in habit new.
Be gratefu' to the guiding powers,
And blythly spend your easy hours.
O canny *Forbes* ! tutor time,
And live as lang's ye're in your prime ;
That ill-bred death has nae regard
To king, or cottar, or a laird ;
As soon a castle he'll attack,
As waus of divots roofed with thack,
Immediately we'll a' take flight
Unto the mirk realms of night,
As stories gang, with ghaists to roam,
In gloomy Pluto's gousty dome ;

Bid fair good-day to pleasure syne,
Of bonny lasses and red wine.

Then deem ilk little care a crime,
Dares waste an hour of precious time ;
And since our life's sae unco short,
Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't.

*EPISTLE to the Honourable DUNCAN FORBES of
Culloden, Lord Advocate.*

Written in 1725.

In the late edition, in 1800, of Ramsay's Works, this poem is ignorantly dated 1722 ; although Duncan Forbes was not Lord Advocate till 1725. In 1725, the *Pastoral* was brought to a conclusion, and first published.

SHUT in a closet six foot square,
No fash'd with meikle wealth or care,
I pass the live-lang day ;
Yet some ambitious thoughts I have,
Which will attend me to my grave,
Sic busked baits they lay.

These keep my fancy on the wing,
Something that's blyth and snack to sing,
And smooth the wrinkled brow :
Thus care I happily beguile,
Hoping a plaudit and a smile
Frae best of men, like you.

You, wha in kittle casts of state,
When property demands debate,
Can right what is dung wrang ;
Yet blythly can, when ye think fit,
Enjoy your friend, and judge the wit
And slidness of a sang.

How mony, your reverse, unblest,
Whase minds gae wandering thro' a mist,
Proud as the thief in hell,
Pretend, forsooth, they're gentle fouk,
'Cause chance gies them of gear the yowk,
And better chiels the shell !

I've seen a wean aft vex itsell,
And greet, because it was not tall :
Heez'd on a board, O than !
Rejoicing in the artfu' height,
How smirky looked the little wight !
And thought itsell a man.

Sic bairns are some, blawn up awee
With splendour, wealth, and quality,
Upon these stilts grown vain ;
They o'er the pows of poor fouk stride,
And neither are to haud nor bide,
Thinking this height their ain.

Now shou'd ane speer, at sic a puff,
What gars thee look sae big and bluff?
Is't an attending menzie?
Or fifty dishes on your table?
Or fifty horses in your stable?
Or heaps of glancing cunzie?

Are these the things thou ca's thyself?
Come, vain gigantic shadow, tell;
If thou say'st yes—I'll shaw
Thy picture—means thy silly mind,
Thy wit's a croil, thy judgment blind,
And love worth nought ava.

Accept our praise, ye nobly born,
Whom Heaven takes pleasure to adorn
With ilka manly gift;
In courts or camps to serve your nation,
Warmed with that generous emulation
Which your forbears did lift.

In duty, with delight to you
The inferior world do justly bow,
While you're the maist deny'd;
Yet shall your worth be ever prized,
When strutting naethings are despised
With a' their stinking pride.

This to set aff as I am able,
 I'll frae a Frenchman thigg a fable,
 And busk it in a plaid;
 And though it be a bairn of Motte's*,
 When I hae learnt it to speak Scots,
 I am its second dad.

“Twa books, near neighbours in a shop,
 The tane a gilded Turkey fop,
 The tither's face was weather-beaten;
 And cauf-skin-jacket, sair worm-eaten.
 The corky, proud of his bra' suit,
 Curled up his nose, and thus cried out:
 “Ah! place me on some fresher binks;
 Figh! how this mouldy creature stinks!
 How can a gentle book like me
 Endure sic scoundrel company?
 What may fouk say, to see me cling
 Sae close to this auld ugly thing;
 But that I'm of a simple spirit,
 And disregard my proper merit?”
 Quoth grey-beard, *Whisht; Sir, with your din;*
For a' your meritorious skin,
I doubt if ye be worth within:

* Mons. la Motte, who has written lately a curious Collection of Fables, from which the following is imitated.

For as auld-fashioned as I look,

May be I am the better book.

“ O heavens ! I canna thole the clash

Of this impertinent auld hash ;

I winna stay ae moment langer.”

My Lord, please to command your anger ;

Pray let me only tell you that——

“ What wad this insolent be at ?

Rot out your tongue—pray, Master Symmer,

Remove me frae this dinsome rhymer :

If you regard your reputation,

And us of a distinguished station,

Hence frae this beast let me be hurried,

For with his stour and stink I’m worried.”

“ Scarce had he shook his paughty crap,

When in a customer did pap ;”

He up douse Stanza lifts, and eyes him,

Turns o’er his leaves, admires, and buys him :

“ This book,” said he, “ is good and scarce,

The saul of sense in sweetest verse.”

But reading title of gilt cleathing,

Cries, “ Gods ! wha buys this bonny naithing ?

Nought duller e’er was put in print :

Wow ! what a deal of Turkey’s tint !”

Now, Sir, to apply what we’ve invented,

You are the buyer represented ;

And, may your servant hope

My lay shall merit your regard,
 I'll thank the gods for my reward,
 And smile at ilka fop.

ODE to the Memory of Mrs FORBES, the late
 Lady New Hall.

Written in 1728,

The same year in which his second quarto issued from the press with the *Pastoral Comedy* completed, and the first scene reprinted as part of the drama, having a *Note*, by Ramsay, subjoined to it, informing his readers that he had, now, "carried the Pastoral the length of *five acts* at the desire of some persons of distinction."

Al life ! thou short uncertain blaze,
 Scarce worthy to be wish'd or lov'd,
 When by strict death so many ways
 So soon the sweetest are remov'd.

In prime of life and lovely glow,
 The dear Brucina must submit ;
 Nor could ward-off the fatal blow,
 With every beauty, grace, and wit.

If outward charms, and temper sweet,
 The cheerful smile, and thought sublime,
 Could have preserv'd, she ne'er had met
 A change, 'till death had sunk with time.

Her soul glanced with each heavenly ray,
Her form with all those beauties fair,
For which young brides and mothers pray,
And wish'd for to their infant care.

Sour spleen or anger, passion rude,
These opposites to peace and heaven,
Ne'er paled her cheek, or fired her blood :
Her mind was ever calm and even.

Come, fairest nymphs, and gentle swains,
Give loose to tears of tender love ;
Strew fragrant flowers on her remains,
While sighing round her grave you move.

In mournful notes your pain express,
While with reflection you run o'er,
How excellent, how good she was !
She was ! alas ! but is no more !

Yet piously correct your moan,
And raise religious thoughts on high,
After her spotless soul, that's gone
To joys that ne'er can fade or die.

The ADDRESS of ALLAN RAMSAY to the Honourable DUNCAN FORBES of Culloden, Lord President of the Session, and all our other Judges, who are careful of the honour of the government, and the property of the subject.

Written in 1737,

On the suppression of his Playhouse, being the last of his poems.

Humbly means and shaws,

To you, my Lords, whase elevation,
Makes you the wardens of the nation,
While you with equal justice stand,
With Lawtie's balance in your hand ;
To you, whase penetrating skill
Can eithly redd the good frae ill,
And ken them well whase fair behaviour
Deserve reward and royal favour,
As like you do, these stonkerd fellows,
Wha merit naithing but the gallows :
To you, with humble bow, your bard,
Whase greatest brag is your regard,
Begs leave to lay his case before ye,
And for an outgate to implore ye.

Last year, my Lords, nae farrer gane,
A costly wark was undertane
By me, wha had not the least dread
An act wad knock it on the head :

A playhouse new, at vast expence,
To be a large, yet bein defence,
In winter nights, 'gainst wind and weat,
To ward frae cauld the lasses sweet,
While they with bonny smiles attended,
To have their little failures mended ;
Where satire, striving still to free them,
Hauds out his glass to let them see them.
Here, under rules of right decorum,
By placing consequence before 'em,
I kept our troop, by pith of reason,
Frae bawdy, atheism, and treason ;
And only preach'd, frae moral fable,
The best instruction they were able ;
While they by doctrine linsy-woolsy,
Set aff the utile with dulce.

And shall the man to whom this task falls,
Suffer amang confounded rascals,
That, like vile adders, dart their stings,
And fear nae God, nor honour kings ?
Shall I, wha for a tract of years
Have sung to commons and to peers,
And got the general approbation
Of all within the British nation,
At last be twin'd of all my hopes
By them who wont to be my props ?
Be made a loser and engage
With troubles in declining age ;

While wights, to whom my credit stands
For sums, make sour and thrawn demands?

Shall London have its houses twa,
And we be doom'd to 've nane ava?
Is our metrop'lis, anes the place,
Where longsyne dwelt the royal race
Of Fergus, this gate dwindled down
T' a level with ilk clachan town,
While thus she suffers by the subversion
Of her maist rational diversion?

When ice and snaw o'ercleads the isle,
Wha now will think it worth their while
To leave their gowsty country bowers,
For the anes blythsome Edinburgh towers,
Where there's no glee to give delight,
And ward frae spleen the langsome night?
For which they'll now have nae relief,
But sonk at hame, and cleck mischief.

Is there ought better than the stage
To mend the follies of the age,
If manag'd as it ought to be,
Frae ilka vice and blaidry free?
Which may be done with perfect ease,
And nought be heard that shall displease,

Or give the least offence or pain,
If we can hae't restor'd again.
Wherefore, my Lords, I humbly pray
Our lads may be allowed to play,
At least till new-house debts be paid off,
The cause that I'm the maist afraid off;
Which laide lies on my single back,
And I maun pay it ilka plack.

Now, 'tis but just the legislature
Shou'd either say that I'm a fauter,
Or thole me to employ my bigging,
Or of the burden ease my rigging,
By ordering, frae the public fund,
A sum to pay for what I'm bound;
Syne, for amends for what I've lost,
Edge me into some canny post,
With the good liking of our king,
And your petitioner shall—sing.

A. R.

NO. IV.

*A POEM by the Reverend Mr Bradfute, referred
to in the Illustrations: From the Seventeenth
Volume of the Statistical History, entitled*

A MORNING WALK

At New Hall, in Mid-Lothian,

The Seat of Robert Brown, Esq. Advocate.

Written in 1784,

By the Reverend Mr BRADFUTE, author of the Statistical Account of *Dunsyre* in Clydesdale; of an *Essay on the Fisheries*, in the Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland; and the intimate friend of Sir James Clerk of Pennecuik.

WAKED by the morning rays from fleeting dreams,
I leave the couch inviting to repose,
To trace the SCENES which Nature spreads around;
To please the eye or animate the soul,
With recollections drawn from ancient times.

We enter first the *Glen*, adorned with trees,
Where varied shades and pleasing groves delight
The warbling birds that perch on every spray.
The lulling murmurs of the distant Esk,
At bottom of the woods salute the ear;
Beyond, the rising heights covered with woods,
And interspersed with jutting rocks, invite

The eye to trace, in Beauty's waving line,
The vivid landscape, rich with deepening shades
Which here o'erhang the glassy glittering stream,
'Till from the widening vale the country opes.

The winding path now leads us thro' the wood,
Where *Esk* pours forth her silver-flowing tide,
In sweet retirement, and sequestered shade.

We then approach the opening of the trees
Where now the rustic swain enjoys the banks,
Happy and blythe, not far his humble *Cot*,
Clothed with the shining straw, whose white-washed
walls

Appear contrasted with the ivy's green.
Before the door, the partner of his cares
Turns swift the wheel, and tunes the Scottish song,
Eying askance her young ones on the grass,
Lest they too near approach the river's bank :
The cattle spread around, now browse the herbs,
Loaded with dews delightful to the taste ;
The watchful dog guards well the ripened corns,
And saves the treasures for his master's use.
Near this a pleasant rivulet glides along,
Falls from the height, and forms the bright cascade,
Where hollow rocks surround the foaming pool,
And form a shade to screen the mid-day sun.

From this we mount the bank to view the *Lake*,
With shining surface drawn from crystal springs,
Land-locked and smooth, where oft the finny tribe
Rise at the glittering fly with eager taste.

We now return, and trace the river's banks,
Studded with cowslips, and with copsewoods crowned.

Beyond, the prospect's barren all and wild,
With hollow glens and deep-sequestered lawns.

Now all at once, far up another glen,
'Midst awful solitudes and darksome dells,
A high tremendous *Rock* erects his front :
On near approach, we found it deeply marked
With venerable names, of those who fled,
In Charles's hapless days, the haunts of men,
Pursued by unrelenting bands, who sought
Their death, and waged ignoble war unjust.
Here sad the preacher stood with solemn pause,
To mark, with outstretched arm, the sombre heath,
The field of Scottish and of English wars ;
Or what more near concerned the listening crowd,
To point the fatal spot on Pentland Hills,
Where many a ploughman-warrior fought and fell.

Slowly we turn and leave these gloomy scenes,
Sacred to sighs and deepest heartfelt woe,

To seek the pleasing banks and purling rill
Where copsewood thickets cheer the wandering eye,
Where honeysuckle with the birch entwines.

We enter now from hence the western glen,
Through which the murmuring Esk pours forth his
stream,
And view a pastoral and more pleasant scene,
Sacred to Fame, and deemed now classic ground.
'Twas here a beautiful recess was found ;
And hence arose the scene of HABBIE'S HOW,
Where now appears, betwixt two birks, the lin
That, falling, forms the pool where bathed the maids,
Whilst here upon the green their cloth they laid.
Here on a seat reclined, screened from the sun
By hazle shrubs and honeysuckle flowers,
You sit at ease, and recollect the song,
While sportive Fancy imagery supplies.

Following the stream, we view those happy spots,
Where GLAUD and SYMON dwelt in times of old,
And passed the joke over the nut-brown ale ;
Where old SIR WILLIAM cheered poor *Peggy's*
heart,
And gave her yielding, to her *Patie's* arms.—
Thy pen, O RAMSAY ! sweetest pastoral bard !
Alone was fit to paint the pleasing tale,
And teach mankind the charms of rural life !

No. V.

ORIGINAL POEMS,

On the Scenary of the Gentle Shepherd,

Connected with the Illustrations.

THE MANSION.

“ Gray on the bank —————

“ By aged pines, half sheltered from the wind,

“ A homely Mansion rose, of antique form,

“ For ages batter’d by the polar storm.”

Macpherson's OSSIAN. Frag. of a N. Tale.

WITH pinnacles, and chimneys, rising high
Above its roof in numbers great, there stands
An aged MANSION, built in gothic taste,
Though light and airy as the Greek refined,
And wildly suited to the scenes around *.

Across the front, there stretches, to the north,
And west, as far as eye can reach, a ridge
Of hills of various shapes ; retiring some,
And some advancing, conic some with heath
Of sable hue o’erspread, and cairn’d a top,
Memorials rude of Druid festivals,

* See the *Description* of NEW-HALL HOUSE ; *View* of the
WASHINGTON GREEN ; MAP ; &c.

Whilst others, green and smooth, with easy sweep,
Ascend from out the murmuring glens between,
And such are those that rise direct in front,
Designed the '*Spitals* from their hospitals,
Beyond the intervening lawns, and woods,
Pavilions gay, and crossing avenues.

On either side, a dingle deep plunges back,
With timber filled : One, watered, dashing down
In bright cascades, the *Fairies' Den's* ycleped :
The other, dry, is from its *Chapel* named ;
And near a *Hermitage* and *Mineral Well*,
O'er a sequestered glade, runs out below :
Expanding both, as they, descending, join
A noble glen, behind the MANSION proud,
Upon the point they form projecting bold.

East, o'er the *Fairies' Den*, the *Garden* slopes
Upon its prominence, and spreads beneath
The *Stables* at its head, surrounded all,
Except, with rising trees. A *Park*, to rear,
And feed the bleating offsprings of the hills,
A concave carpet wide across the *Esk*,
East of the *garden*, where alone the banks,
Rich grassy braes, and whins, and broom, and heath,
Are flat, within a varied sylvan scene,
From it to the *Monk's Burn*, where, from *Monk's Rig*.
Among the hills, the '*Spitals* near, arrived,
It falls in lins into the glen, extends.

West, o'er the *Chapel Den*, the lawn
Of friendship, with its *Obelisk*, swells, and fills
The space to *Mary's Lin* and *Bower*. Besouth,
The river's bank falls back without the *Bower*;
Between, and *Habby's House* and *How*, among
The glades, and knolls, and prominences near,
Their verdant hills below, and crowded, far,
The azure Tweedsmuir Tweeddale mountains high,
Whence Annan, Tweed, and Clyde, their offsprings,
flow.

The *Glen*, from where the *Chapel* stands, is rude,
And craggy up to *Habby's How*, shut close
With copse. Behind the *HOUSE*, its towering points
Project into an open glade, the stream
In playful windings "wimpling thro' the howm."
Below, a valley enters from the south,
With sloping banks, and gliding current grave;
And from its head, like hoary pillared tower,
The *Harbour Craig* looks down. Monk's dell and
burn

Join next from t'other side, and thence the plain
Monk's Haugh is named, till 'bout the lofty brow,
And glistening *Lake*, inclosed, behind, it bends.

With woods, and clumps, and shrubs, and copses
thick,
The mounts, and banks, and glades, are filled, and
skreened,

Irriguous, round the venerable MANSION;
Embosomed close, upon its prominence.

ONCE in this *Seat*, when in the feudal times
A gloomy CASTLE 'twas with sullen towers,
Of which some parts within and near't remain,
There lived a Chieftain, from his wide demesnes,
O'er all his tenants and retainers bound,
Inheriting, with various services,
From powers unquestioned then, and usage long,
The highest jurisdiction, even o'er life
Itself.—The CASTLE stood upon its point,
Then bare, defended by the *Glen*, and deep
Ravine on either side, and, green, the hills
Reflected, gay, the sun's meridian warmth,
In front. With holes, and slits, and 'cullis, sure,
With openings sly above it, whence to crush,
Or pierce the head, devoted, underneath,
Its walls were furnished, and its ponderous port.
No woods, luxuriant, waved at hand, to hide
The lurking foe : Secure within itself,
It sternly, rough, and proud, defied attack
No shelter, strong, it needed from the blast,
So thick its buttressed walls impregnable.—
Within, 'twas hung with armour bright, and filled
With martial trophies gained for ages back.

The *Hall*, the court of justice, and the place
Of council, both, was used, for meetings grave,
And social.—At the upper end, the chief,
And his compeers about the table sat ;
While at the lower, and a little sunk,
His stout dependants all were welcome made,
The common produce, or the common spoils
To share. The plenteous banquet o'er, the bowl
Went jovial round, each knight, in turn, aloud,
His fair proclaiming, and reciting, oft,
His deeds of high renown in beauty's cause.
The bard, enthusiastic, sung the feats
Of former times, the kindling spirits keen
The chorus joining, with the voice, and ring
Of arms involuntary ; till the breath
Of lovely MARY, sister to the Chief,
Struck in with softest melody, and soothed
Their rage with powers resistless : Such the rage
Excited by the northern blast, amidst
The turbulent roaring billows of the main ;
When, yielding to the gentle zephyr, soon
Their fury sinks, and nought but gaiety is seen,
And charms, and smiles attractive.—Thus they fared
Whilst, from the hills, the vassals could supply
Their Chief : But if perchance a hostile clan,
From deadly feud, hid, under cloud of night,
Or their own feastings, had reduced their stock ;

A *plate of spurs* the plundering signal gave,
To sally forth, direct, in quest of more *.

Within this CASTLE, thus the Chieftain lived ;
When ruddy autumn now began to reign.
The *Garden*, then upon the west, with fruits
Hung luscious ; and the vassals all, on pain
Of utmost punishment, were, strict, forbid
To enter ; when, upon the wall a youth,
An aged widow's sole surviving child,
Well known, and thievish as those days produced,
Was, late, arrested, as one luckless night,
By two confederates aided from within,
He clambered o'er, with ruby cherries laden.—
Straight, in the *Dungeon-pit* he was confined.—
Informed, by his associates who escaped,
His mother, ere the dawn, had, full of fears,
Though distant, left her cottage for the CASTLE :
For oft, before, her son had in such pranks
Been caught ; had oft within the *Pit* been close
Immured. The *Dungeon*, then, was darkly raised
Beside the *Chapel*, on the brow, still left
In ruins. From this pitted tower, in front,
Close by its door, the *Jugs* for culprits hung,
An iron collar by a chain suspended,

* Such is said to have been the ancient practice among the chieftains of Tweeddale and its neighbourhood.

O'er, loose, a pile of stones, on which they stood
Conspicuous. Before she'd reach'd the CASTLE
The Chief had risen, with knights, and vassals, fresh :
From out the *frith*, the orient lamp began
To lighten up the vale ; the mists, dispersed,
The hills t'ascend, and of their mantles gray
To free them fast : The cock, the harbinger
Of day, had crowed : The merry lark had left
The ground : The morning tempted to the chase ;
And loud, to summon to't, the horn had blown ;
When tidings of the theft, and thief were brought.
In heat of youthful passion ; to be gone
Impatient, with his hounds and followers ;
Out from the *Keep* he ordered was, and fast
Within the collar to be chained, and shown,
A warning, or his self, or ways to shun,
Till from their sport they should return at eve.
Without delay he to the pile was dragged ;
Forced up the heap ; and fixed within the ring.
But scarce had he been left till in the breeze
Had died away the sounds of men and dogs,
When, by a hapless move, a slippery stone
Slid out from under foot, and took away
His breath. Bereft of life, he lonely hung,
When at the CASTLE gate his mother knocked,
Bedimmed with age, without perceiving aught ;
Asked for her son—her only son ; implored
That MARY, favourite loved, would from her brother

Procure his pardon. But, when to the *tower*
The servants led her—she approached its door—
Heard not his voice—and looked—and saw her child—
The only support of her palsied limbs ;
Though wild, and wicked, still her sole resource—
Last prop in sinking years—she screamed aloud,
Distracted ! strong a while, her feeble arms,
In frantic clasp, upheld him, now a corse,
Till nature sunk !—The tender sister wept
O'er youth, and age ; and when, within the CASTLE,
The wailing widow, from her stupor, oft,
With shriek, wild starting, called upon her son !
Her healing art unable to do more,
She threw her eyes to heaven, and begged relief !—
A fluttering glimmer yet remained of life
Within its socket, at the close of day ;
When to the room, in which she had been laid,
The Chieftain came in haste, and heard her cry,
With faltering tongue, exhausted—where's my child ?
A mother's curse attend his murderer !
May he ne'er know the value of a son !
Stamped be his *name* itself, with barrenness !—
The voice of nature joined within him : Like
A statue, pale and motionless he stood ;
But heard no more.—One grave inclosed the dead.

O, why should, thus, the man, because possessed;
Of what is held the choicest gift of heaven,

Of *feelings exquisite*, be tortured oft,
Though more than guiltless, with the pangs of guilt!

A settled horror, thence, o'erspread his mind.
The hall grew silent; and the hills no more
Re-echoed to the chase: He left them both;
And whilst upon a weary pilgrimage,
To papal Rome itself as some report,
To do away the mother's hasty wish,
And quiet the torments of a troubled soul,
He went, his sister, to relieve her mind
Dejected, formed, beyond the *Chapel Den*,
Toward the west, between and *Habby's How*,
Beside a lin, an *arbour*, on a point,
That still retains the name of MARY'S BOWER*.—
Oft to her *Bower* she pensively withdrew,
Till he absolved returned, and with him joy.

* This is another way of telling the same traditional story that is repeated in the *Description* of MARY'S LIN and BOWER. Though in particulars they often vary, in the main all the accounts agree. They likewise evidence the antiquity, and importance of this *Seat*, first, it would seem, a Convent, then a Castle, and afterwards a Mansion-House; and confirm what is said, with regard to it, in the *Life of Baron Clerk*, that it once "held most of the surrounding district."

THE METEOR.

THE following Poem contains an exact description of the remarkable Meteor that appeared on the 18th of August 1783 at twenty-five minutes past nine in the evening, as seen by the author ; and the scenery in the first part of it is faithfully copied from the objects about the place in which he was at the time*. It is written in the manner of Ossian, as if by a Saxon soon after the Conquest, which happened in the month of October ; in order to heighten the effect of the description by the introduction of the Gothic superstition. The Meteor's progress was from the north-west ; but it is here altered, to favour the idea of its being the forerunner of William's Invasion, in September, the following month, agreeably to the common opinion, that all appearances of Heavenly Bodies, not perfectly understood, indicated the deaths of Sovereigns, or the Revolutions of Empires.

See PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS, vol. lxxiv.

“ Now it is the time of night
“ That the graves, all gaping wide,
“ Every one lets forth his sprite,
“ In the church-way paths to glide.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Night's Dream*,
Act 5. Sc. 3.

* The Advocate's Room at New Hall. See the Description of *New-Hall House*.

“ Shone, like a Meteor, streaming to the wind.

MILTON, *P. Lost. B. 1.*

“ Streamed, like a Meteor, to the troubled air.

GRAY. *The Bard.*

“ That, through the shade of night projecting huge,

“ In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,

“ Embodied mists and vapours, whose fir’d mass

“ Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air,

“ While distant orbs with wonder and amaze

“ Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe

“ Whose march is ever fatal, in whose train

“ Famine, and War, and desolating Plague,

“ Each on his pale horse rides, the ministers

“ Of angry heaven, to scourge offending worlds !

MALLET. *The Excursion, Canto 2.*

’TWAS in the pride of the rolling year : It had come to the fullness of its strength : A part of the yellow grain yet rustled on the field : The young of the bounding doe were fleet as the wind : The hunter marked them on the hill, and sighed for the sound of their approach : The pass was stained with their youthful blood.—The plains rejoiced in their labours : The hills exulted in the fruits of their toils.

No galling curfew yet had tolled ; the middle of the second hour, of the night, was come, and still the fire might be kindled on the hearth. I was sit-

ting thoughtful in my hall; a lamp burned before me; serene and sultry was the evening; I was oppressed with the heat, though no fire was in the place: My window opened to the twinkling of the stars: The moon threw her borrowed light upon the floor, and gleamed along the side of the glen, reposing her steady beams on the wood, or sparkling in the stream below; the tops of the trees were bright in the wood that rose, and round as her silver edge when she first appears, but the shades were dark as the cave within the hollow rock; she glistened on the dew, in the fullness of her light, marking the distant temple on the brow, and the ruins * among the lofty trunks; the withered leaf from above dropt gently through the spreading boughs. Not a cloud could be seen: Only the farthest stars were hid by the rising mist; slow, as the yielding light, they descended behind the steaming plain.— I thought on the Maid of the wood †; how she pined in the artless bower, to the west, and listened to the falling of the stream: I marked the hum of the distant lin, beyond, between the birks in the how ‡.— Far beneath the noise of the waters was heard, in

* The ruins of the Chapel. See the Description of *New-Hall House*.

† See the Description of *Mary's Lin, and Bower*; and the *Mansion*, the preceding poem.

‡ In Habbie's How.

the howm. The western breeze came skimming down the hill, and gently sighed in passing through the glen; the leaves hardly rustled as it went along. Nocturnal exhalations rose: the merry gleam danced upon the heath: the dusky bat fluttered round the trees: at dreary intervals, from the dark recess on either side, was heard the moaning of the owl; she sat in the hollow tree, o'er the rill that murmurs from the dashing rock above, to glide down the sloping fall below, and meet the current in the glade*; wild was the screech she returned; her hootings were like those she sends forth before the approaching storm; she answered to another's cry; cold ran the blood of the traveller; the screams floated in the wind, like the lamentations of the dying in the hands of the midnight murderer.—The raging bull bellows through the woods: The boar whets his tusks on the aged oak: The howlings of the wolf is heard afar; swift, as the arrow from the hunter's bow, th' affrighted deer fly o'er th' extended heath. But the shrouded ghost, as the shadow of a lingering cloud, stalks slowly o'er the paths of the dead; wan and wrapt in white he had sullen risen from beneath his stone; the turf heaved as he rose:

* The "howm," or Washing Green, below the Fairies' Den, and Lin. See the Description of *New-Hall House*, &c. The "howm" is immediately behind New-Hall House.

The cold wind shrilly whistles among the dropping ailes ; the blue taper scarcely through the horn shows the relic ; half extinguished by the sickly damps, wearisomely it burns ; faintly his slow approach is heard through the winding vault ; a glimmering light, from the pale moon, steals through the shattered roof, and dimly marks his way : Mournful, he issues from the gate of tears ; the drowsy hinges creak : Like the pillared smoke ascending before a sable cloud ready to thunder on the earth, tall and white, he walks his round before the gloomy pile ; his cold step is on the silent grave ; the great bell is heard to toll on high ; the hollow sound dully echoes from the awful tower, and slumbers in the breeze : Wild, and dismal is the shriek ! from the habitations of the dead. — All else was calm and still : Silence reigned : The feathered race were fast asleep.

Faint gleamings, like the transient lights that shoot athwart the heavens, brightened in the south. White, as the sun behind the mist of the morning, a dazzling glare filled the hall ; the lamp was lost in the blaze. I ran to the window : The heavens were on fire ; I could distinguish the smallest object on the earth : The gleam was extinguished : The stars withdrew their lights : The moon gave up the contest. From the west of south the METEOR approached : Large, and round, it seemed, at first, to stand, like another

moon ; but, to her, as white as she appears when, pale behind the beams of the sun, she waiteth for the hour of her strength. Slow, and equal was its pace, forming an easy bend. It flattened as it moved, and dragged a fiery tail ; many were the stars it left in its train ; a hissing sound was heard as it passed ; prodigious was its height, though so bright it seemed at hand. The blinded owl ceased to scream ; the silly bat fell stupified to the earth ; the feathered race, starting, turned their heads from behind their wings ; nature awoke. Soon, it disappeared behind the northern hill : The noise of its bursting was heard, like the sound of distant thunder, beyond the lofty mountain, when the winds are hush, and the bounding roe panteth on the hill.

The moon resumed her reign : The stars put forth their heads : The exhalation kindled on the heath : The owl renewed her note : The bat, shrunk within its wings, rose from the earth, and fluttered in the air : The waters, far below, murmured through the glade : The trees rustled to the sighing gale : The feathered race hid their heads behind their wings : Wearied nature slept. The astonished traveller musing went on his way : I returned to my seat.

Quickly the invaders came : Fierce was the foe

from the southern shore. The Valkyriur *, the choosers of the slain, attended on the field : They were mounted on swift horses ; their swords were drawn in their hands : They selected such as were destined for slaughter : Many were the heroes they conducted to Valhalla, to attend them at the banquet, and serve them with their horns of mead : The groans of the dying filled the land : He perished at the head of his people. Wide and waste are the forests of the stranger. When shall we see the race of Odin !

THE HARBOUR CRAIG.

“ Amazed at antic titles on the stones.”

DRYDEN’S *Virgil*, G. 1.

“ An hour after, he saw something to the right which looked at a distance like a castle with towers, but which he discovered afterwards to be a craggy rock.”

JOHNSON. *Idler*, NO. 97.

“ At sight of the great church, he owned that indeed it was a lofty rock, but insisted that in his native country of St Kilda there were others still higher ; however, the caverns formed in it (so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised) were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there.”

MALLET, from *Martin’s Voyage to St Kilda*.

“ ——— nor caves, nor secret vaults

“ ——— could keep these Christians

“ Or from my reach or punishment.”

MASSINGER. *Virgin Martyr*, Act 1.

* See GRAY’S *Poems*, THE FATAL SISTERS, Note.

PROJECTING, lofty, from a sloping bank,
Close by the summit of two meeting glens,
Towering on high, and single, stands a *Rock*,
Once, from the barb'rous hand, a wild retreat,
Of unrelenting persecution fierce,
In Charles's thoughtless reign the darkest blot,
And hence arose its name, the HARBOUR CRAIG*.
Dark, awful, and tremendous, from his base,
Rugged, he rears his sable head upright,
Dismally parted from the steep behind ;
A narrow pass, now almost filled with earth,
Still marking plain convulsion horrible.

Surprised, with staring eye, the passing swain,
When first, afar, it opens to the sight,
Descries a hoary venerable ruin,
As if by magic hazle wand upreared !
He stops, and, musing, tries to recollect
If aught concerning it he ever heard ;
Anxious to know its founder, and its fate :
With hasty steps, resolved to clear his doubts,
He next, in front, advances up the vale ;
When, lo ! on nearer view, he stands amazed
To find, at last, 'tis Nature's workmanship !
Yet, still, he scarce believes that he is right,
Though rude the pillars, and the caves behind ;

* See the *Description*, and *View*, of this celebrated rock.

So strange the workings of the northern blast !
Delighted, curious, he examines sly ;
And on inspection close, with eager look,
He finds it lettered o'er, on every part,
With ancient dates, and aged characters,
The pious relics of its former guests :
For, here, upon the verdant steep beneath,
And on its heathy summit used to sit,
Devout, sequestered, and attentive, all,
A holy, persecuted, audience grave,
Lending the anxious ear, whilst, raised on high,
His fervent sermons, heated, zealous, preached,
The earnest, warm, enthusiastic teacher,
Standing between the pillars in the rock ;
The grandeur of the pulpit nobly chose,
To suit th' exalted subject of his theme,
The AUTHOR of its being ! hence arose
The lofty church, and gothic pile, to lift,
Though far behind th' effect of Nature's works,
Like these, the mind to elevated thought ;
Weak emblems, both, of HEAVENLY MAJESTY !
Even now, their carvings rude, where least exposed,
Of names, and years, distinctly can be read ;
Pleasing, and innocent, the simple work !
And natural is the wish ! for ever, sure,
And constant, has it been the wish of all ;
Beyond the grave, *to be REMEMBERED LONG !*
“ O Charles ! O monarch ! in long exile trained,
Whose hopeless years th' oppressor's hand to know

How hateful and how hard ; thyself reliev'd,
Now hear, thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
Of want and woe, of danger and despair,
As heaven has thine, to pity their distress !
Yet from the plain good meaning of my heart
Be far th' unhallowed license of abuse ;
Be far the bitterness of saintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name
Masks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In justice founded, circumscribed by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people too ;
Chief one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss,
Fair Freedom ! birthright of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaimed, man's right divine,
Which God who gave indelible pronounced.
But if, disclaiming this his heaven-owned right,
This first, best tenure by which monarchs rule ;
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject flock,
To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
Wide wasting where he reigns—to such a prince
Allegiance kept were treason to mankind,
And loyalty revolt from virtue's law * :”

* MALLET. *Amyntor and Theodora, Canto 2.*

Eastward, above, ascending to the south,
In lengthened bends receding from the *rock*,
A valley runs ; all green and sloping smooth,
Divided, equal, by the languid, dull,
And drowsy turnings of a muddy stream.
Then farther, to the east, across, is seen,
Sombre, dreary, and waste, the HARLAW MOOR* ;
A wide extent, o'er which the wearied eye
Seeks for a place in vain whereon to rest ;
And where the constant lamentations shrill
Of bending curlew, sailing over head ;
And piteous wailings of the plover gray ;
Or lapwing, flitting up and down, above ;
As if deploring their unhappy lots,
Alone assail th' unwilling ear. Save, ere
The close of day, at solemn intervals,
Especially before the coming storm,
The chuckings hoarse of skimming grouse are heard.
Still the hid snipe, with flounce, may chance to rise
From under foot, and, wavering, take the air
With screamings rough affrighted, and, on high,
Disliking to desert its rushy spot,
Flutter aloft, and, smoothly gliding down,
At times, aslant, with droning humming strange
Repeated twice, descend a little way,
Then, sudden somewhat, with a start uprise,
Until, at last, it plunges down, and from

* See the *Map*.

Thick rush, at distance, creaks with grating sound,
Like wheel neglected long : Or the ill-shaped
Wild duck from wetter ground, flap from the reeds,
With harshest cries, and shoot aloft, outstretched.
The croakings dull of amorous toads, and frogs,
Of reptile class, may, too, in spring be heard,
From each dead pool, in mournful harmony,
While, close engaged in the obstetric art,
Within their filthy spawn they soak ingulph't :
And the fell hissings of the lurking snake,
From out the heath ; if wayward chance should lead
A hapless foot across him basking at
The heat of noon in coil luxurious, stuff'd
With nauseous food entire of vermin hatched
Upon the gloomy plain in which he broods,
To rouse him, frantic, to th' envenomed bite.
Such, by the place, have been invited here ;
For other place unfit, and even for this,
Unless, by summer's warmth awak'd, they crawl,
From leaden chains a minute free, again
To sleep an hour. In winter, all beneath
The howling blast is still, as sleep, or death.

Aptly this moor's for deadly conflict fit,
And, cloathed in sable, still it seems to mourn
The fate of those that, here, in skirmish fell,
In brave defence against black Cromwell's scourge ;
Its point, which of the vale, upon the east,

One side, descending, forms, retaining, still,
The name of *Steel* *, extending to the north.
Slow, o'er the barren heath, and reedy fen,
The cold, and ghastly spirits of the slain
May wander long, and mournful, undisturbed ;
Or, still persisting in a state of war,
All pale and bloody with the mortal wound,
Wildly, upon the desert field, perform
Their dreadful, horrid evolutions fell,
And, shrieking hideous, 'midst the dreary, sharp,
Whistlings of the foul blast, fierce, in the dark
And silent midnight, to the frightful gleam
Of dancing *meteor*, may, at once, engage
In airy combat ;—but, how frightened from
This dismal glare, that caused thy death, would, then,
Thy fleeting shade, ELIZA ! fly, with scream
Terrific shrill, and face concealed behind
Thy trembling hands uplifted ! Oh, what fiend
Could plot thy ruin on that dreadful night,
When, home returning from the convoy of
Thy friend, the moon that led thee on the path
Was, on a sudden, darkly hid behind
A cloud that blotted out the way ! The wind
Blew whizzing o'er the heath ; the stream ran with
A constant dreary murmur through the glen ;

* See the *Map*, Mr Bradfute's *Poem*, and the Statistical Account of *West Linton*.

And when the lightning's flash athwart the gloom
Shot vivid, all was black ; thy path it showed
Was lost, but showed no more. Now thick from
heaven

The chilling rain, and blast, descended sharp
Upon the tender victim : Helpless, save
The fading flower blown o'er the heath, unfit
For such a soil, the gardener's darling ! Oh
Had but thy father found thee yet ! Again
'Tis calm ; the flooded waters roar beneath,
And, overhead, the lightnings dart across
The dismal canopy. But, when the fen,
With vapours filled, sent forth its frightful flame,
In kindled air, its *meteor* from the marsh,
Its horrid gleam contrasted with the gloom ;
Unable to withstand the shock, at length,
Back to its warm and feeling heart the blood
Retreated cold. She frantic runs ! Again
It glares ! Her tender trembling limbs, alas !
Exhausted, and fatigued, can do no more,
And, sinking, yield !—Loud now the winds may blow,
At peace ; the nipping blast can pinch no more !
The sighing reeds protect thy beauteous form,
Though bleaching lifeless ; and thy floating shade
Attentive listens to the plaintive notes
Insensible of cold ; itself composed
Of vapour chill.—But, soon, this view so dull,
Beyond the *Steel*, and height of *Symon's House*,
May, yet, be changed into a lively scene.

Westward, below its site, presents itself,
Up from the HARBOUR CRAIG upon the left,
Winding in hasty turnings out of sight,
A deep, and narrow *Glen*, with rugged banks,
From yonder side of which, direct in view,
Sudden, 'midst broken fragments, bursting bright,
And tumbling from the bowels of the earth,
A pure, and rapid current briskly flows ;
His entrance far above. Now, liberty
Regained, gay, sparkling, with a cheerful noise,
He runs to meet his dark and silent friend,
That, from the eastward, down the valley glides.
In union close, the coxcomb, and the sot,
Each to the other frankly yields a part,
And that they may be for each other fit,
They jointly steer a middle course between
The two extremes. Meandering through the vale
At last they join the past'ral Esk ; and down
Its glen with wooded banks inclosed, about
The *Steel*, and *Symon's House* above't, stray on,
Amongst the glades and rocks, till round the *Lake*
They turn, and disappear. Ere this, beyond
The *Steel* descending to the north, and Esk,
From t'other side a stream, as bright as glass,
Falls spouting o'er a rock, within a dell
That opening branches off, then onward plays,
Till down again it pours, collected by
A circling cave that almost closes round

The bowl beneath, thence leaving only room,
For passage strait, between its craggs, and woods,
To let it slily outward steal, when down
Another break it springs, and, round the stones,
And fragments darting, gains the Esk. Close by,
A rural *Onstead* stands, a shepherd's home,
And erst supposed the seat of honest *Glaud*.
'Tis here the haugh, or glade, commences, once
The plain on which a part of Cromwell's troops
By Monk commanded lay encamped, and hence
Monk's Haugh 'tis named to where it circles round
The Lake. No wonder, thus, that Cromwell, Monk,
And brave Montrose, the shepherds' future thoughts
Employed, when *Symon*, to his neighbour, first
Announced King Charles restored, (not dreaming,
then,

Of future persecutions,) and their Knight's
Return. Amidst the Pentland heights this dell,
That meets the haugh, begins, where, high upon
The rounded summit of a grassy hill,
A bloody skirmish with Monk's soldiers rose
In which the leader fell, o'er whom a stone
Was placed that still remains, and from
The chief commander's name, that sent the force,
Though absent also there, *Monk's Rig* 'tis called *.
All to the north, and west, in varied hues,

* The popular accounts of these names, adopted by *Ramsay*.

And shapes, the high and fleecy Pentlands rise,
And terminate the view. Here, blithsome bard,
You laid your rural scenes, so fitly chose.
Here, Ramsay, did thy Gentle Shepherd feed
His gentler flock, and, with his bashful friend,
Lie basking in the sun, and light, and gay,
Laugh o'er his amorous tale : whilst playful, fresh,
And blooming as the rose, his lovely maid,
Upon the "*flowery howm*," with Jenny shy,
Sweetly convers'd, oft, by the "*burnie clear*,"
" Trotting and wimpling " thro' the verdant grass ;
Or farther up the glen, at "*HABBIE'S HOW*,"
That still retains its form, and rustic name,
Beauteous as from the hand of Nature pure,
Unknown to him, timid and watchful, bath'd
Her charming limbs in the encircling pool.
Cheerful, and artless, is thy native strain !
Hence oft, delighted, may the rustic swain,
" Beneath the south side of a *Craigy Bield*,"
Read o'er thy pleasing scenes, and reading learn
To follow out the *simple, honest life*,
THE ONLY SOURCE OF GENUINE HAPPINESS.

THE HERMITAGE:

An Elegy.

THE scenary of this poem is copied from the objects around the *perforated rock*, or *hermitage*, and *mineral well*, between the "Howm," or Washing Green behind New-Hall House, and the Squirrel's Haugh on the Esk, above it.—See the *Map*, and *Descriptions* of the Views.

"About two leagues from *Fribourg*, we went to see a hermitage; it lies in the prettiest solitude imaginable, among woods, and rocks."

ADDISON. *On Italy.*

"And may, at last, my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown, and mossy cell,
Where I may sit, and rightly spell
Of every star the sky doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew."

MILTON.

IN days of yore, when common sense retired,
And only superstition grossly reigned,
In penance often men withdrew from sight,
Trusting that pleasure would come after pain.

By poverty, and stripes, and watchings long,
By checks increased, severities renewed,

They sorely mortified the sinful flesh,
And, thus, their lusts and spirits they subdued.

If but the smallest spark of life was left,
One gay accomplishment, by heaven bestowed,
To grace, and finish off, its favourite man,
They straight debarred him from the *blessed abode*.

The running stream, the hollow glade they sought;
There, in the mossy cell, and deep recess,
Sunk within hanging woods and lofty banks,
They told their beads, and took their lonely mess.

They fasted oft, and earnestly they prayed,
Devoutly pent within the narrow cave;
And oft they sauntered, pensive, thro' the woods,
In quest of herbs, and musing on the grave.

'Twas then, that long there lived, in wild retreat,
A HERMIT, pale with fasting, and with care;
His only drink was water from the brook,
He eat of nothing but the coarsest fare.

Tall was his person, and his carriage grave,
Resigned, though bending with a load of years,
His eyes bespoke the fervour of his mind,
His cheeks were furrowed by his frequent tears.

Low from his chin hung down his silver beard ;
His hoary locks upon his shoulders rest ;
Unless when heated by religious zeal,
Calm, and composed, was all within his breast.

Taught, by experience, in his younger days,
How vain, and trifling, are all things below ;
Retired, he sought by penance, and by prayer,
Th' exalted honours which from goodness flow.

North, to the hills, high o'er the boldest bank,
A guardian *Castle's* top was just observed :
And, on a neighbouring point, was seen, above,
Its Gothic *Chapel*, by the Hermit served ;

A twisted, moss-grown, thorn, beneath its site,
'Bout half-way down, in the recess that lies
On this side south, protected from the sun
The *Fount* from whence the Castle drew supplies.

Close to a rock he built his low RETREAT,
Secure from summer's heat, and winter's storm ;
An *Oratory*, with its cross above,
And roofs, and chimney, reared, in simple form.

His funnelled roof the little chimney crowned ;
Through the arched cave he entered to the cell ;

The corner most exposed a buttress propt,
Supporting high, and safe, the matin bell.

A winding stream ran purling past the grot ;
On it, his windows opened, or a glade,
O'er each, with taste, he threw the gothic arch,
Religion gave the cast to all he made ;

Religion, with his native taste combined,
The wildly solemn point, as fittest chose
Romantic forms, to suit the scenes around ;
Taste even on superstition graces throws.

A rough hewn plank, two rustic piers upheld ;
Out from the pool, at close of sultry day,
At dancing flies the lively trouts light sprang,
Bit at his crumbs, or on the surface play.

With coals collected from the broken banks,
His blazing fires o'er winter's colds prevail ;
The woods, in summer, herbs and roots supplied,
To cure disease, and swell his scanty meal :

Their warm, embowering shades, and varied fruits,
Their streams, and rocks, a crowd of tenants drew,
That strove, as if, to cheer his vacant hours ;
From shelters sung, or gamboled in his view.

By strangers reared, first ushered in the spring,
With simple song, the foundling *cuckoo* gray;
Oft flying straight in quick vibrations past,
Perched oft with tail raised high in amorous play.

Upon the lofty summits of the steep,
High o'er his head, the gloomy pine-trees grow;
Thence came the plaintive cooings of the *dove*;
Thence came the croakings of the mournful *crow*.

From the low glade th' aspiring firs ascend,
With each its ring of cones beneath its point;
Their horny plates the ruddy *cross-bill* tears,
And digs a winged seed from every joint.

The *bullfinch* feeds upon the tender bud;
Like feathered dart, the *long-tailed titmouse* flies;
The *blue** plays round each mossy branch for food;
And up the trunk the mouse-like *creeper* plies.

The sky-blue *heron*, like a pillared stone,
With patience watching, from the fishy stream,
Or from the lofty grove, mounts up, alarmed,
With rambling members, and a piercing scream.

Beside the brook, from out th' impending bank,
A sweet shrill tune the bobbing *ouzel* sends,

* Blue titmouse.

The *rock ring* *, bold though fewer notes repeats,
Whilst from high crag he like a blackbird bends.

Up from the pebbly beach the *wagtail* springs,
With streaming rudder, at the shifting fly ;
The *sand lark* † darts, with bended wings, athwart,
And skims, and loudly pipes, in quivering by.

In quick, short flights, along the dry-stone wall,
Descending first, then rising to the top,
The restless *wheatear*, in its motley dress,
Eyes round, perks, flirts, and chats at every stop.

The creaking *rail* is heard, but never seen,
Now here, now there, the standing corn among ;
The *bunting* sits on the surrounding fence,
And chirps, at intervals, its easy song.

The dazzling *goldfinch* ornaments the woods ;
The *brown*, the *yellow*, *golden crested*, *wrens*,
Their wondrous throats extend ; and, with a screech,
The painted *jay* shoots hurrying cross the glens.

Incessant, fleet, and veering, as the wind,
The *swift*, the *martin* and the *swallow* flies,
And as they show 'tis to be foul or fair,
Swim near the earth, or play among the skies :

* Rock, or Ring Ouzel.

† Sand Piper.

The young ones twitter from their clay-built huts,
Stuck high, in numbers, on the Castle wall ;
Or from their straw-clad holes within the bank,
Extend their throats, and to their parents call.

Slow out of sight the cheerful *lark* ascends ;
Constant, and varied, as he mounts, he sings :
And downward sinking to the topmost spray,
The *titling* warbles with uplifted wings.

Afraid, and coy, yet wishing to be seen,
First at the window, then the door, appears
The friendly *redbreast* ; on the hearth at last
He pertly lands, and lays aside his fears.

The muddy *buzzard* sails from bank to bank ;
The bright gray *harrier* skims along the ground ;
The sharp brown *hawk* stands fluttering high in air,
Or with recurring shrieks keeps wheeling round.

At times, though rare, within the woods is seen,
By chance detached, and as a passing guest,
The spotted *hoopoe*, with its bended bill,
Its blushing plumage, and its graceful crest.

The *partridge* hides its head within the furze ;
The *grouse* sits close beneath the dark brown heath ;

But *renard*, if he chance to steal that way,
Rewards their cautious fears with instant death.

The *lambkins* bleated on the rising hill ;
The *cow-boy*'s horn was heard, the soothing low ;
The *magpie* chattered in the bushy thorn ;
Light skipped the *squirrel* on the slender bough *.

With turned up, snow-white scut, the *rabbit* round,
With drawn-out form, and flattened back-laid ears,
Into its sandy burrow nimbly scuds,
Or peeping out returns and disappears.

The *ermine* jumped from out the humble brake,
And, fearful, rose erect among the grass :
The *weazel*, bounding, crossed the verdant glade,
And sought protection in the stony mass.

Expanded, smooth, beyond the bustling stream,
The bright green lawns about its windings spread,
Save, where turned up, and loose, the light brown
soil,

A heaving heap, the mining *mole* betrayed.

As the strong horse a large round load of hay,
Its volute shell the *slug* drags up the tree ;

* About the Squirrel's haugh. See the Description of *Mary's
Lin and Bower*.

The *scaly lizard* basking in the sun,
Seeks its small hole, and leaves the passage free.

Pleasing, in summer, carolled from the grove,
The *thrush*, the *blackbird*, and the *linnet* sweet ;
The *bee* stood humming on the tender flower ;
Soft was the turf beneath his aged feet.

At times, his Gothic cell, and mossy rock,
Attract the shepherd from the evening fold ;
His artless crucifix displayed a-top
Marked it to be a Hermit's cave, untold.

His penance so severe, his life so pure,
Oft drew the saint beneath his friendly shade ;
His earnest, frequent, intercourse with heaven,
Oft brought the sinner to request his aid.

The virtues of each plant so well he knew,
In healing sickness was his skill so sure,
Found by the happy patient, oft from far,
'Twas seldom that he failed to work a cure.

Deep sunk in trees amongst the rocks above,
By secret path approached, a curious well
Lay near, the hidden uses all of which
He knew, and practised, at his friendly cell ;

With tender care he drew it from its source,
He cut a channel to the solid face,
He scooped a bason, raised a cooling shed,
And to her *Lady's* self consigned the place.

The Castle's, once a Convent, still, there stood
An *Hospital** beneath the nearest hill;
The weary, and the sick, found shelter there,
And there he often exercised his skill.

'Tis said that when, at noon, the pious swain,
With humble present, from his hut, drew near,
He found him slowly wandering in the wood
Charmed with the beauties of the fruitful year.

Again, beneath an aged elm espied,
Devoutly standing in his russët gown,
He saw him lean upon his faithful staff,
And tell the beads that from his belt hung down.

The witch-like *hare* now from her form awaked,
Crossing the lea with awkward hobble appears;
Or midst the dewy grass, whilst nibbling quick,
Oft rising, fearful, shows her lengthened ears.

To meet his mate, or seek the evening snail,
Out from the hedge the hog-like *urchin* creeps,

* See the Description of the '*Spitals of New Hall*.

With probing snout steals on ; or rolls him up,
And like a ball of thorns from danger keeps.

With humming noise the *beetle* spins along,
Straight, through still air, directs his drowsy flight ;
The mongrel *bat*, with sooty leathern wings,
Flits round the trees, and shows the coming night *.

Oft at the silent hour when spectres walk,
Drawn to his window by the silver ray,
He marked the paleness of the wading moon,
He marked the sluggish dullness of her way :

He saw the twinkling of the distant star :
The gleaming current glittered in his sight :
Solemn, and dark, came on the sable cloud ;
And all lay buried in the dreary night.

The *owl* sat screaming in the deep recess ;
Loud, wild, and dismal, was her mournful cry :
The rushing of the waters filled the glen,
Resounded from the rocks, in passing by.

But, chiefly, in his latter days he used,
Close by his window with his rock behind,
To, musing, pore upon the passing brook,
Pleased with the rustlings of the fleeting wind :

* See the List of Animals, in the Description of the *Washing Green*, for those characterized here.

'Twas here he studied oft his favourite book ;
Here did he oft, in contemplation deep,
Sadly reflect upon the bypast years,
Sadly remember that *his fathers sleep.*

The shadow of the cloud passed o'er the glade ;
Struggling, in vain, went on the murmuring stream ;
The rugged rock falls slowly down to dust ;
All did remind him—DEATH IS NOT A DREAM.

Soon did the father realize his thoughts ;
Soon did another mournful instance give ;
To all on earth an end is firmly fix'd ;
Few are the days the oldest have to live.

Long did the friendly tear, and grateful sigh,
Mark the remembrance of the help he gave ;
And ever, to the memory of his life,
Sacred has been preserved his lonely CAVE.

The plank is gone, but still its piers are left ;
'Twixt and the cell the shining pool still lies,
No crumbs now fall, but still, at summer's eve
Its eager trouts, as if impatient, rise.

Still, up the steep, his crystal well remains,
The faint and languid seek it out with care,
And that the holy finder of the spring
May be rewarded, is their constant prayer :

*For a BATHING HUT in HABBIE'S HOW ;
Dedicated to PEGGY, the Gentle Shepherdess.*

An Ode.

" Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit ; et imbres
" Nivesque deducunt Jovem : nunc mare nunc silvæ
" Threicio aquilone sonant."

HOR. *lib. 5, carm. 13.*

" Red came the river down, and loud, and oft
" The angry spirit of the water shriek'd."

DOUGLAS. *Act 3. Sc. 2.*

" The winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled
from the hills——

" Work'd into sudden rage by wintry showers,
" Down the steep hill the roaring torrent powers :
" The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise."

RAMBLER. NO. 65.

" PEGGY.—Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
" Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow :
" Between twa birks out-o'er a little lin
" The water fa's and maks a singand din :
" A pool breast-deep beneath as clear as glass,
" Kisses with easy whirls the bordering grass.
" We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
" And when the day grows het we'll to the pool,
" There wash oursell—'tis healthfu' now in May,
" And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day."

GENTLE SHEPHERD. *Act 1. Sc. 2.*

FERCELY blew the wintry blast ;
Cold, and drenching, was the rain ;
Mercy on the tender flocks !
On the herds that grazed the plain !—
Quickly arose this rapid stream,
Largely fed by many a rill ;
*Esk Head**, the fount from whence he came,
Is at the back of *Patie's Hill*.
Darkly, and troubled, deep he rolled,
Tumbling, and roaring, as he went ;
Till, frantic, o'er these rocks he rushed,
And for a while his fury spent :
Now, calmly, in the pool he wheels,
Beneath the foam, and mist that rose ;
Then, with gained vigour, as before,
He dashing down the valley goes.
Thus have I seen a tawny bull,
By rushing dogs with rage supplied,
Come roaring down the mountain's brow,
As if he every check defied :
But if a swamp should intervene,
He foams, and flounders with his train ;
Till struggling to an issue found,
He thunders down the steep again.—

* *Esk Head*, at the foot of the *Harper Rig*. See the Descriptions of the *Maft* ; and of the *'Spitals of New Hall*.

Thanks to thee, RURAL HUT ! 'twas then,
Stopt, with my gun, I sought thy aid ;
How freely didst thou take me in,
And give me shelter in thy shade !——
Long last thy hospitable roof !
Long may thy rustic walls remain !
And may th' unfriendly, envious blast,
Attempt to break them down, in vain !
Hence may these hanging trees, and rocks,
Be thy protectors always found !
May woodbines, and the ivy green,
Cheerful, in summer, clasp thee round !

Here let me, 'tis a favourite spot,
When languid at the bottom lie
The finny race, o'erpowered with heat,
Take out my book, put up my fly !——
Enchanted, by thy native scenes ;
Lulled by the falling of the stream ;
Here, *Ramsay*, may I, acted, see
Thy GENTLE SHEPHERD in my dream :
His artless bower-tree stockinhorn,
His dog, and flock, would make him known ;
His crook, smart garters, bonnet blue,
And plaid across his shoulder thrown :
For often, with his bashful friend,
Retiring hither from the plain,
Blithsome, he told his amorous tale ;
Or, piping, played a merry strain :

Happy, like Damon *, had he found
Gay PEGGY, with her sparkling “ een,”
As here she bathed her lovely form,
When tired with washing on the green :
Though much I doubt if *Patrick* had,
Like modest Damon, stole from sight ;
He’d “ brattled,” rather, “ down the brae,”
And laught to see her in a fright :
Then, when he’d meet her with her friends,
She blushed, looked down, and nought could say,
He’d torture with his artful jeers,
Till, as he’d wished, she stole away.——
Whilst in the shape of cheerful lark,
Still lively, o’er this place you sing ;
Or goldfinch-like these birches haunt,
And with shrill music make it ring ;
O may I oft, to share thy glee,
Here wish my heated limbs to cool ;
Thy HUT protect my cloaths, whilst I
Enraptured plunge into the pool ;
As those who into Lethé dive,
And there forget fatigue, and pain,
Imbibe thy spirits as I swim,
And, thus, a new existence gain !

Of equal use, in winter storms ;
And in the heats of sultry days ;

* In *Thomson’s Seasons*. See the Description of *Habbie’s How*.

Simple, and rural is thy HUT ;
 But *merit only calls for praise.*

PEGGY'S MYLL, *below the CARLINE'S LOUPIS.*

A Ballad ;

CONTAINAND the hystorie o' the Myll—a descrip-
 tion of it—its stanss—and of the howm forenent it.—
 Of the impudence o' myller Jok quhan Kate trampit
 at the edge o' the howm—and of the zearly meetand
 on it, below the Pyper's Know. — Als alswo how
 Bess Bamphray maist lost a husband on the road
 haim to her midder's cot-house at Monk's Haugh ;
 and how a ghaist gat her ane against hys wyll.—To-
 gydder wi' a fryendly hynt tae zoung lasses—an ob-
 servation on the uncertain issues o' schemes and pro-
 jects—the uselessness o' envy—and mony odder
 thyngs whylk the auld-farrand wyll not myss tae
 notys in bygaand.

QUHAN Patie gat Sir William's lands,
 The auld corn myll at Carlopis
 Was sair fa'n into disrepair,
 Frae th' pit-whiel tae its ruif-topis ;

Tho' on the Uisge, in Roger's farm,
 It, ance, bayth late and early,

Below the mouth o' Mause's glenn,
Culd grynd aits, pease, an' barley :

At t'iddier mouth atween its rokkis
Thys honest wyse auld wydow
Amang the haws had, synce, hir cruve
Be-north the grene and meadow *.

He wrychtis and masonis set to wark,
He wair't on't muckle syller,
He chang't its name to PEGGY'S MYLL,
And Roger gat a myller :

The myller's name is Mathew Meal,
Jok Duist is Mathew's servant,
Quho, wi' hys maister's, hys ain dues
To draw is maist observant :

To Mathew Meal the multuris fa' ;
Jok Duist gets a' the sequels,
The knaveschipsis, bannocks, gowpens or lokis ;
For sucken †, it has nae equals.

Its wa's are whyter, now, than snaw ;
The staneis are layde fu' neitly ;

* See the *Gentle Shepherd*, Act 5. Scene 1. ; the Description of
Mause's Cottage ; and the *Map*.

† Extent of thirlage, or astricted grounds.

And' a' the fo'k als they zie bye,
Crye, ferlyan, O how staytly !

Its ruif's now blew wi' bonny sklatis
That skinkle o'er wi' dimonts ;
An' ay the jawps flee frae the whiel
That quirlis at the end on't.

The klapper gangs sae kantily,
That a' the nychbours lyk it ;
E'en Nepis's tung was ne'er sae loud,
Quhan chierily she krackyt.

Abune, the road lieds throuch the glenn,
Up frae the rumblan' water,
Atween the hyllis aman the craygis,
That maks an unka klatter ;

But frae the ford and Pyper's know *
The byrkis hyng down fu' swietly,
And round a howm on t'odder syde
The burnie rins mair sliely :

Wi' cauler shankis, and kyltit coatis,
Here trampit Kate fu' tychtly,

* Below the present bridge at the north end of the village of the Carlops, and of Mause's glen.

Quhan duisty Jok jeer't frae the myll
I ne'er saw legs sae sychtly.

Now, a' the lasses every zier,
'Nieth *Patie's* sunny *Hyll-o* *,
An' a' the lads, miet on this howm,
An' danss tae PEGGY'S MYLL-O.

The pyper sits upon the know
And plays awa fu' chier'ly;
The auld fo'k sit on ilka syd,
And gab awa fu' merr'ly.

Sae smart ilk lad, wi' bonnet blue,
Ilk quene wi' cockernonny,
The grannies own, even in thair day
The howm was ne'er sae bonny.

And round, and round, lyke Peggy's quhiel,
They danss bezond the water :
And sae they chier the auld anes heartis,
They clack lyk Peggy's clapper.

Than, O, quhan Pate and Peggy cumis,
And crownis the merry mietand ;
Wi' joy, it maks thair heartis sae grit
They're a' maist at the grietand !

* See the Description of the '*Spitals of New Hall*; and the *Map*.

The lads zie a' the lasses hame,
A quhyl azont the gloamand,
Wi' sic a routh o' sport and glie
It kiepis them lang frae roamand.

Ance, at thys mietand, Will, and Bess,
Danss'd a' the day thegidder ;
The twa war sae wiel match't, and lyk,
You'd thought Will Bess's bridder.

Will was auld Symon's cottar's son ;
Bess was Glaud's cottar's dochter,
A virtuous wydow's only weane,
An' mony a herd had socht her.

Will was a tycht and strapand chield,
And pryz't hymself upon it ;
He had bra' gartands at hys knies,
And rybbands round hys bonnet :

He was baith straycht, and ruddy face't,
And lyk't a bonny lassie,
But cu'dna' thynk to tak a wyfe
He was sae proud and saucy :

A tappet cock in hys ain zaird,
Was ne'er mair fu' o' mettle,
Or mair perplex't, amang hys hennis,
On quhylk o' them to settle ;

For a' the hyzzies round the place,
It mycht bie sene fu' playnly,
War stryvand sae that ony ane
Wa'd danss wi' hym fu' faynly.

Thys Bess als wiel as he observ't,
And 't made hir bozome flutter,
Quhan ilka quene, frae spyt, that day
Sniest to hir wi' a stutter :

The mair they snyft, the mair sche straiye
Tae kiep hym to hirsell-o ;
And Will, that day, wi' sonsy Bess,
Had not, it's sayd, hys fellow.

He danss'd wi' sic an air, and glie,
And fitted it sae niety,
That a' the lads, frae schaim, and teynd,
Luiked ne'er before sae blately :

They cudna' get thair feet tae gang
Lyk als they saw swiet Willie's ;
They war, compayrd, lyk spavied couttis ;
Thair quenes, nier Bess, lyk fillies.

At last, it fell sae late, and myrk,
The gimmers they grew frychted

That, gyf they didna suin gi'e o'er,
They wa'd be a' benychted.

Swa, sum thair fryends, and sum thair laddis,
Tuik wi' them, tae protek them;
Sum gaed in hirsells, sum in pairs,
Juist as it dyd affek them.

Amang the last zung Will and Bess,
Thouch Bess was in a swydder,
Als they had duin a day, agried
Tae kiek bie ane anydder:

The tane lyy'd at the Harlaw Muir,
The todder stayd at Monk's Haugh;
But first they set out wi' a cowp,
That they mycht not gar fo'ks laugh:

A wee bit on, they watched thair tym,
And fa'and slaw behynd them,
Sklent sliely duin to the burn syd,
Quhan nane they thocht wa'd mynd them.

Bot myller Jok, quha wowit Bess,
Suspekand quhat wad happen,
Had gaen for hys quhyt duisty coat,
Quhan they thocht liest, to pap in:

He fallow'd them, behynd the cruid,
Tae zie quhat they had ettled;
And quhan he fand hys guess was rycht,
Hys plan, or lang, was settled.

Zont the Wood brae * they 'skapit aff,
Tae gang east, by the watter,
And thocht they war thair lanes swa suin
Als died awa' the clatter;

But Jok was mair ta'en up wi' them
Than let them out o' sycht, thoch,
And they had odder thyngs than hym
To mynd, had it been lycht thoch.

They dander'd down the clier burn syde,
Quhys marr'd wi' craigis, and buschis,
And quhys wi' cantie babbland spryngis
Fryng'd cross the haughs wi' ruschis.—

At last, no far frae Habbie's How,
The linn they wiel cu'd hier it,
Quod Bess, to Will, wi' a' they stops,
And dansses, I'm maist wierit.

Then we'll syt duin juist here, quoth he,
Upon thys cozie brae syd,

* See the *Map*.

Ze needna fier, at liest whyle zou
Ha'e me upon zour tae syd.

Sche sat hir duin, als Will advys't,
The byrks hang o'er, behynd them ;
Frae zont the glenn, frae out the burn,
The muin schone lyk tae blynd them :

Frae Habbie's How, a bit below,
They heard the watter singand,
Quhar quhyt it, 'mang the limestane craigis,
Sets luggs that's near't a ringand.

Quod Will to Bess; now Bess, I beg
Zou'll tell me now sincerely—
Then, first, zou must, guid partner Will,
Zour mynd lay open fairly :

Before that zou dyd that, indeed
A fuil I surely wa'd bie ;
Quhan I had ne'er a grip-mysell,
To gi'e ze me to haud bie :

It's no my bus'ness fyrst, tae spiek ;
They ken, that ken the matter :
Quhan I've heard how zou do, I'll, then,
About it, tell zou better.—

Gyf that's the case, then, Will replys,
And I haif nocht els for't then,
I'll tell zou a' my mynd at ance,
And cut the tether short then.

To let ze, Bess, then understand
At ance quhat is my meaning ;
Bie that pure stream thare at our feet !
This day, zou've ta'en me clene in.

Before I saw zou at the howm,
I'd lauch't at sche wad tell me
Quhat, I must now confess to zou,
'Twas, Bess, that thare befell me.

Zou danss swa wiel, and luik swa fresch,
And gi'e sic tempand glansses ;
Quha, thynk ze, that ha'e ene ava,
Are prufe 'gainst sic advansses.

Wiel, since I must ; mysell, to zou,
I totally surrender !
And of my all, without reserve,
I mak zou, Bess, a tender !

Quhyl thys he said, he prynts hys worddis
Upon hir lippis wyth kysses ;
Expectand to get back, for them,
At liest als mony yesses.

'Tis now zour turn, quod he, tae spiek,
Unless zou mien tae mok me—
Sche gied a luik ; and than cry'd out,
O Will, zou're lyk tae chok me!

Quhidder it was compassion moved ;
Or that he thocht sche Jok squawl't ;
Or 'twas frae spyt at William's luck ;
Or juidg't sche for the joke bawl't ;

Or 'twas regard for Bess's fame,
That seemed now in sic danger ;
Or frae them a' ; als he ne'er told,
We're still als zet a stranger :

But swa it was, juist at the tym
Quhan Will was lyk tae chok hir,
Jok, wi' his mealy coat and face,
Appeared, and thus bespok hir.—

“ Bess Bamphray ! turn zour face this way ;
Thoch I am died and rotten,
Are a' zour promises to Jane,
Zour midder, swa forgotten !

Quhan sche thys morning rigged zou out,
And tyed zour cockernonny ;
Did sche no tell ze tae tak care
O' men, thoch ne'er swa bonny ?

O Bess attend tae quhat I say !
How often did zou tell us
Zou ne'er wad trust a swankie's word ;
For they war sliddery fallows !"—

Bess was, at fyrst, swa ta'en wi' Will,
Sche nodder saw, nor heard him ;
But suin, I trow, quhan they luik't round,
Jok, in a twinkland, scared them.—

Quhyl Will was glowrand, Bess slipp't out,
Baith frae hys sycht, and clutches :
And, now, his lane, he ran, als chaced
Bie fifty diels, and witches !

Als Bess he nodder saw, nor heard,
He juidg't he'd fairly lost her ;
And, in despair, at last, he went
And lay duin on his bouster.

Upon the tap of the burn brae,
Abune the linn and watter,
Stands Halbert's house. I thynk guidwyfe,
Says he, I hier a blatter !—

The wyfe and weanes ran to the door,
To zie quha 'twas was at it !—

* See the *Map* ; and the Description of *Habby's House*.

Cries Is'bel ; losh preserve us Bess !
At thys tym ; and swa towtit !

Is thys an hour tae gang about,
O'er glens, and braes ; z'r lane too ?
And a' sae towzl't ; as if sum chiel
Had gotten ze juist wi' weane, too !

But cum z'r wa ; z're walcum thoch :
Thare's a guid fyre, tae warm ze :
Tak in that stuil, and tell's z'r crakkis ;
Nane, here at liest, wyll harm ze.—

Quhan sche'd sat duin ; O dear, quod Bess,
Guid niechbours but I'm wierit !
I saw e'en now my fadder's ghaist ;
And styll I thynk I hier it !—

Zour fadder's ghaist ! they a' cryed out.—
And quhat, Bess, dyd it say to ze ?—
I'm sure, quod Hab, it could nae crymē,
That e'er I heard o', lay tae ze.—

The stars forfend ! quoth Bess, that I
Shuld e'er bie at the mercy
Even o' my fadder's ghaist for that !
Wi' frycht, I'd die gyf 'twar sae.

And zet had it not been for hym,
That cam tae my protection,
I dried, afore thys tym, I'd been
Under the diel's subjection.

A fadder he has been tae me,
Quhan died, als wiel as lievand ;
From frae a wicked chiel's attacks
Me juist e'en now reprievand !—

Foul fa' the worthless loun ! cryes Tib ;
Quha culd it bie, I wonder ?—
I'm sure he kens himsell, quoth Bess ;
I wadna lyk tae blunder :

I was sae put besyde my wits,
Quhan in hys arms he lock't me ;
I culd but, 'twixt hys kysses, cry,
O, are ze ga'an tae chok me !

Nae suiner had I cryed thys out,
Than hierand something spiekand,
He cudna' help, between the smakkis,
Frae o'er hys schouther keekand :

Quhan, lo ! als lyk als lyk culd be,
Althoch sum wee thing zounger,
Azont the burn my fadder stuid,
As quhyt as a mielmonger !

His schadow in the watter shon ;
He stuid hys leefu' lane thare ;
Upon its edg, a' quhyt, and straucht,
Juist lyk a lang hied-stane thare !

Quhane'er the chiel saw't, and was sure
His ene war no baith reeland,
He bang'd up lyk a loun bewitch't,
Or lyk a thief catch't stieland.

Quhan in's ain voice it cryed " O Bess !
Attend to quhat I say now ;"
I skrieht ! and, als the rever did,
I rase, and ran awa too.

I jynkit round a hazel busch ;
And up the brae I scrambled ;
And, as zou zie me, towzled a',
I tae zour dor ha'e rambled.

I'm sure it's bene a lucky thyng
That I ha'e fund zour fyre-syd ;
For had I no, bie chanss, cum here,
I had died at sum myresyd.—

Says Is'bel, Hab wyll zie ze haim,
Sae suin as ze ha'e warm't ze ;
Zour midder wyll be grievand sair
Wi' thinkand somethyng's harm't ze :

He's at the wars bene, and can faicht,
Wi' ony ghaist, or warlock—
O dier, sychs Bess, I wuss he had
Bene wi' me frae the Carlop!—

Quod Hab, fyrst, Tib, let's tayst a scon;
And with't' zour covenanting!
They'll gi'e us heat; and mak us bauld;
Quoth Tib, Hab, how zou banter!

Sche hurries ben to hir ayn boal:—
Bie thys slae rounng and bonnit!
Wynks he to Bess, I'll wager zou
We'll wayt an hour upon it!—

Kynd Is'bel brocht the bottyl butt,
Cryand, Hab, zou'd gar a fox lauch!—
Throuch it, or lang, bayth Hab, and Bess,
War saifly huised at Monk's Hauch.

Niest day spunk't out the hail affair;
How Jok pass'd for Bett's daddy:
And, as he cudna' kiep awa,
Sche saw hir muirland laddy.

He stappet o'er the burn tae hir,
Hir favour tae recover;

Tae offer hir hymself again,
And styll remayn hir lover.

Sche, now, tho', was mair canny grown.
Afore he cu'd obtain hir,
He was oblyg'd tae ca' a priest,
Tae say a grace, tae gayn hir.

Bayth Will and Bess, next zier, war at
The howm at PEGGY'S MYLL-O :
And, now, being married fo'ks, the rest,
Wythout sturt, danss'd thair fill-o.

Zet a' the niechbours still are clier,
And Will hymself has sayd it,
That hadna' myller Jok appiered
Tae Bess he'd ne'er bene wedded.

Swa myller Jok, in fek, wass he
That tyd thaim fast thegiddér ;
And buxom Bess that nycht sent haym
Als sche had left hir midder :

For wythout hym, sche'd lost, I fier,
E'er, for a husband, Willie ;
And or 'twas lang, without remied,
Had luiked bayth sadd, and sillie.

Thus, actions aft'lied quyte contrair
Frae quhat bie thaim's intended ;
For Jok ne'er driem'd hys prank wa'd bie
Wi' Bess's wedding ended.

THE CARLOPS GREEN ;

OR EQUALITY REALIZED :

A Ballad,

Written in the year 1793.

WITH an EPISODE, founded on a real event, containing a comparison between *Tweeddale Mutton*, and the *Edinburgh Races* ; including a SOLILOQUY on *Pleasure*, particularly that of *eating*, the way we like it, and the different kinds of it.

ON one side of the conic rocks
The carline loup'd between ;
A glen bends northwards to the Esk,
On t'other side's a green * :

Along the glen, a little town
Frae th' rocks runs to the brig ;

* See the *Map* ; with the Descriptions of *Mause's Cottage*, and *Roger's Habitation* ; and of *The Lin Burn*.

On this the hill, on that the brae,
The town's baith snug and trig.

The brig is built abune the ford ;
Below it is the stance
Of Peggy's mill ; and o'er't the howm
Where was a yearly dance *.

The street in breadth is sixty feet ;
The houses all are neat,
With doors and windows painted white,
And roofs of tyle, and slate.

Half way between the rocks and brig,
The street spreads to a square,
A fountain there supplies the town,
And keeps it clean and fair.

Eastle the rocks a canty inn
Gives lodging, beer, and bread ;
Over the door it has the sign
Of Mause the witch's head :

'Tis thirteen miles from Edinburgh,
Upon the Biggar road ; -
Which runs below the Pentland Hills,
Through where the green is broad :

* See the preceding poem, on *Peggy's Myll below The Carlyng's
Loupis.*

Be-south the craigs the carline lived,
So blithesomè Ramsay tells,
When Bauldy, Madge once sent away
With towzled harigells:

The tree still stands, where, like a stane,
Half petrified with fear,
He stood in sight, and swithered lang
Or he durst venture near:

It grows beside a little well,
East from the inn, and rocks,
And of west winds from Carlops Hill,
It still can bear the shocks*.

The craigs, be-north of Mause's hut,
Directly intervene,
And make a narrow pass, betwixt
The village, and the green:

Beyond the green, half round it, south,
There sweeps a trotting burn,

* See the View of *Mause's Cottage, and Roger's Habitation*; and the *Map*. Roger's Habitation was once used as an inn. See *Dr Pennecuik's Description of Tweeddale*. Before that, it was the mansion of the estate; and after, in the days of Allan Ramsay, the farmstead to the whole lands of the Carlops, as one sheep walk, on their annexation to New Hall.

Beneath a gently-rising bank,
Directing every turn ;

Till, ending in a swelling know,
Formed by King Charlie's Nick,
It opens to a haugh below,
And lets it pass it quick ;

In distant vista, down this vale,
Which verdant slopes surround,
Appears the house, upon the height
Where Symon, once, was found ;

The loyal friend of honest Glaud,
That o'er good news to laugh,
In old times, oft, across the burn,
Called on him at Monk's Haugh *.

East, from this valley's southern edge,
Springs up the Rumbling Well ;
West, up its Dean, three curious mounts
Contrast the Carlops Hill †.

Behind the opening 'twixt the rocks,
Runs, bright, the village forth ;
'Tween and gay Patie's 'Spital Hill,
Its shelter on the north :

* See the View, and Description of *Glaud's Onstead* ; and the
Map.

† See the *Map*.

As far's the square, the houses line
The street without a bend ;
Along the level street is view'd
The fount at farthest end.

Upon this flat expanded spot,
Whence all these round appear,
A market's seen, the twenty-third
Of April, every year * :

'Twixt Patie's Hill, and Roger's Rig,
The poet's tower ascends † ;
There pastoral flutes, with vernal glee,
For the prize pipe contend ‡.

Another in October's held,
Upon its fifteenth day ;
This day, when *Ramsay* first drew breath,
The *green* is ever gay :

* See the Descriptions of *Mause's Cottage* ; and *The Lin Burn* ; also the *Almanacks*.

† See the *Map*, for the site of *Ramsay's Tower*.

‡ These annual contests, among the shepherds of the Pentland Hills, at Ramsay's Tower in the spring, for a Scots pastoral flute, recall the days of *Theocritus*, and *Virgil*, and the competitions for the prize pipe, amidst the Arcadian scenes of Sicily, and Italy, which constitute the chief subjects of their Idyls, and Eclogues.

To crowds, at e'en, amidst the scenes
That gave his *drama* birth,
The shepherds act it, to the life,
And crown his fame with mirth*.

The tents are pitched upon the heights
The merchandize to hold ;
And, to attract the dealers more,
Well covered from the cold :

There gingerbread, and ribbons gay,
Are placed to catch the eye ;
For older heads, too, whisky stoups,
That all may come and buy.

The farmers hale their cattle bring ;
The young folks all conveyen ;
And many a fairing is exchanged
That day at CARLOPS GREEN.

Sometimes the drums and streamand pipes,
Are like to deave their ears ;
Whan thro' the fair the serjeant struts,
Enlisting volunteers :

* See the Description of *Mause's Cottage*, and *Roger's Habitation* ; and, in NO. 6. of this Appendix, among the Popular Poems, the *Prologue to The Gentle Shepherd*, written by James Forrest, when it was acted at Roger's Rig, near the Carlops.

Unless when, flourishing his cane,
He stops his pipes and drum,
And calls on all the gallant youths,
Lest here the French should come,

In ane o' their romantic freaks,
And on their sweethearts fa',
And tak their fathers' gudes and gear,
And leave them nought ava!

Not even, he bawls, brave lads your breeks,
Your hizzies even their coats!
For those in France that ha'e the sway
Are a' daft *Sans Culottes*.

ANCE James, and John, met at this fair:
James straight from Edinburgh came;
John had a fat yeld cow to sell,
And wasna' far frae hame.

Quoth James, come this way, to yon' shed?
Let's see what's in your mill?
We'll try to mak a bargain there,
And crack out o'er a gill.

Wi' a' my heart, quo' John: and so
Across the green they went;
And tho' it seemed already fu',
Got baith seats in the tent.

So soon as James had bought the cow,
Deep politics began ;
He *of the people* was a friend,
And to *the rights of man*.

A fife and drum, that was ga'an by,
Pat Frenchmen in their heads ;
For, whiles, but frae a silly cause
A great event proceeds.

I'm for equality, cries he !
I've read all *Thomas Paine* ;
And, lest a word I should forget,
I'll read him o'er again.

What right have those they call the rich—
Come here's to you friend John—
What right have they to more than we ?
I answer, surely none !—

What would you do then, tell me James ?—
O, by all means *divide* !
I'd like, if 'twere but from mere spite,
In Cræsus' coach to ride.

Though, unpractised, I there should be
Sick, listless, and in pain ;
A jeer to all my neighbours round,
And but distresses gain ;

Though, unbred up in Cræsus' ways,
By them I'd lose my health;
I'd like, if but to humble him,
To rob him of his wealth.—

But then, quoth John, by riding so
Ane's head may turn about,
And, frae no kenning how to use't,
The purse may soon run out.

But if, again, what we try for
Is to have *equal rights*;
We ken that's no French nonsense, James,
For that a Briton fights.

You're no' awar' an equal purse,
My friend, can never be;
At least if all have equal rights
To spend it, and be free:

'Twere as great tyranny to make
A lavish prodigal
Hoard up his share, as from a scrub,
By force to take it all.

Besides, at once, your levelling would
Destroy all soul, and spirit,
By blotting all distinctions out,
The only spurs to merit.

But as for equal rights, even now,
We have them perfect here ;
For, just like any other man,
We hang a wicked peer.

Your equal purse would soon be gone ;
All would be as before :
Some would pick up what you had lost
And add it to their store.

Or lang, this sure would be the case ;
And what would you do then ?—
Why, what else would I do, says James,
But just *divide again* !—

Then, cried twa beggars, from without,
An island each of lice,
What share shall I get of your cow ?—
Or I get of her price ?—

What right have you, no more than we,
To any thing that's good ?
Or even than our free born lice,
That must, through us, have food ?—

In truth, quoth John, I fear, good friends,
You'll not share as a glutton,
An English Squire, not far frae this
Shared of a black-faced mutton.—

Ay, ay, man, whatna story's that ?
Says James, let's hear't ; though lang.—
But if an hour it tak tae tell't.—
I wunna' say its wrang.—

Weel then, quoth John ; and so ye see.—
Come, here's t'ye !—gie's a snuff ?—
There's ane frae me.—Ere I am duin,
You'll think it lang enough.

The Squire, and's man, baith on their way,
Had rode, to near this place,
Some eighty years ago, or mair,
To see an Edinburgh race.

On Sunday they had got thus far,
When he pulled up his bridle ;
And, though 'twas late, for dinner called,
Not wishing to be idle.

The landlord, just the day before,
Had killed a prime fat wedder ;
So to a leg John Bull and he,
Or lang, sat down together.—

Why, faith ! says Bull, host, this looks well !
Then cutting up the loin,
Beneath at least an inch of fat,
The juice sprang up like wine ;

Like port, it filled the ashet full,
The cut expanding wide.
If all your mutton's so, laughs he!
I'll not begrudge my ride.—

The landlord swore 'twas four years old,
The true short breed of Tweeddale!
And with the rest, if he would stay,
None but the Squire should meddle :

No, not the king, were he to starve,
Should taste a single bit ;
Until his honour should have done,
Who'd got the first of it.—

If so, cries Bull, at least I'll stay,
Good host, at least this night :
By Jove ! I cannot think to stir
Without another bite.

My man shall go to town himself ;
While I keep here alone ;
And bring me out the news, betimes,
Of how the race went on.—

What signifies it, adds the host,
When for a week each day
A race is run, although you should,
Sir, be from one away.

Each race, believe me, 's much the same
As that which went before :
To see five races then yourself,
Is just as good's a score.—

Next day the quarter was discussed ;
While Tom told all the news ;
As, how this rider broke his neck,
And, how that got a bruise.

Egad ! says Bull, you make so plain,
Tom, all that happened there ;
I know as well how all has passed
As if I'd had my share.

You shall to-morrow go again.
Take notice who's the winner ?
You may, with perfect ease, be back
A little after dinner.

There are *four* races after next,
Still, ere the *whole* are run ;
I surely will have seen enough
Before these four are done.—

Another quarter was produced :
It bred a fresh excuse :
Till Tom was sent five times, at last,
To town to bring the news.—

One quarter of the wedder, now ;
And but one race remained ;
When thus the squire convinced himself,
And from the race refrained.—

Though I have rode two hundred miles,
For *pleasure* was it not :
And what can give me more delight
Than what I here have got ?

We all in pleasure, 'tis allowed,
Have an undoubted right
To choose, each man, what suits himself,
And gives him most delight ;

But was a man, whose finest nerves
Were placed within his palate,
To choose a show, before a feast,
I'd surely folly call it:

Now, for my part, I do declare
That, such are my dull eyes,
A sight, even, of such charming meat,
Before a race I prize :

I, surely, therefore, ne'er can rue,
Though I should miss this race ;
When I shall put into my guts
Such mutton in its place.

By eating well, at least, we may
In bulk, and vigour thrive ;
But, who, e'er by the grandest sight
Was even kept alive :

O'er all the senses, now, so high
Is that of *eating* placed,
That every connoisseur in them
Is called a man of *taste* :

Hence 'tis that both the eyes, and nose,
Are but as centinels
Placed o'er the mouth, and but its guards,
To see that all is well :

Accordingly, that 'tis their chief,
On which the rest depend,
They know full sure, for were't to close
All would be at an end :

Our first great object, then, should be
To give't the choicest fare ;
The others only, after it,
Should be our second care :

If they should interfere with 't, then,
Of course, 't should not be hard,

At once, to fix, which of the two,
I think, should be preferred ;
The solid pleasures from the mouth
We, therefore, ought to prize,
Nay even my very hounds do so,
Before those from the eyes.
Besides, in pleasures more refined,
As I've heard at some lecture,
Good *lodging* takes the lead, even there,
The child of *architecture* :
Hence, schemers, high, we builders call
Of castles in the air ;
And all contrivers architects,
Of projects, foul, or fair :
A sorry architect, I fear,
For such a scheme, I'd be,
To leave, with meat, good lodging, then,
An open race to see ;
Even were I certain of some sport,
To raise a little mirth ;
When 'tis exposed to colds, and rains,
And breezes, from the Firth !

The race may, after all, turn out

Not to be very good ;

Then, for a shadeless, empty, show,

I'd lodgings leave, and food :

And, this delicious meat still more,

This mutton, to enhance,

T'd 'change, with it, a certainty,

For what is but a chance :

Now, as *one* bird in hand's, at least,

Worth *two* before they're catch't ;

'Twould take two chances of good sport,

Before this leg was match't.

Besides, we've races such as these,

From what Tom's daily told,

And just as tempting, nearer home,

With any man I'll hold !—

For the last time, you shall set out,

Then, Tom, for Leith to-morrow.

Next day the wedder will be done ;

I say't with grief, and sorrow :

For, our coarse mutton, for a year,

I'll not let near my mouth.

By Monday I'll have eat this up ;
And then I'll turn me south.

On Sunday last 'twas we came here ;
One stage but from the race ;
Where I've been stopt, while I can eat,
I'll ne'er forget the place :

The carline's head—the carline's loup—
These charming boils, and roasts—
The mutton o' the Carlops Hill—
Shall ever be my toasts !—

Before that John had well begun
This story long to tell,
The beggars saw nor he'd *divide*,
Nor even James himself :

For, always, James, when levelling,
Looked up towards the rich ;
But never thought of looking down,
To beggars with the itch.

They both had time enough to plan,
As well as execute ;
For many a glass, and snuff, John took,
Before that he got through't :

So, like their fishwife friends in France,
Since none would be so civil
As give them all they sought, themselves,
They'd take it, through the devil.

Whilst loyal John his story told,
One eased him of the *price* ;
And t'other got even James's *cow*
Off with him in a trice.—

Now, when the dealers raise, and look't,
Their gills, and stories done,
They found, with grief, when 'twas too late,
Both price, and cow, were gone!—

Quoth John to James, what think you now?
Is't this you call *equality* ?—
Quoth James to John, it surely is;
Though 'twont do in *reality*.—

Or James got back to Edinburgh town,
Without, or cash, or cow,
He'd got his fill of *Sans Culottes*,
And *levelling* I trow.

The *requisitions* that were made,
At ance, opened baith his een ;

And sent him hame a wiser man,
That day, frae CARLOPS GREEN.

NO. VI.

POPULAR POEMS,

ON THE SCENARY OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD,

Connected with the Illustrations.

The following lines, in the form of a letter, were sent into New-Hall House, by one of the servants, in summer 1802.

VERSES, *extempore*, to Mr BROWN of New Hall.

SIR,

THIS will let you understand
That *Jamie Thomson* is at hand.
O'er frae *Kinleith*, in which he dwells,
On t'ither side o' Pentland Hills.

Nae ither business he has wi' ye,
But comes on purpose for to see ye;
And ask your leave, that he may gang
And view the *Place* where ALLAN sang;

Sym's House; and *Glaud's* snug *Onstead* see;
Auld Mause's Cruve, and *Blasted Tree*;
 The *Lin*, and *Pool o' cauler water*,
Whar Meg, and *Jenny*, used to squater,
 In *HABBY'S HOW*, breast-deep, in *May*,
 Skreened round wi' birks upon the brae.

Now, if this favour ye will grant,
 And gi'e the license that I want,
 I here do promise—nay I sweer!
 I wunna wrang y'r guids nor gier:
 Sik as the dingand down a dike;
 Breaking your timmer; or the like.
 O' them I'll tak as muckle care
 As if they were my ain, and mair;
 O' a' your orders being observant,
 As it becomes

Your humble servant

JAMIE THOMSON.

It is easy to see that this JAMES THOMSON has no resemblance to the celebrated poet of *Ednum*, but in name, and attachment to the muses. His forte is humour. He is a "canty callan," of the school of Allan; and is as eccentric, and droll, in his look, and manner, as in his genius. He is a common weaver at *Kinleith*, a hamlet, on a brow of the northern declivity of the Pentland Hills, between the waters of

Leith, and Glencross, not far from the *high* waterfall, on the latter stream, said by some wiseacres of late to be in *Habbie's How*; and that such is the *popular* opinion ! A large octavo volume of his poems was published some years ago, corrected by Mr Mac-laurin of Dreghorn, near Kinleith, who wrote, and prefixed to it, an account, and portrait of the poet. Less attention has been paid to them than they deserve.

The south, as well as the north, side of Ramsay's favourite Pictland Hills, has, likewise, its native self-taught bard, of the same trade too ; who resides in the village of *Carlops*, and was born in a cottage, called the Turtle Bank *, over the Esk and Washing Green, south from New-Hall House, and east from Habbie's How, in the very middle of the original scenery of THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. His name is JAMES FORREST, the son of a labourer, and author of several poems in the *Scots Magazine*, with the signature J. F. His genius is of a serious, plaintive, cast. He furnished the anecdote of *Ramsay*, repeated in the description of the *Craigy Bield*; and also, among others, three poems connected with the scenery, which have considerable merit, and are subjoined, to show that the *popular*

* See the *Map*.

opinion on both sides of the Pentland Hills, on this subject, perfectly agrees with evidence, and common sense,

VERSES,

*Written after taking a walk through the WASH-
ING GREEN, and HABBIE'S HOW, at New Hall
on the North Esk ; by JAMES FORREST of the
village of the Carlops.*

Addressed to Mr BROWN of New Hall.

WEAK are the strains my humble muse can show ;
With hand unskill'd I touch the trembling string ;
Fair science never taught my heart to glow,
Nor cleared the way to the Castalian Spring.
In rural solitude, I pass my days,
Among the swains on *Esk's* fair winding stream ;
To please myself, I sing my artless lays ;
To court the voice of fame I never dream.

To view the beauties of the pastoral glade,
Awhile, I bid the haunts of men farewell ;
To linger, listening, by the bright cascade,
Or hear it gently murmur down the dell ;

Or through the mazy wood-walk, lonely, stray,
Where bards, of old, felt inspiration's fire ;
In yonder " *houn*" my listless limbs to lay,
Where tuneful RAMSAY strung his melting lyre.

O, could I paint, the white, romantic " *Lin* ;"
The fir-crowned steep, high-waving o'er the stream ;
The twilight grove, the glass-like " *Pool*" within ;
The ruddy cliffs reflecting yonder beam ;
The moss-grown cave, from noon's fierce heat a shade,
Fit haunt for love, or friendship's social hour,
Or musing bard, by restless fancy led,
Who seeks, at eve, the lonely birchen bower.

Fair handed spring weaves her green livery here :
She rears the primrose on the bank unseen ;
Robes in its lively dress the thorny briar ;
And paints the daisy on th' enamelled green.
The purple violet, and the hare-bell blue,
In gay profusion, ornament the lawn :
The lily bends, surcharged with morning dew,
Its reddish-white proclaims the rosy dawn.

Thro' these sweet glens still may the muses stray ;
Where native beauty scorns the show of art ;
Where the plain shepherd sings his simple lay ;
And rural innocence enchants the heart.

PROLOGUE

To THE GENTLE SHEPHERD, *when acted at Roger's
Rig, near the Carlops* *, *in the year 1807.*

Written by *James Forrest* : and spoken by *F. Govan*.

HERE are no foreign actors with laced coats,
Who ne'er can speak a word o' plain braid Scots ;
But simple country fo'ks, who seek no fame :
Just to amuse ye is our greatest aim.
Have patience then a while, till I rehearse
My PROLOGUE short, in rough unpolished verse.

Thanks be to ALLAN, that queer, funny wight,
Who wrote the Play we mean to act this night.
What, though it lash some follies o' the age ;
Fair virtue shines triumphant in each page :
Here's steady *loyalty*, that nought could move ;
Friendship sincere ; and *truth* ; and *constant love* ;
Beauty, in tears while hope eludes her view,
Fair, like the lilly wet with vernal dew.

Such were the lays blythe RAMSAY sweetly sung,
When on the banks of *Esk* his lyre was strung ;

* See the *Map*.

As, oft, he wooed the muse, at twilight's fall,
Among the green-wood glades around NEW HALL.

So long as May produces smelling flowers :
So long as bees delight in sunny hours :
So long as truth with innocence shall dwell :
So long THE GENTLE SHEPHERD shall excel.
Let bigots rail ; and kankart critics snarl ;
And crafty priests about sma' matters quarrel ;
We scorn, alike, their malice and their rage :
There's nought immoral seen upon our stage.

LINES

On returning from the other side of the Pentland Hills, after visiting, in summer 1806, the place, on Glencorse water, which some crazy, interested, or envious persons, have taken it into their heads, in opposition to their senses, and intellects, to call HABBIE'S HOW !

By James Forrest, of the village of the Carlops.

AE day a thought cam in my pow,
'To see that place ca'd HABBIE'S HOW ;
Up, near the head o' Glencorse water,
'Bout whilk there's been sae muckle clatter.

What visionary castles fair,
The muse-rid bard builds in the air !
I thought to see the light-heeled fawns,
Gay, sporting o'er green flowery lawns,
'Mong fragrant birks, where zephyrs fiddle ;
Pan playing on his oaten whistle ;
An' wi' the nine celestial lasses,
Dancing a' round, come frae Parnassus.

How was I cheated ! when I saw
The elritch place ! Preserve us a' !!!

Nought's there, t'inspire the poet's lays,
Or fire his breast wi' nature's praise :
Nae smiling flowers o' spring, nor simmer ;
Nor bush, nor tree, o' growand timmer,
Save twae sma' row'n-twigs, on the rocks
Whar the rough-throated corbie croaks !
The hills a' round, baith brown, and bare,
Will scarce afford to feed a hare !!!

Beside a wee bit dub, for room,
Whar twa wild goslings coudna' swoom ;
In sik a place, it gied me pain
To see a bungled, leeand, *Stane*,
Brought this same year, for the first time,
An' a' stuck round wi' ill-spelled rhyme,
To try to gar fo'k think they see
What their ain een show ne'er could be,

The wark o' some doiled 'prentice callan,
Set up *In Memory o' ALLAN* *.

In addition to these *popular* proofs, it may be mentioned, that New Hall was, during this summer, 1807, visited by a well-dressed elderly man, accompanied by his son. He was, seemingly, about sixty years of age; and after introducing, and naming himself, he said he was born on the estate: That his father was one of Sir David and Mr Forbes's tenants, and his house was in a field which still goes by his name: That he had, often, heard his father say, that Allan Ramsay used to come every summer to New-Hall House, where he, frequently, continued a month, and six weeks at a time: That he always travelled on foot; and often took a walk down the Esk from thence to visit Baron Sir John Clerk, and returned again: That the houses of Glaud, and Symon, were

* This Stone being *lately* placed there; the erecting of it is thought to have been occasioned by the inquiries of some strangers, not long since, at the rustics of Glencross water for the site of *Habbie's How* upon it; when they were unfortunately told, by the very people *on the spot*, that they knew of *no such place*. See BEAUTIES OF SCOTLAND, MID-LOTHIAN.—It is a curious fact, that this spot is in the same parish with New Hall, on the nearest extremity of the adjoining estate, and is not so far from it as it is from Fulford or New Woodhouselee, in a different parish, and on the other side of both the intervening estates of Logan House, and Castlelaw, with their mansions, and farmsteads!

taken from the Marfield, and Harlaw Moor farms : That he himself, when a boy, was almost drowned in Peggy's Pool, at Habbie's How : And that Sir William Worthy's seat was copied from New-Hall House, and its appendages; the situations, and appearances, of many of which he pointed out, and described.

The first intimation, to the writer of this article, that the original scenes of *The Gentle Shepherd* were to be found at *New Hall*, was communicated in the year 1783, by a lady, then, considerably advanced in life, in the most friendly intimacy, and almost daily in company, with Allan Ramsay's youngest daughter.

A piece of the "BLASTED TREE" near the site of *Mause's Cottage* at the *Carlops*, has lately been shown in *London*, as a precious relic, and great curiosity.

GLOSSARY.

ABLINS, perhaps

Aboon, above

Aikerbraid, the breadth of an
acre

Air, long since, early

Air up, soon up in the morning

Ambrie, cup-board

Anew, enough

Arles, earnest of a bargain

Ase, ashes

At ains, or At anes, at once, at
the same time

Attour, out-over

Auld-farran, ingenious

Aurglebargin, or Eagglebargin,
to contend and wrangle

Awsome, frightful, terrible

Aynd, the breath

Back-sey, a surloin

Badrans, a cat

Baid, staid, abode

Bairns, children

Balen, whalebone

Bang, is sometimes an action of
haste: We say, *he, or it, came
with a bang.* *A bang* also
means a great number: — *Of
customers she had a bang.*

Bangster, a blustering roaring
person

Bannocks, a sort of bread thick-
er than cakes, and round

Barkened, when mire, blood,
&c. hardens upon a thing like
bark

Barlikhood, a fit of drunken
angry passion

Barrow-trams, the staves of a
hand-barrow

Batts, cholic

Bawbee, halfpenny

Bauch, sorry, indifferent

Bawsy, bawsand-faced, is a cow
or a horse with a white face

Bedeem, immediately, in haste

- Beft, beaten
 Begoud, began
 Begrutten, all in tears
 Beik, to bask
 Beild, or Beil, a shelter
 Bein, or Been, wealthy
 A Bein House, a warm well
 furnished one
 Beit, or Beet, to help, repair
 Bells, bubbles
 Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-
 day
 Bended, drunk hard
 Benn, the inner room of a house
 Bennison, a blessing
 Bensell, or Bensail, force
 Bent, the open field
 Beuk, baked
 Bicker, a wooden dish
 Bickering, fighting, running
 quickly; school-boys battling
 with stones
 Bigg, build
 Bigget, built
 Biggings, buildings
 Biggonet, a linen cap, or coif
 Billy, brother
 Byre, or Byer, a cow-stall
 Birks, birch-trees
 Birle, to drink. Common people
 joining their farthings, for
 purchasing liquor; they call
 it *birling a bazabee*.
 Birn, a burnt mark
 Birns, the stalks of burnt heath
 Birr, force, flying swiftly with a
 noise
 Birsed, bruised
 Bittle, or Beetle, a wooden melle
 for beating hemp; or a ful-
 ler's club
 Black-a-vised, of a black com-
 plexion
 Blae, pale blue; the colour of
 the skin when bruised
 Blafum, beguile
 Blate, bashful
 Blatter, a rattling noise
 Bleech, to blanch, or whiten
 Bleer, to make the eye water
 Bleez, blaze
 Blether, foolish discourse
 Bletherer, a babbler. Stammer-
 ing is called *blethering*.
 Blin, cease. *Never blin*, never
 have done.
 Blinkan, the flame rising and
 falling, as of a lamp when the
 oil is exhausted
 Boak, or Boke, vomit
 Boal, a little press, or cup-board,
 in the wall
 Bodin, or Bodden, provided, or
 furnished
 Bodle, one-sixth of a penny En-
 glish
 Bodword, an ominous message.
 Bodwords are now used to
 express ill-natured messages.
 Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre
 Bonny, beautiful
 Bonnywalys, toys, gewgaws
 Boss, empty
 Bouk, bulk
 Bourd, jest or dally
 Bouze, to drink

- Brochen, a kind of watergruel
 of oatmeal, butter, and honey
 Brae, the side of a hill, bank of
 a river
 Braird, the first sprouting of
 corns
 Brander, a gridiron
 Brands, calves of the legs
 Brankan, prancing, capering
 Branks, wherewith the rustics
 bridle their horses
 Brattle, noise, as of horse' feet
 Brats, aprons
 Braw, brave, fine in apparel
 Brecken, fearn
 Brent-brow, a smooth high fore-
 head
 Brigs, bridges
 Briss, to press
 Brock, a badger
 Broo, broth
 Browden, fond
 Browster, brewer
 Browst, a brewing
 Bruliment, a broil
 Bucky, the large sea-snail; a
 term of reproach, when we
 express a cross-natured fel-
 low, by a *thrawn bucky*.
 Buff, nonsense; as, *He blethered*
buff
 Bought, the little fold where the
 ewes are inclosed at milking
 time
 Buller, to bubble; the motion
 of water at a spring-head or
 noise of a rising tide
 Bumbazed, confused; made to
 stare and look like an idiot
 Bung, completely fuddled, as it
 were to the bung
 Bunkers, a bench, or sort of
 long low chests, that serve
 for seats
 Bumbler, a bungler
 Burn, a brook
 Busk, to deck, dress
 Bustine, fustian, (cloth)
 But, often for *without*; as, *but*
feed or favour
 Bykes, or Bikes, nests, or hives,
 of bees
 Bygane, bypast
 Byword, a proverb
 Cadge, carry
 Cadger, a country carrier
 Caff, calf; chaff
 Callan, a boy
 Camschough, stern, grim, of a
 distorted countenance
 Cangle, to wrangle
 Canker'd, angry, passionately
 snarling
 Canna, cannot
 Cant, to tell merry old tales
 Cantraips, incantations
 Canty, cheerful and merry
 Capernoited, whimsical, ill-na-
 tured
 Car, sledge
 Carena, care not
 Carle, an old word for a man

- Carline, an old woman. *Gire-carline*, a giant's wife
 Cathel, an hot-pot, made of ale, sugar, and eggs
 Cauldrife, spiritless; wanting cheerfulness in address
 Cauler, cool, or fresh
 Cawk, chalk
 Chafts, chops
 Chaping, an ale-measure, or stoup, somewhat less than an English quart
 A-char, or A-jar, aside. When any thing is beat a little out of its position, or a door or window a little opened, we say, *They're a-char*; or *a-jar*.
 Charlewain, Charles-wain, the constellation called the *Plow* or *Ursa Major*.
 Chancy, fortunate, good-natured
 Chiat, a cant name for the gallops
 Chiel, a general term like *fellow*. Used sometimes with respect; as, *He's a very good chiel*; and contemptuously, *That chiel*.
 Chirm, chirp and sing like a bird
 Chucky, a hen
 Clan, tribe, family
 Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise
 Clashes, chat
 Clatter, to chatter
 Claught, took hold
 Claver, to speak nonsense
 Claw, scratch
 Cleek, to catch as with a hook
 Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks
 Clinty, hard, stony
 Clock, a beetle
 Clotted, the fall of any soft moist thing
 Closs, a court or square; and frequently a lane or alley
 Clour, the little lump that rises on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall
 Clute, or Cloot, hoof of cows or sheep
 Cockeraony, the gathering of a woman's hair, when it is wrapt or snooded up with a band or snood
 Cockstool, a pillory
 Cod, a pillow
 Coft, bought
 Cog, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in
 Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall
 Coodies, small wooden vessels, used by some for chamber-pots
 Coof, a stupid fellow
 Coor, to cover
 Cooser, a stoned horse
 Coost, did cast
 Coosten, thrown
 Corby, a raven

- Cosie, sheltered in a convenient place
 Cotter, a subtenant
 Cowp, to fall ; also a fall
 Cowp, to change, barter
 Cowp, a company of people ; as merry, senseless, corky *cowp*
 Cour, to crouch and creep
 Couth, frank and kind
 Crack, chat
 Creel, basket
 Crish, grease
 Croil, a crooked dwarf
 Croon, or Crune, to murmur, or hum, over a song ; the lowing of bulls
 Crouse, bold
 Cruve, a cottage
 Crummy, a cow's name
 Cryn, shrink, or become less, by drying
 Cudeigli, a bribe, present
 Culzie, entice, or flatter
 Cun, to taste, learn, know
 Cunzie, or Coonie, coin
 Curn, a small parcel
 Cursche, a kerchief ; a linen dress wore by our Highland women
 Cutled, used kind and gaining methods for gaining love and friendship
 Cutts, lots. These cutts are usually made of straws unequally cut
 Cutty, short
 Dab, a proficient
 Dad, to beat one thing against another. *He fell wi' a dad. He daded his head against the wall, &c.*
 Daft, foolish ; and sometimes wanton
 Daffin, folly, waggery
 Dail, or Dale, a valley, a plain
 Daintiths, dainties, delicates
 Dainty is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman
 Dander, wander to and fro
 Dang, did ding, beat, thrust, drive. *Ding dang*, moving hastily one on the back of another
 Darn, to hide
 Dash, to put out of countenance
 Dawt, to cocker and caress with tenderness
 Dawty, a fondling, darling
 Deave, to stun the ears with noise
 Dees, dairy-maids
 Deray, merriment, jollity, solemnity, tumult, disorder, noise
 Dern, secret, hidden, lonely
 Deyal, to descend, fall, hurry
 Dewgs, rags, or shapings of cloth
 Didle, to act, or move, like a dwarf
 Dight, decked, made ready ; also to clean
 Dinna, do not
 Dirle, a smarting pain quickly over

- Dit, to stop or close up a hole
 Divet, broad turf
 Docken, a dock, (the herb)
 Doilt, confused and silly
 Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age
 Doll, a large piece, *dole*, or share
 Donk, moist
 Donsie, affectedly neat ; clean, when applied to any little person
 Doofart, a dull heavy-headed fellow
 Dool, or Drule, the goal which gamesters strive to gain first, (as at foot-ball)
 Dool, pain, grief
 Dorts, a proud pet
 Dorthy, proud, not to be spoke to, conceited, appearing as disoblged
 Dosend, cold, impotent
 Dought, could, availed
 Doughty, strong, valiant, and able
 Douks, dives under water
 Douse, solid, grave, prudent
 Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive
 Dow, dove
 Dowed, (liquor) that is dead, or has lost the spirit, withered (plant)
 Dowff, mournful, wanting vivacity
 Dowie, melancholy, sad, doleful
 Downa, Dow not ; *i. e.* though one has the power, he wants the heart, to it
 Dowp, the posteriors, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell. *Better haff egg as toom dowp.*
 Drant, to speak slow, after a sighing manner
 Dree, to suffer, endure
 Dreary, wearisome, frightful
 Dreigh, slow, keeping at distance. Hence, an ill-payer of his debts, we call *dreigh*. Tedious.
 Dribs, drops
 Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run
 Droning, sitting lazily, or moving heavily ; speaking with groans
 Drouked, drenched, all wet
 Dubs, small puddles of water
 Dung, defeat
 Dunt, a stroke or blow
 Dunty, a doxy
 Durk, a poignard or dagger
 Dynles, trembles, shakes
 Dyver, a bankrupt
 Eags, incites, stirs up
 Eard, earth, the ground
 Edge (of a hill,) is the side or top
 Een, eyes
 Eild, age
 Eildeens, of the same age
 Eith, easy ; Eithar, easier

- Elbuck, elbow
 Elf-shot, bewitched, shot by fairies
 Elson, a shoemaker's awl
 Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts
 Endlang, along
 Ergh, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a steady resolution
 Erst, time past
 Estler, hewn stone. Buildings of such we call *estler-work*.
 Ether, an adder
 Ettle, to aim, design
 Evened, compared
 Eydent, diligent, laborious
 Fa, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice
 Fae, a foe, an enemy
 Fadge, a spongy sort of bread, in shape of a roll
 Fag, to tire, or turn weary
 Fail, thick turf, such as are used for building dikes for folds, inclosures, &c.
 Fain, expresses earnest desire; as, *Fain would I*. Also, joyful, tickled with pleasure.
 Feat, neat, in good order
 Fairfaw, when we wish well to one; that a good or *fair* fate may befall him
 Fang, the talons of a fowl
 Fang, to grip, or hold fast
 Fash, to vex or trouble
 Fashous, troublesome
 Faugh, a colour between white and red
 Faugh-riggs, fallow ground
 Feck, a part, quantity; as, *Maist feck*, the greatest number; *Nae feck*, very few.
 Feckfow, able, active
 Feckless, feeble, little, and weak
 Feed, or Fead, feud, hatred, quarrel
 Feil, many, several
 Fen, shift
 Fending, living by industry
 Mak a Fen, fall upon methods
 Ferlie, wonder
 Fernzier, the last, or fore-run year
 File, to defile or dirty
 Fireflaught, a flash of lightning
 Fistle, to stir; a stir
 Fitsted, the print of the foot
 Fizzing, whizzing
 Flaffing, moving up and down, raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings
 Flags, flashes, as of wind and fire
 Flane, an arrow
 Flang, flung
 Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground
 Flaw, lie or fib
 Fleetch, to cox or flatter
 Fleg, fright
 Flewet, a smart blow
 Fley, or Flie, to affright

- Fleyt, afraid or terrified
 Flinders, splinters
 Flit, to remove
 Flite, or Flyte, to scold, chide
 Flet, did scold
 Flushes, floods
 Fog, moss
 Foordays, the morning far advanced, fair day-light
 Forby, besides
 Forbearers, forefathers, ancestors
 Forfairn, abused, bespattered
 Forfaughten, weary, faint, and out of breath with fighting
 Forgainst, opposite to
 Forgether, to meet, encounter
 Forleet, to forsake or forget
 Forestam, the forehead
 Fouth, abundance, plenty
 Fozy, spungy, soft
 Frais, to make a noise. We use to say, one *maks a frais*, when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of or will bear.
 Fray, bustle, fighting
 Freik, a fool; a light impertinent fellow
 Fremit, strange, not a-kin
 Fristed, trusted
 Frush, brittle, like bread baken with butter
 Fuff, to blow
 Fuffin, blowing
 Furder, prosper
 Furthy, forward
 Furler, four pecks
 Fush, brought
 Fyk, to be restless, uneasy
 Gab, the mouth to prate. *Gab sae gash*
 Gabbing, prating pertly
 Gab again, when servants give saucy returns when reprimanded
 Gabby, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with *auld gabbet*
 Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity
 Gafaw, a hearty loud laughter.
 Gawf, to laugh
 Gait, a goat
 Gams, gums
 Gar, to cause, make, or force
 Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing
 Gash, solid, sagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *gash-gabbet, gash-beard*
 Gate, way
 Gaunt, yawn
 Gawky, an idle, staring, idiotical person
 Gawn, going
 Gaws, galls
 Gawsy, jolly, buxom
 Geck, to mock
 Geed, or Gade, went
 Genty, handsome, genteel
 Get, or Brat, a child, by way of contempt or derision
 Gielanger, an ill debtor

- Gif, if
 Gillygacus, or Gillygapus, a staring gaping fool; a gormandizer
 Gilpy, a roguish boy
 Gimmer, a young sheep, (ewe.)
 Gin, if
 Gird, to strike, pierce
 Girn, to grin, snarl; also, a snare or trap, such as boys make of horse-hair to catch birds
 Girth, a hoop
 Glaiked, foolish, wanton, light
 Glaiks, an idle good-for-nothing fellow. To give the *glaiks*, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.
 Glaister, to bawl or bark
 Glamour, juggling. When devils, wizards, or jugglers, deceive the sight, they are said to cast *glamour* over the eyes of the spectator.
 Glar, mire, oozy mud
 Glee, to squint
 Gleg, sharp, quick, active
 Glen, a narrow valley between mountains
 Gloom, to scowl or frown
 Glowming, the twilight, or evening gloom.
 Glowr, to stare, look stern
 Glunsh, to hang the brow and grumble
 Goan, a wooden dish for meat
 Goolie, a large knife
 Gorlings, or Gorblings, young unfledged birds
 Gossie, gossip
 Gowans, daisies
 Gove, to look broad and steadfast, holding up the face
 Gowf, besides the known game, a racket or sound blow on the chops, we call a *gowf* on the *haffet*.
 Gowk, the cuckow. In derision, we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long on one subject, a *gowk*.
 Gowl, a howling, to bellow and cry
 Gousty, ghastly, large, waste, desolate, and frightful
 Grany, grandmother, any old woman
 Grape, a trident fork; also, to grope
 Gree, prize, victory
 Green, to long for
 Greet, to weep. Grat, wept.
 Grieve, an overseer
 Groff, gross, coarse
 Grotts, milled oats
 Grouf, to lie flat on the belly
 Grounche, or Glunshe, to murder, grudge
 Grutten, wept
 Gryse, a pig
 Gumption, good sense
 Gurly, rough, bitter, cold, (weather)

- Gysened, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness
- Gytlings, young children
- Haffet, cheek, side of the head
- Hagabag, coarse towelling
- Haggis, 'a kind' of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag
- Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground
- Hain, to save, manage narrowly
- Halesome, wholesome; as *hale*, whole
- Hallen, a screen
- Hameld, domestic
- Haimely, friendly, frank, open, kind
- Hanty, convenient, handsome
- Harle, drag
- Harn-pan, the skull
- Harns, brains
- Harship, ruin
- Hash, a sloven
- Haveren, or Havrel, a foolish silly fellow
- Haughs, vallies or low grounds on the sides of rivers
- Havins, good-breeding
- Haviour, behaviour
- Hass, the throat, or fore-part of the neck
- Heal, or Heel, health, or whole
- Heepy, a person hypochondriac
- Heeryestreen, the night before yesternight
- Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little
- Heezy, is a good lift
- Hefit, accustomed to live in a place
- Heght, promised; also, named
- Hempy, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows
- Hereit, ruined in estate, broke, spoiled
- Hesp, 'a clasp or hook, bar or bolt; also, in yarn, a certain number of threads
- Hether-bells, the heath blossom
- Heugh, a rock, or steep hill; also, a coal pit
- Hiddils, or Hidlings, lurking, hiding places. To do a thing in *hidlings*; i. e. privately.
- Hirple, to move slowly and lamely
- Hirsle, or Hirdsale, a flock of cattle
- Ho, a single stocking
- Hobbleshew, a confused racket, noise
- Hool, hulk
- Hooled, inclosed
- Hooly, slow
- Host, or Whost, to cough
- How, or Hu, a cap, or roof-tree
- How, low ground, a hollow
- How! ho!
- Howdered, hidden
- Howdy, midwife
- Howk, to dig
- Howms, plains or river sides

- Howt! fy!
- Howtowdy, a young hen
- Hurkle, to crouch or bow together, like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare
- Hut, a hovel
- Hyt, mad
- Jack, jacket
- Jag, to prick as with a pin
- Jaw, a wave or gush of water
- Jawp, the dashing of water
- Iceshogles, icicles
- Jee, to incline to one side. To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a balance up and down, to this and the other side
- Jig, to crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel
- Jim, slender
- Jip, gypsie
- Ilk, each
- Ilka, every
- Ingan, onion
- Ingle, fire
- Jo, sweetheart
- Jowk, a low bow
- Irie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost, or apparition; also, melancholy
- I'pe, I shall; as I'll for I will
- Isles, embers
- Junt, a large joint or piece of meat
- Jute, sour or dead liquor
- Jybe, to mock. *Gibe*, to taunt
- Kaber, a rafter
- Kale, or Kail, colewort, and sometimes broth
- Kacky, to dung
- Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls
- Kame, comb
- Kanny, or Canny, fortunate; also, wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly
- Kebbuick, a cheese
- Keckle, to laugh, to be noisy
- Kedgy, jovial
- Keek, to peep
- Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool
- Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work in the same time
- Ken, to know; used in England as a noun. A thing within *ken*; i. e. within view.
- Kent, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches
- Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one
- Kiest, did cast. *Vide* Coost
- Kilted, tucked up
- Kimmer, a female gossip
- Kirn, a churn; also, to churn
- Kirtle, an upper petticoat
- Kitchen, all sort of eatables except bread
- Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings)
- Kittle, to tickle, ticklish
- Knacky, witty, facetious

- Knoit, to beat or strike sharply
 Knoosed, buffeted and bruised
 Knoost, or Knuist, a large lump
 Know, a hillock
 Knublock, a knob
 Knuckles, only used in Scotch
 for the joints of the fingers
 next the back of the hand
 Kow, goblin, or any person one
 stands in awe to disoblige,
 and fears
 Ky, kine or cows
 Kyth, to appear. *He'll kyth in*
his ain colours
 Kyte, the belly
 Laggert, bespattered, covered
 with clay
 Laigh, low
 Laits, manners
 Lak, or Lack, to undervalue,
 contemn; as, *He that laks my*
mare, would buy my mare
 Landart, the country, or be-
 longing to it; rustic
 Lane, alone
 Languor, languishing, melan-
 choly. To hold one out of
 languor; i. e. divert him
 Lankale, coleworts uncut
 Lap, leaped
 Lappered, curdled or clotted
 Lare, a place for laying, or that
 has been lain in
 Lare, bog
 Lave, the rest, or remainder
 Lawin, a tavern reckoning
 Lawland, low country
 Lavrock, the lark
 Lawty, or Lawtith, justice, fi-
 delity, honesty
 Leal, true, upright, honest,
 faithful to trust, loyal. *A*
leal heart never lied
 Leam, flame
 Lear, learning; also, to learn
 Lee, untilled ground; also, an
 open grassy plain
 Leglin, a milking pail with one
 lug or handle
 Leman, a kept miss
 Lends, buttocks, loins
 Leugh, laughed
 Lew-warm, lukewarm
 Libbit, gelded
 Lick, to whip or beat; also, a
 wag or cheat we call a great
 lick
 Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie
 Lift, the sky or firmament
 Liggs, lies
 Lilts, the holes of a wind-instru-
 ment of music; hence, *Lilt*
up a spring. Lilt it out, take
 off your drink merrily
 Limmer, a whore
 Limp, to halt
 Lin, a cataract
 Ling, quick career in a straight
 line, to gallop
 Lingle, cord, shoemakers'
 thread
 Linkan, walking speedily
 Lire, breasts; also the most mus-
 cular parts; sometimes the air
 or complexion of the face

- Lirk, a wrinkle or fold
 Lisk, the flank
 Lith, a joint
 Loan, a little common near to
 country villages, where they
 milk their cows
 Loch, a lake
 Loo, to love
 Loof, the hollow of the hand
 Looms, tools, instruments in
 general, vessels
 Loot, did let
 Low, flame
 Lowan, flaming
 Lown, calm. Keep *lown*, be
 secret
 Lown, rogue, whore, villain
 Lounder, a sound blow
 Lout, to bow down, making
 courtesy; to stoop
 Luck, to inclose, shut up, fasten. Hence, *lucken-handed*,
 close fisted; *lucken gowans*,
 booths, &c.
 Lucky, grandmother or goody
 Lug, ear; handle of a pot or
 vessel
 Luggie, a wooden dish with a
 handle
 Lum, the chimney
 Lure, rather
 Lyart, hoary, or grey-haired

 Magil, to mangle
 Maik, or make, match, equal
 Maikless, matchless
 Mailen, a farm
 Makly, seemly, well-proportioned

 Maksna, it is no matter
 Malison, a curse, malediction
 Mangit, galled or bruised by
 stripes
 Mank, a want
 Mant, to stammer in speech
 March, or Merch, a land-mark,
 border of lands
 Marh, the marrow
 Marrow, mate, fellow, equal,
 comrade
 Mask, to mash, in brewing
 Masking-loom, a mash-vat
 Maun, must
 Maunna, must not, may not
 Meikle, much, big, great, large
 Meith, limit, mark, sign
 Mends, satisfaction, revenge, re-
 taliation. To make *a mends*,
 to make a grateful return
 Mense, discretion, sobriety,
 good-breeding
 Mensfou, mannerly
 Menzie, company of men, army,
 assembly, one's followers
 Messen, a little dog, a lap-dog
 Midding, a dunghill
 Midges, gnats, little flies
 Mim, affectedly modest
 Mint, aim, endeavour
 Mirk, dark
 Miscaw, to give names
 Mischance, misfortune
 Misken, to neglect or not take
 notice of one; also, to let
 alone
 Mislushous, malicious, rough
 Misterns, necessities, wants
 Mittans, woollen gloves

- Mony, many
 Mools, the earth of the grave
 Mou, mouth
 Moup, to eat; generally used
 of children, or of old people,
 who have but few teeth, and
 make their lips move fast,
 though they eat but slow
 Mow, a pile or bing, as of fuel,
 hay, sheaves of corn, &c.
 Mows, jests
 Muckle, see *Meikle*
 Murgullied, mismanaged, abu-
 sed
 Mutch, coif
 Mutchken, an English pint

 Nacky, or Knacky, clever, ac-
 tive in small affairs
 Neese, nose
 Nettle, to fret or vex
 Newfangle, fond of a new thing
 Nevel, a sound blow with the
 nive or fist
 Nick, to bite or cheat. *Nicked*,
 cheated. Also, as a cant
 word, to drink heartily; as
 He nicks fine.
 Niest, next
 Niffer, to exchange or barter
 Niffnafan, trifling
 Nignays, trifles
 Nips, bits
 Nither, to straiten
 Nithered, hungered, or half
 starved, in maintenance
 Nive, the fist
 Nock, notch or nick of an ar-
 row or spindle
 Noit, see *Knoit*
 Nowt, cows, kine
 Nowther, neither
 Nuckle, new calved (cows)
 Oc, a grandchild
 O'er, or Ower, too much; as,
 A' o'er is wice
 O'ercome, surplus
 Ony, any
 Or, sometimes used for ere, or
 before; as, *Or day; i. e. be-*
 fore day-break
 Ora, any thing over what is
 needful
 Orp, to weep with a convulsive
 pant
 Oughtlens, in the least
 Owk, week
 Owrlay, a cravat
 Owsen, oxen
 Owther, either
 Oxtter, the arm-pit

 Paddock, a frog
 Paddock-ride, the spawn of
 frogs
 Paiks, chastisement. To *paik*,
 to beat or belabour one sound-
 ly
 Pang, to squeeze, press, or pack,
 one thing into another
 Paughty, proud, haughty
 Pawky, witty, or sly in word or
 action, without any harm or
 bad designs
 Peer, a quay or wharf
 Peets, turf for fire
 Pegh, to pant

- Pensy, finical, foppish, conceited
- Perquire, by heart
- Pett, a favourite, a fondling.
To *pettle*, to dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence, to take the *pett*, is to be peevish or sullen, as commonly petts are, when in the least disoblighd.
- Pibroughs, such Highland tunes as are played on bag-pipes before them, when they go out to battle
- Pig, an earthen pitcher
- Pike, to pick out or choose
- Pimpin, pimping, mean, scurvy
- Pine, pain or pining
- Pingle, to contend, strive, or work hard
- Pirn, the spool, or quill, within the shuttle, which receives the yarn.
- Pirny, (cloth), a web of unequal threads or colours, striped
- Pith, strength, might, force
- Plack, two bodles, or the third of a penny English
- Pople, or Papple, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water
- Poortith, poverty
- Powny, a little horse or gallo-way ; also, a turkey
- Pouse, to push
- Pouch, a pocket
- Pratrick, practice, art, stratagem.
Priving pratrick, trying ridiculous experiments
- Prets, tricks, rogueries. We say, *He plaid me a pret* ; i. e. cheated. *The callan's fou o' pretts* ; i. e. has abundance of waggish tricks
- Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying
- Prin, a pin
- Prive, to prove or taste
- Propine, gift or present
- Pryme, or Prime, to fill or stuff
- Putt a stane, to throw a large stone
- Quey, a young cow
- Rackless, careless ; one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackless handed*
- Rae, a roe
- Raffan, merry, roving, hearty
- Raird, a loud sound
- Rair, roar
- Rak, or Rook, a mist or fog
- Rampage, to speak and act furiously
- Rashes, rushes
- Rave, did rive or tear
- Raught, reached
- Rax, to stretch. *Raxed*, reached
- Ream, cream. Whence *reaming* ; as, *reaming liquor*
- Redd, to rid, unravel ; to separate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of a

- ny passage. *I'm redd*, I'm apprehensive
 Rede, counsel, advice; as, *I wad na rede ye to do that*
 Reek, reach; also, smoke
 Reft, bereft, robbed, forced, or carried away
 Reif, rapine, robbery
 Reik, or Rink, a course or race
 Rever, a robber or pirate
 Rewth, pity
 Rice, or Rise, bulrushes, bramble-branches, ortwigs of trees
 Rife, or Ryfe, plenty
 Rift, to belch
 Rigging, the back or rig-back, the top or ridge of a house
 Ripples, a weakness in the back and reins
 Rock, a distaff
 Roose, or Ruse, to commend, extol
 Roove, to rivet
 Rottan, a rat
 Roundel, a witty, and often a satiric kind of rhyme
 Rowan, rolling
 Rowt, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows
 Rowth, plenty
 Ruck, a rick or stack of hay or corns
 Rude, the red taint of the complexion
 Ruefu, doleful
 Rug, to pull, take away by force
 Rumble, the rump
 Rungs, small boughs of trees lopped off
 Runckle, to ruffle
 Runkle, a wrinkle
 Saebeins, seeing it is; since
 Saikless, guiltless, free
 Sained, blessed
 Sall, shall; like *soud* for should
 Sand-blind, pur-blind, short-sighted
 Sar, savour or smell
 Sark, a shirt
 Saugh, a willow or sallow-tree
 Saw, an old saying or proverbial expression
 Scad, scald
 Scar, the bare places on the sides of hills washed down with rain
 Scart, to scratch
 Scawp, a bare dry piece of stony ground
 Scon, bread which the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a bannock
 Scowp, to leap or move hastily from one place to another
 Scowth, rooin, freedom
 Scrimp, narrow, straitened, little
 Scroggs, shrubs, thorns, briers
 Scroggy, thorny
 Scuds, ale, a late name given it by the benders
 Scunner, to loath
 Sell, self
 Seuch, furrow, ditch
 Sey, to try
 Seybow, a young onion
 Shan, pitiful, silly, poor
 Sharn, cow's dung

- Shaw, a wood or forest
 Shawl, shallow
 Shawps, empty husks
 Sheen, shining
 Shill, shrill, having a sharp sound
 Shire, clear, thin. We call thin
 cloth, or clear liquor, *shire* ;
 also, a clever wag, *a shire lick*
 Shog, to wag, shake, or jog
 backwards and forwards
 Shool, shovel
 Shoon, shoes
 Shore, to threaten
 Shotle, a drawer
 Sib, a-kin
 Sic, such
 Sicker, firm, secure
 Sike, a rill, or rivulet, common-
 ly dry in summer
 Siller, silver
 Sindle, or Sinle, seldom
 Sinsyne, since that time ; as,
 Lang sinsyne, long ago
 Skaill, to scatter
 Skair, to share
 Skaith, hurt, damage
 Skeigh, skittish
 Skelf, a shelf
 Skelp, to run ; used when one
 runs barefoot ; also, a small
 splinter of wood ; to flog the
 hips
 Skiff, to move smoothly away
 Skink, a kind of strong broth
 made of cows hams or
 knuckles ; also, to fill drink
 in a cup
 Skirl, to shriek or cry with a
 shrill voice
 Sklate, slate. *Skailie* is a fine
 blue slate
 Skowrie, ragged, nasty, idle
 Skreed, a rent
 Skybald, a tatterdemalion
 Skyt, to fly out hastily
 Slade, or Slaid, did slide, mo-
 ved, or made a thing move
 easily
 Slap, or Slak, a gap, or narrow
 pass between two hills ; also,
 a breach in a wall
 Sleek, smooth
 Sleet, a shower of half melted
 snow
 Slerg, to bedaub or plaster
 Slid, smooth, cunning, slippery ;
 as, *He's a slid loun*
 Slidry, slippery
 Slippery, sleepy
 Slonk, a mire, ditch, or slough ;
 to wade through a mire
 Slote, a bar or bolt for a door
 Slough, husk or coat
 Smaik, a silly, little, pitiful fel-
 low ; the same with *smatchet*
 Smirky, smiling
 Smittle, infectious, or catching
 Smoor, to smother
 Snack, nimble, ready, clever
 Sned, to cut
 Sneer, to laugh in derision
 Sneg, to cut ; as, *Snegged off at*
 the web's end
 Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter,
 firm
 Snib, snub, check or reprove,
 correct

- Snifter, to snuff or breathe thro' the nose a little stopt
 Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight
 Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair
 Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like ; a pitiful grovelling slave
 Snoove, to whirl round
 Snotter, snot
 Snurl, to ruffle, wrinkle
 Sod, a thick turf
 Sonsy, happy, fortunate, lucky ; sometimes used for large and lusty
 Sore, sorrel, reddish-coloured
 Sorn, to sponge
 Soss, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground
 Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping
 Sowens, flummery, or oatmeal sowered amongst water, for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter
 Sowf, to conn over a tune on an instrument
 Spae, to foretel or divine
 Spaemen, prophets, augurs
 Spain, to wean from the breast
 Spait, a torrent, flood, or inundation
 Spang, a jump ; to leap or jump
 Spaul, the shoulder, arm
 Speel, to climb
 Speer, to ask, inquire
 Spelder, to split, stretch, draw asunder
 Spence, the place of the house where provisions are kept
 Spill, to spoil, abuse
 Spoolie, spoil, booty, plunder
 Sprains, stripes of different colours
 Spring, a tune on a musical instrument
 Sprush, spruce
 Spruttled, speckled, spotted
 Spunk, a match tipped with brimstone
 Stalwart, strong and valiant
 Stang, did sting ; also, a sting or pole
 Stank, a pool of standing water
 Stark, strong, robust
 Starn, a small moiety. We say, *Ne'er a starn*
 Starns, the stars
 Stay, steep ; as, *Set a stout heart to a stay brae*
 Steek, to shut, close
 Stegh, to cram
 Stend, or Sten, to move with a hasty long pace
 Stent, to stretch, or extend
 Stipend, a benefice
 Stirk, a steer or bullock
 Stoit, or Stot, to rebound or reflect
 Stoor, rough, hoarse
 Stou, to cut or crop. *A stou*, a large cut or piece

- Stound, a smarting pain or stitch
 Stour, dust agitated by winds,
 men or horse' feet
 Stour, to run quickly
 Stowth, stealth
 Strapan, clever, tall, handsome
 Strath, a plain on a river side
 Streek, to stretch
 Striddle, to stride ; commonly
 applied to one that is little
 Sprinkle, to sprinkle or strew
 Stroot, or Strut, stuffed full,
 drunk
 Strunt, a pet. To take *the*
 strunt, to be petted, or out of
 humour
 Studdy, an anvil or smith's stithy
 Sturay, giddy-headed ; also,
 strong
 Sture, or Stoor, stiff, strong,
 hoarse
 Sturt, trouble, vexation, distur-
 bance
 Stym, a blink or a little sight of
 a thing
 Suddle, to sully or defile
 Sumph, blockhead
 Sunkan, splenetic
 Sunkots, something
 Swak, to throw, cast with force
 Swankies, clever young fellows
 Swarf, to swcon away
 Swash, squat, fuddled
 Swatch, a pattern
 Swats, small ale
 Swecht, burden, weight, force
 Sweer, lazy, slow
 Sweeties, confections
 Swelt, suffocated, choked to
 death
 Swith, begone quickly
 Swither, to be doubtful whether
 to do this or that
 Syne, afterwards, then
 Tackel, an arrow
 Taid, toad
 Tane, taken
 Tap, a head ; such a quantity of
 lint as spinsters put upon the
 distaff is called, a *lint-tap*
 Tape, to use anything sparingly
 Tappit-hen, the Scotch quart
 stoup
 Tarrow, to refuse what we love,
 from a cross humour
 Tartan, cross striped stuff, of
 various colours, checkered ;
 the Highland plaid
 Tass, a little dram cup
 Tate, a small lock of hair, or
 any little quantity of wool,
 cotton, &c.
 Taunt, to mock
 Tawpy, a foolish wench
 Taz, a whip or scourge
 Ted, to scatter, spread
 Tee, a little earth, on which
 gamesters, at the golf, set
 their balls, before they strike
 them off
 Teen, or Tynd, anger, rage,
 sorrow
 Teet, to peep out
 Tensome, the number of ten
 Tent, attention

- Tenty, cautious
 Thack, thatch
 Thacker, thatcher
 Thae, those
 Tharmes, small tripes
 Theek, to thatch
 Thig, to beg or borrow
 Thir, these
 Thole, to endure, suffer
 Thow, thaw
 Thowless, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy
 Thrawart, froward, crabbed, cross
 Thrawin, cross-grained and stern
 Threep, to aver, allege, urge, and affirm boldly
 Thrimal, to press or squeeze through with difficulty
 Thud, a blast, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these; as, *Gried heh! at ilka thud; i. e.* gave a groan at every blow
 Tid, tide or time; proper time; as, *He took the tid*
 Tift, good order, health
 Fine, to lose. *Tint*, lost
 Tinsel, loss
 Tip, or Tippony, ale sold for two-pence the Scotch pint
 Tirl, or Tir, to uncover a house, or undress a person; strip one naked. Sometimes a short action is named a tirl; as, *They took a tirl of dancing, drinking, &c.*
 Titty, sister
 Tocher, portion, dowry
 Tod, a fox
 Tooly, to fight; a fight or quarrel
 Toom, empty; applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c.; also, to empty
 Tosh, right, neat
 Tosie, warm, pleasant, half-fuddled
 To the fore, in being, alive, unconsumed
 Touse, or Touste, to rumple, tease
 Tout, the sound of a horn or trumpet
 Tow, a rope; a Tyburn neck-lace, or St Johnstoun ribband
 Towmond, a year or twelve-month
 Trewes, hose and breeches all of a piece
 Trig, neat, handsome
 Troke, exchange
 True, to true, trust, believe; as, *True ye sae? or, Love gars me true ye*
 Truf, steal
 Tryst, appointment
 Tur, turfs, trus
 Twin, to part with, or separate from
 Twitch, touch
 Twinters, sheep of two years old
 Tydie, plump, fat, lucky
 Tynd, see *Teen*
 Tyst, to entice, stir up, allure
 Ugg, to detest, hate, nauseate

- Ugsome, hateful, nauseous, horrible
 Umwhile, the late, or deceased some time ago ; of old
 Undocht, or Wandocht, a silly weak person
 Uneith, not easy
 Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharnessed
 Unko, or Unco, strange, uncouth
 Unloosome, unlovely
 Vougy, elevated, proud ; that boasts or brags of any thing
 Wad, or Wed, pledge, wager, pawn ; also, would
 Waff, wandering by itself
 Wak, moist, wet
 Wale, to pick and choose
 The Wale, *i. e.* the best
 Wallop, to move swiftly with much agitation
 Wally, large, beautiful, chosen. *A bonny wally ; i. e.* a fine thing
 Wame, womb
 Wandought, want of dought, impotent
 Wangrace, wickedness, want of grace
 War, worse
 Warlock, wizard
 Wat, or Wit, to know
 Waught, a large draught
 Waughts, drinks largely
 Wee, little ; as, *A wanton wee thing*
 Wean, or Wee ane, a child
 Ween, thought, imagined, supposed
 Weer, to stop or oppose
 Weir, war
 Weird, fate or destiny
 eit, rain
 Wersh, insipid, wanting salt, wallowish
 Whauk, whip, beat, flog
 Whid, to fly quickly. *A whid* is a hasty flight
 Whilk, which
 Whilly, to cheat
 Whillywha, a cheat
 Whingeing, whining, speaking with a doleful tone
 Whins, furze
 Whisht, hush ; hold your peace
 Whisk, to pull out hastily
 Whomilt, turned upside down
 Wight, stout, clever, active ; also, a man or person
 Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river
 Win, or Won, to dwell, reside
 Winna, will not
 Winnocks, windows
 Winsom, gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large. We say, *My winsome love*
 Wirrykow, a bugbear
 Wisent, parched, dry, withered
 Wistle, to exchange, (money)
 Withershins, cross motion, or against the sun

- Woo, or W, wool; as in the
 whim of making five words
 out of four letters, thus, *z, a,*
e, w; i. e. is it all one wool?
 Wood, mad
 Woody, the gallows
 Wordy, worthy
 Wow! strange! wonderful!
 Wreaths, (of snow,) when heaps
 of it are driven together
 Wysing, inclining. To *wyse,*
 to lead, train
 Wyson, the gullet
 Wyt, to blame
 Yamph, to bark or make a noise
 like little dogs
 Yap, hungry, having a longing
 desire for any thing ready
 Ycaltou, yea wilt thou
 Yed, to contend, wrangle
 Yeld, barren, as a cow that
 gives no milk
 Yerk, to do any thing with ce-
 lerity
 Yesk, the hiccup
 Yett, gate
 Yestreen, yesternight
 Youdith, youthfulness
 Yowden, wearied
 Yowf, a swinging blow
 Yuke, the itch
 Yule, Christmas

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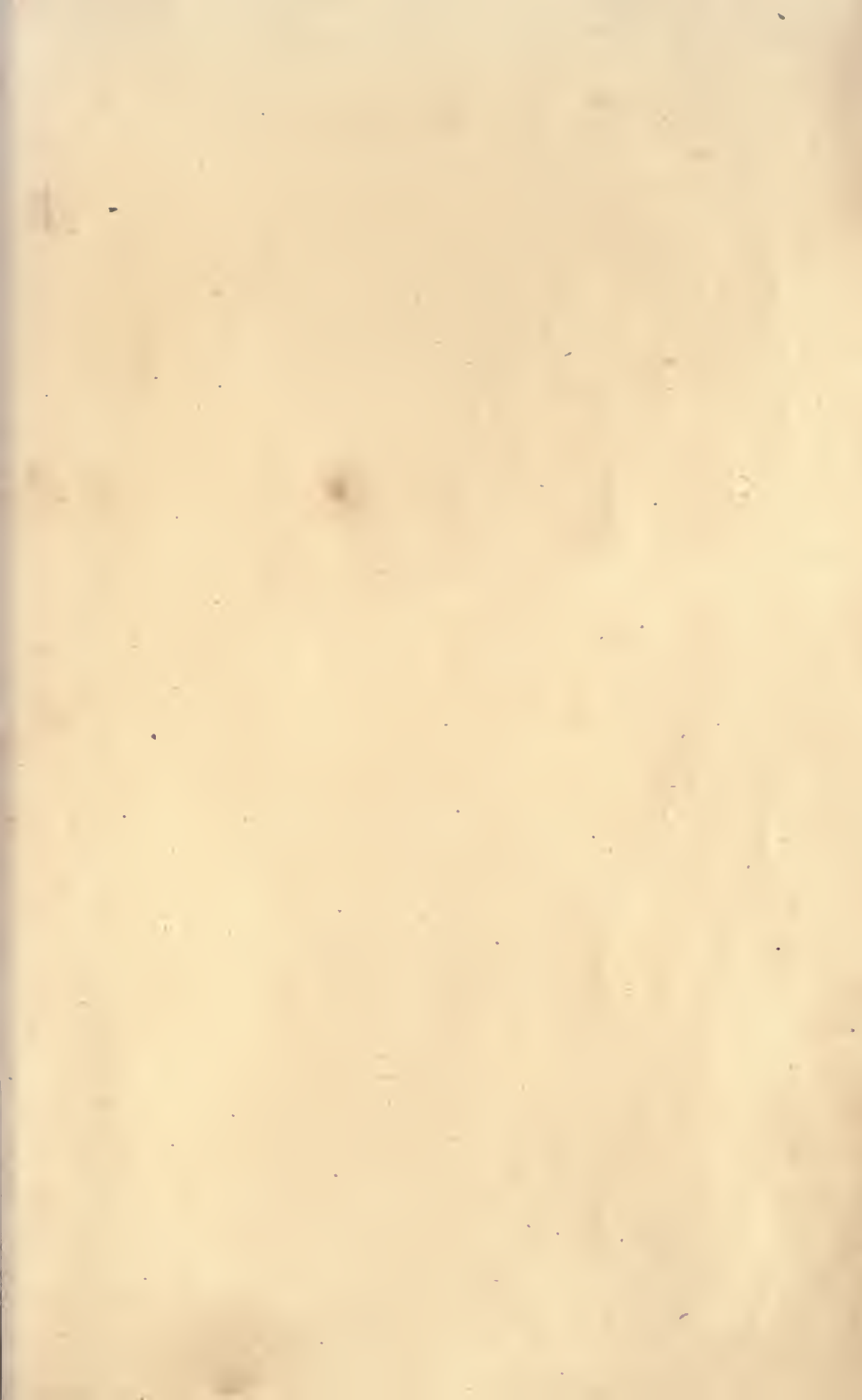
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1. The first thing I noticed when I stepped
out of the car was the smell of the sea.
It was a salty, fresh scent that I had never
before. The air was cool and crisp, and I
felt a sense of freedom that I had never
experienced before. The sun was shining
brightly, and the waves were crashing
against the shore. I took a deep breath
and felt my lungs fill with the salty air.
I was in a new world, and I was
about to discover what it had to offer.

2. The second thing I noticed was the
sound of the waves. It was a rhythmic
sound that I had never heard before.
The waves were crashing against the shore
in a way that I had never heard before.
It was a sound that I had never heard
before, and it was a sound that I had
never heard before.









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Ramsay, Allan
The gentle shepherd

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